

October 17, 1962

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● We intended readers to make their own gardening books by cutting out the miniature pages (this week, pages 61 and 63) and pasting them in exercise books.

A ROCKHAMPTON, Qld., reader, however, attempted to bind together just the specially sized pages.

It can be done this way—and very neatly, as the picture below shows.

When two miniature pages are printed side by side, cut around them (leaving them linked), then fold and paste them back-to-back.

When consecutively numbered pages are printed vertically, separate them, then paste together.

Staple together sets of

Our cover

● Spring hats in the shops now go high, wide, and handsome in coarse black veiling. Here are two from Mark Foy's, Sydney, in the model bracket. Layered picture-hat trimmed with full-blown pink tea-roses is 21 guineas and the bouffant model with pink cabbage-roses is 18 guineas. Cover-picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

about 20 pages, as shown. As the number of these sets increases, bind with a "spine" of adhesive tape.



ANNETTE MEETS THE STARS

(and she's on the way to becoming one herself)

From JOHN HOWARD in Rome

● Australian actress Annette Andre has been really seeing stars since she went to Rome last May.

IN less than four months Annette has:

- Appeared in two films—as Elizabeth Taylor's maid in "Cleopatra," and with Maurice Chevalier in the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for an Italian production, "Panic Button."
- Read of her own "engagement" to singer Frankie Avalon.

- Signed a contract for a feature role in the musical "Vanity Fair," which opens in London's West End in November.

Three days after her arrival in Rome, 23-year-old Annette, of Randwick, Sydney, was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to appear as Cleopatra's maid in the world's most expensive film.

Annette took a small apartment beside the Tiber, and sun-baked on its terrace until the studio needed her.

Then she flew to the Isle of Ischia in the Bay of Naples to begin work on scenes.

"Dream world"

"Ischia was a dream world," said Annette. "The costumes were designed by Irene Sharaff and were gorgeous. My very simple Egyptian costume in pale blue and gold silk was exquisitely made."

"But I doubt if anyone will see too much of it—or me—in the film."

"Pamela Brown, the British actress, had a five-month contract, and her part will last for 30 seconds. My contract was for three weeks, so it will probably be a case of 'There she is. There she isn't!'"

"Miss Taylor was very easy to work with and was always on the set, even when she wasn't needed for a scene. She was always cracking jokes with the crew."

"Richard Burton, on the other hand, was rather reserved and spent as little time as possible on the set."

As soon as she arrived back in Rome, Annette had a phone call from F.I.C.I.T., an Italian company which was producing "Panic Button" for Warner Bros.

Two Italian actresses had already been dropped from the role of an aspiring actress "Anna," who has to enact the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet" with Maurice Chevalier.

Producer Ron Gorton asked Annette and 11 other actresses to audition.

"Annette just walked into the part," said Gorton later. "As soon as she read one line we knew that she was Anna."

A few days later Annette

signed a contract giving her third female billing to Jayne Mansfield and Eleanor Parker, and found herself sharing scenes, Shakespeare, and a screen kiss with Maurice Chevalier.

"Mr. Chevalier is one of the most lovable people in the world to work with," said Annette. "He is just like a father to everyone."

"And Eleanor Parker, the only other star I appear with in the film, just couldn't be nicer."

The Italian production company insisted on hiring Annette's Australian-made dress which she had worn to the audition.

"It was in simple striped silk that I bought in one of the arcades in Sydney," said Annette. "It cost me £7, but I was paid about five times that for the hire."

Not a joke

She was still working on the film when West End producer Lionel Harris, on holiday in Rome, phoned her. He wanted to audition her for a leading role in "Vanity Fair," a musical by Julian Slade based on Thackeray's novel.

Annette thought it was someone playing a joke on her, until Harris explained that Sydney actor Lewis Fiander had told him about her success in Rome.

She won the part, and will make her first visit to England with a contract for a West End musical.

To go to London, Annette had to turn down a part in an Italian film with Jeffrey Hunter, fellow-Australian Ron Randell, and Mylene Demongeot.

Annette's "engagement" to American singer Frankie Avalon was announced in the Italian magazines after her agency asked her to pose with him for publicity shots on the Via Veneto and in the famous Villa Borghese.

Italian "sniper" photographers also took photographs and their magazines published them with the false announcement.

"I was embarrassed at first," said Annette, "but no one takes the Italian magazines too seriously."

One person who did take it seriously was her friend



Robert ("Bobo") Bettoni, who appeared with Vivien Leigh in "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone."

Annette met Bobo on the set of "Cleopatra," in which he played the part of Richard Burton's lieutenant.

"Bobo doesn't like the idea of my going to London," Annette confessed.

Annette made her screen debut when she was eight years old in an award-winning documentary, "Spotlight on Australian Ballet."

When she left school six years ago, she had parts in several radio serials, and made her first TV appearance on Christmas Eve, 1956, in a musical "Christmas Party" on TCN9, Sydney.

She played feature roles in seven plays for the A.B.C., including "If It's a Rose," "Slaughter of Saint Teresa's Day," "Boy Round the Corner."

On television she hosted "Rhythm Roundup" with Roy Hampson on ATN7, Sydney, and appeared in several variety programmes, including "Curtain Call," where she met Maurice Chevalier.

She also appeared in several episodes of the "Whiplash" series, in guest spots on TCN's "Gaslight Music Hall," and in comedy sketches in "The Mobil-Limb Show."

SYDNEY actress Annette Andre, 23, leaves Rome soon for London to rehearse her role in the West End musical "Vanity Fair."



THIS publicity photograph of Annette with singer Frankie Avalon, posing in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, led Italian magazines to publish a story of their engagement.



ANNETTE wears the £7 dress she bought in a Sydney arcade in this scene from "Panic Button" with Maurice Chevalier. "They hired it from me for five times its cost," she said.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 17, 1962

It will soon be all Greek for Judi

By SCARTH FLETT

● Life for 18-year-old Judi Lyon, of Parkdale, Vic., has taken a dazzling turn. She is leaving Australia to study, free, for four years at a Greek university, although she knows nobody in Greece and has only begun to learn the language.



JUDI LYON, young Melbourne librarian, will live in the women's college at Thessaloniki University, northern Greece.

FOR Judi it's a dream come true; and it's happening for no other reason than the passionate interest she possesses in the ways of the ancient Greeks.

Greek history was included as part of art, a Leaving subject for Judi at Mentone Girls' Grammar school. This started it.

"I was well and truly bitten by the Greek bug," she told me.

Twelve months ago, just before her matriculation exams, she was despairing how she would ever be able to realise her dearest wish—to travel to Greece—when she had the idea of writing to the Greek Consul in Melbourne, Mr. D. Scouroliacos.

She told him of her fondness for the Greek arts and asked about the chances of

a working holiday or scholarship scheme.

Weeks later she was called to an interview.

Mr. Scouroliacos offered her a free two months' holiday in Greece the following November. Judi, to her distress, had to refuse, for she would be in the thick of examinations.

He told her there was a very good chance that she could go later, stay longer, and study at a Greek university.

"Very touched"

Judi passed her examinations. No word came. Then, in July this year, Mr. Scouroliacos told her that in three months' time she could leave for the university at Thessaloniki, the beautiful northern seaport and second city of Greece.

Her ship sails from Melbourne on October 10.

"I was very touched by Judi's interest in Greece," Mr. Scouroliacos explained. "So I informed my Government."

"It is the first time such a scholarship has been given, but her case is exceptional, and there are so many Greeks in your country that my Government felt it was proper and good to give it."

"We feel it is a token of our friendship with Australia and could open the door toward the signature of further agreements."

Under the scholarship Judi gets a free return ticket, is exempted from all university fees, will live at the university women's college, and is entitled to one hot meal a day for the equivalent of 2/-.

It's stipulated that for the first year she must concentrate on learning all aspects of the language.

In the last three years Judi will study Greek classics, history, and literature, and some modern subjects, possibly including political science.

It is believed she will be the only Australian student at the university.

This year Judi worked as a librarian, which put many books about Greece at her fingertips.

However, at the end of her course at the Thessaloniki university her ambition is to enter public relations.

"I'd love to work at the United Nations or something similar," she said.

During the university vacations many of the students get temporary work. Judi hopes to get a job with one of the American firms with branches in Thessaloniki.

Judi is excited but not the slightest bit apprehensive about setting off alone for a country where she knows no one.

"The Greek people I have met in Melbourne have been charming and have given me plenty of contacts for when I get there," she said.

The language barrier could be a problem at first, but as most well-educated Greeks speak several languages she shouldn't have much trouble.

Judi already speaks a little modern Greek, after practising on people in her neighborhood—a signwriter working outside the library where she worked and the local greengrocer.

HOME, SWEET COMMUNITY DWELLING

● Few working mothers would want to solve problems at home by communal living. Privacy and control of their own children are more important to most than freedom from chores. But there are exceptions—I have been visiting some.

IN St. Julian's, a rambling mansion on a hill in Kent, in the south of England, nine married couples and their 16 children and four single people are living as one large family.

The purpose is to keep the women free to follow their careers, for they have high professional qualifications.

The group includes two doctors, an architect, teachers, three commercial artists, a television producer, an interior decorator.

Each family has its own set of rooms, but the doors of these generally stand wide open, and the dining-room, sitting-room, play-room, nurseries, and garden are shared communally. So are the nannies, cooks, and cleaners.

All the wives go out to work. That is one of the few house rules. But no wife ever has to rush home to cook a meal, or put a child to bed, or baby-sit.

None spend the weekends catching up on cleaning chores. None have to take time off from work when a child is sick.

All these jobs are dealt with by a staff of ten.

This experiment in community living has now been running for ten years. Four of its founder families are still living at St. Julian's. Several of the children have never known any other way of life.

At present workmen are adding a new wing to take two more families, an extension for more nursery space, and a swimming-pool.

One founder member, a London psychiatrist, explained that because of rising costs the community found it economically desirable to become a slightly bigger unit.

Not cheap

Expenses at St. Julian's are not low, but you do get a lot for your money.

There is a restaurant ser-

vice every day in the dining-room, with varied menus for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Most children eat at separate tables from their parents.

The cost works out at from £75 to £100 sterling per head per year. (For Australian values add one-quarter.)

There is a well-supervised day-and-night nursery service for all under 11 and most of these children never sleep in their parents' apart-

By
RHONA
CHURCHILL

ments. This service costs about £100 a year per child.

On an average, each family also pays about £10 a week for its own rooms and its share of the overhead.

This, with extras like private cleaning and laundry, use of school bus and garden maintenance, brings the average cost per family of four to about £1500 a year. The present members now hope to reduce this by spreading the basic overheads among more families.

The psychiatrist admitted

that, though he would never want to live any other kind of life, there were disadvantages.

"Untidiness is one and begrudging contributions for improving standards is another," he said. "Some people want to raise standards. Others are content with low ones."

"Newcomers to community living have to learn to contribute something of themselves to the community. Mothers have to learn not to interfere with discipline in the nursery and so confuse their children."

"Fathers have to accept that the children regard all rooms, including so-called private ones, as an open part of the communal home."

We were talking in his own sitting-room. The door burst open and in came a girl aged 12. A half-made dinghy sail and sewing equipment lay strewn untidily across the carpet.

"Are you going to be long in here?" she demanded. "Cos I want to get on with the sail."

She was not his daughter. She had merely appropriated his sitting-room because

it had a large floor. All he said was: "Judy's good at sewing."

Downstairs in the conservatory the doctor's son and two other boys had had the potted plants removed and were busy constructing a dinghy. They ignored my greeting and merely told the doctor they'd be needing more money after lunch for more wood.

Backward

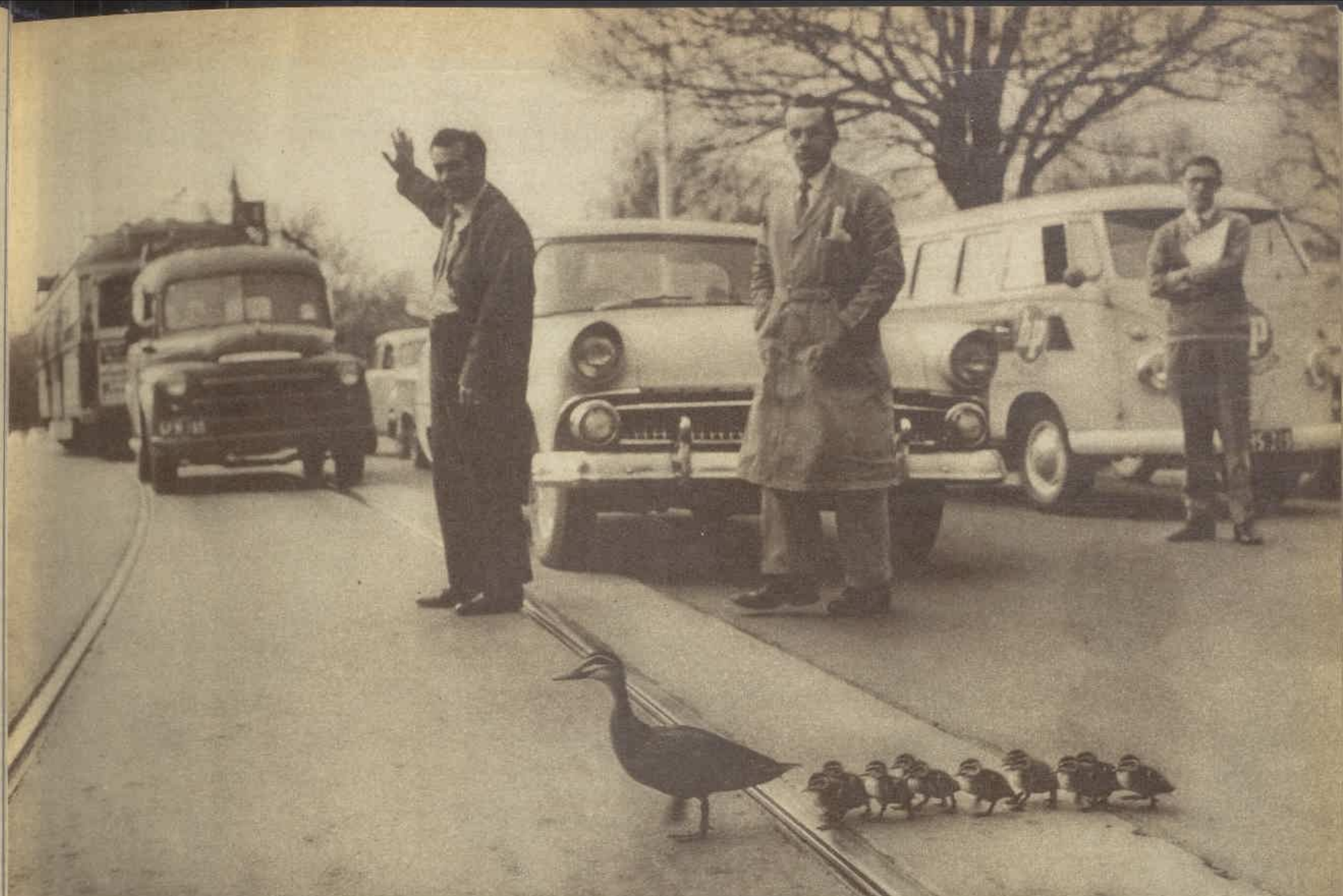
The doctor apologised: "We've produced a collection of community-minded children here, but their manners, I fear, are not very good."

They also tend to be retarded at primary-school level.

"But our main purpose in founding this community," continued the doctor, "was to ensure that our wives would be free to pursue their chosen careers, and in this the community has been a complete success."

But has it? Or can a working mother pay too high a price for domestic freedom?

I left St. Julian's wondering.



• Mother duck leads her new family across the busy Melbourne street, where a taxi-driver has halted the traffic.

And Spring crossed St. Kilda Road

CARS stopped. Trams stopped. Office workers rushed out of nearby buildings to look. A taxi-driver became a firmly commanding traffic officer.

And a mother duck set out to make a dignified crossing of the wide expanse of Melbourne's St. Kilda Road, followed in streamline order by her clutch of 11 fluffy tinies.

Throughout the "royal progress" there was never a ruffle of one of her shining feathers even though she had some anxious moments, the worst of them when the tiniest of her young kept squeaking that he couldn't, simply couldn't, jump up

that precipice of a six-inch-high kerb on to the strips of lawn between the three highways.

But mother duck never became agitated. She just clustered the other 10 round her and quacked encouragement to the tiniest until finally he made a giant of a leap at each kerb and scrambled up and over.

After ten long minutes she'd reached the safety of the footpath on the far side with all 11 still web-footing their way in orderly array behind her.

And off she sailed with them on her way to the Albert Park Lake with not even the slightest nod of her proud head to thank the humans who'd

paused in their rush of life to help with the crossing. She took it all as her natural right.

But nobody minded. They simply heaved a collective sigh of relief at the safe passage of this token of spring.

And traffic-laden St. Kilda Road sprang into life again. Tram bells clanged. Cars hummed into action. People went reluctantly back to their desks. The taxi-driver drove on. And staff photographer BILL ROWNTREE, who by sheer good luck had been on the right spot at the right moment, put away his camera, fervently hoping he'd got the right pictures in the bag. Which he had.

—FREDA IRVING

• Before the crossing the duck ventured on to the roadway while the huddle of ducklings waited obediently for her signal.



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wash dishes can feel
soft as your cheek



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The soft, fast-working suds of Velvet Liquid dissolve grease as no

other liquid detergent can. And it's so richly concentrated, just a tiny squeeze of the Velvet squeeze-pack does the whole wash-up. Problem pots and pans come clean fast! Try Velvet, the lotion detergent specially made to protect your hands as it cleans your dishes.

The makers of Velvet Liquid - who also make gentle Velvet soap - will gladly refund purchase price if you're not entirely satisfied.

Looks and feels like a lotion... gets dishes gleaming clean... New Velvet Liquid!

THE HELPING-HAND MAYORESS

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● That pretty lass you see being chauffeur-driven round Footscray, Vic., these days in an official-looking big black car is not Cinderella or a local millionairess but Footscray's new Mayoress on her way to official appointments.



MISS BARBARA CARMODY, Mayoress of Footscray, Vic., in her own little red coupe. On official engagements she rides in a Chevrolet.

THE girl is 23-year-old Barbara Carmody, who is helping bachelor Mayor Councillor Kevin Shorten with the social part of his official duties.

It's pretty unusual and possibly unprecedented for a mayoress in Footscray not to be a relation of the mayor, but it happened in the most logical way.

Councillor Shorten, who is 38, has no women relatives. Barbara is the daughter of Mr. C. J. Carmody, Footscray Council's deputy electrical engineer, and he and Councillor Shorten have known each other all their lives.

"I had once said if he needed any help at any time

know anyone he goes in first, brings someone out, and introduces us," she said.

Although Barbara's employers will allow her time off for her mayoress duties, she tries as much as possible to work through her lunch-hours to make it up.

Needless to say, Barbara had some embarrassing moments at first when strangers jumped to the conclusion that there was some romantic attachment between herself and the bachelor Mayor.

It wasn't so—and she says her regular boy-friend knew the circumstances and was perfectly understanding.

It is going to be a very busy year for Barbara, and even now she finds herself going out almost every night on official and private engagements.

Clothes have been a problem. Busy paying off her little car, Barbara found she needed to replenish her wardrobe and add long evening dresses and late-afternoon frocks.

Simple dresses

"I try to choose very simple dresses so that it isn't obvious if I wear them quite a lot," she said, "but I suppose there'll always be someone to notice that I was wearing that same old dress."

The Mayor of Footscray gets a £1250 allowance, and Councillor Shorten has put a proportion of this aside for Barbara's expenses.

Barbara opens bowling clubs, attends functions arranged by mothers' clubs and similar organisations.

Her own big official "do," the Mayoress' reception, for 200, is in November and then Barbara will be receiving heads of clubs and charities, community leaders, and her own personal friends at the Town Hall.

Barbara says she can never feel lonely in her official capacity—and can't even kid herself that she is being socially courageous—because she has an enormously effective backing of experienced people.

The Town Clerk, Mr. E. G. Smith, and his wife are also present at all the official functions she attends with the Mayor, and Mrs. Smith, Barbara says, is a tower of strength.

Often, too, there is the former Mayoress, Mrs. Keith Anderson, for practical and moral support and a whole phalanx of councillors' wives who have also expressed their willingness to help her.

A "crazy life" suits a family

● Dr. Nanette Chaplin's day is a full one. She not only manages a house, a garden, a husband, and a year-old baby but also two part-time jobs—and a cheerful smile.

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

I SUPPOSE it's a crazy sort of life—there are so many things to fit in it," she said gaily when I called at their neat home at French's Forest, N.S.W.

Three mornings a week she is a Teaching Fellow in pathology at the University of Sydney. And every afternoon from Monday to Friday she works at the Rachel Forster Hospital, admitting patients and doing the work of a resident doctor.

Then how does she cope with the washing, ironing, cleaning, gardening, cooking, and looking after baby Marc and solicitor husband John?

"It needs organisation," she said. "But once you've got a routine you can do anything."

Week days Dr. Chaplin gets up at seven and has breakfasted the family in time to take her husband to Chatswood Station by eight o'clock.

"Actually," she said, "John drives Marc and me, and drops himself, and I drive home again."

Grannie helps

On the days she goes to the University there's just enough time to tidy up the house, perhaps do a bit of washing or ironing, and get Marc ready before they depart for Maroubra, on the other side of Sydney, where Dr. Chaplin's mother, Mrs. Dorothy Hooper, lives.

"I leave Marc with Mum," said Dr. Chaplin, "and have to fly to get to the University by 11 a.m., when I start teaching."

At 1 p.m. Dr. Chaplin leaves the University for a quick lunch at Maroubra, picks up Marc, and drives to Redfern, where she leaves him at a day nursery.

By 2 p.m. she's dressed in her white doctor's uniform and starting work at the hospital, which is close to the day nursery.

At five, her professional working day over, she collects Marc and drives to the city to meet her husband.

"We're lucky if we get home by six o'clock," said Dr. Chaplin. "For the next hour there's a skitter getting Marc fed and put to bed. We usually eat quite late—John and I—about eight."

After dinner there's time for relaxation. "We might watch TV while I knit—I knit most of Marc's clothes. Or I might make a medical report from my hospital work that afternoon."

With all this hectic routine, Dr. Chaplin looks the essence of contentment and much younger than her 27 years.

"Of course," she said, "I use all the advantages available to the modern housewife. I get a nappy service. Most of the foodstuffs are delivered."

"You can do as much as I do," she said, "if you like what you're doing. It would be hopeless to try to work if I felt I was being run into the ground."

She works because she doesn't want to get out of touch with medicine—having just qualified the year of her marriage—and because the extra money she brings into the family is always useful.

"Also, working for me is practicable only because the baby has always been so good and placid," she said.

"Had he not been easy, I would gladly have sacrificed all my medical training and concentrated on becoming simply a mother and housewife."

With the accent of this marriage always having been on routine and organisation, it's no wonder that baby Marc is so good.

"I worked through my pregnancy full-time at the University, and we planned the baby to arrive during a University vacation," said Dr. Chaplin.

"But, with all this planning, no one was more surprised than I when Marc actually DID arrive on time."

The vacation began on a Friday and Marc was born on the Monday. A month later Dr. Chaplin was at work again.

She left Marc with the day nursery in Redfern and would pop down to feed him during the day.

After four months of this routine a hitch occurred—the day nursery closed for a three weeks' holiday. Not stumped by this, Dr. Chaplin took Marc to the University.

While she worked doing post-mortems, microscope experiments, and teaching, young Marc would gurgle contentedly in his basket in the lab.

Music, too

Good and placid though Marc was, Dr. Chaplin realised he would need more of her time than the University job would allow, so she settled into her present arrangement of two part-time jobs.

"Marc's really such a good baby," she said. "Perhaps it's because I haven't fussed over him."

Throughout the interview Marc was indeed good, sitting alone on a divan playing with a cloth toy his industrious mother had made.

"I did a portrait of him," said Dr. Chaplin, "to exhibit in the recent Housewives' Art Competition. But I paint only for a hobby."

Having learnt both the violin and piano at the Conservatorium of N.S.W., Dr. Chaplin often relaxes at the piano. "But again, I play only as a hobby now—and when I have time," she said.



● Dr. Chaplin and Marc, whose birth was timed for the University vacation.



Mayor Kevin Shorten

I would be glad to give it," Barbara said, "but I didn't expect that he'd ever be mayor or want a mayoress."

And when it did happen, Barbara, who is a self-possessed and clear-headed person, thought it over carefully before agreeing.

"I realised it was a big thing to take on, but then the experience would be wonderful," she said.

She probably wouldn't have agreed at all if it hadn't been for the confidence in dealing with people she has gained in four and a half years' work at the Chevron Hotel, Melbourne, where she looks after guests' reservations.

So that's how it happened that Barbara is seen so often in the black Chevrolet nowadays, leaving her little red sports car at home.

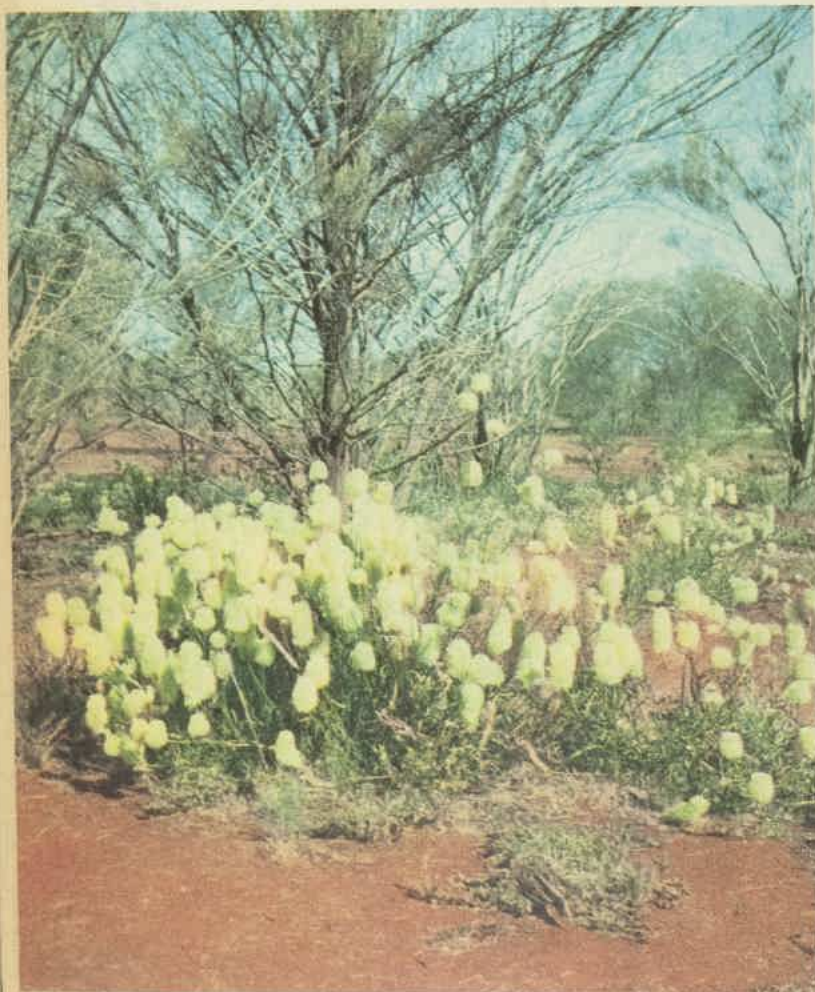
Her chauffeur is Mr. Charlie Moore, and Barbara says she wouldn't know what to do without him.

"He always knows what to do, and if we go to an engagement where I don't

WHEN THE CENTRE BLOOMED

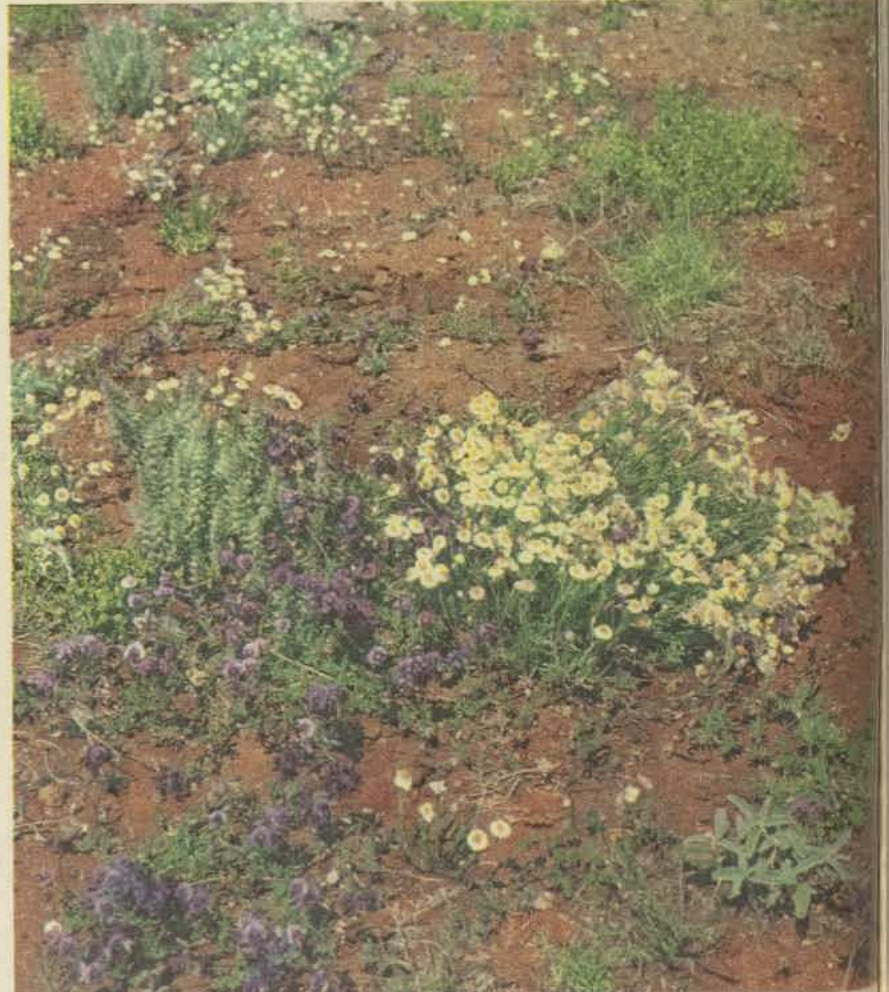
● The greatest display of wildflowers in memory recently transformed the brown, dried-up plains of The Centre into a vast checkerboard of colors. A good fall of rain—unusual for the time of the year—brought forth thousands of flowers that stretched in great waves of color across the Burt Plains, the Plenty River Plains, and to the north of Alice Springs.

● Straight-limbed desert oaks (left) frame clusters of yellow jack or yellow top flowers, as they are locally known, when The Centre bloomed with wildflowers after good rain.



● Pussy-cat tails growing in barren earth 80 miles north of Alice Springs. An old-timer said: "There hasn't been anything to equal the color covering plains that normally would be dried-up and brown."

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● Vetch, Billy buttons, and a prickly plant known as cotton plant or bush added massed color to this part of Burt Plains, 30 miles north of Alice Springs. Pictures by W. J. Pearson, Alice Springs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 17, 1962



● The scene that enchanted tourists to The Centre when the plains put on the greatest display of wildflowers in memory—the superb color contrast of yellow top on red sandhills under a brilliant sky. Desert plant seeds lie dormant for years awaiting suitable growing conditions.

Captured! an exotic new shade by Judith Aden

GOLDEN Panther



2 1/2
push-up case

Fresh from the depths of the jungle
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richness captured by Judith Aden in
lipstick... and in nail varnish, to set
your lips and nails aglow. Be hunted
... be haunting... wear Golden Panther.



Judith Aden
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WOOLWORTHS
You just cannot buy better... whatever you pay.

FATHER



"Don't worry about how the house looks. I burned it down."

MOTHER



"If it's old, like Dad says, why doesn't it say 'Father' instead of 'Pop, Pop, Pop'?"

It seems to me

DID you know that a manufacturer isn't necessarily happy if a particular style of ready-to-wear dress becomes universally popular?

I didn't till I read a new Penguin book, "Fashion," by Madge Garland, an English writer.

The book deals with the history of fashion, particularly that of the past 50 years, and analyses, among other changes, the rise of the ready-to-wear trade.

Madge Garland gives particular credits for the improvement in cheap clothes in England to the firm of Marks and Spencer with its chain of 237 shops serving six million customers a week.

This firm, which retails no garment over five pounds, sends its representatives to Paris and Rome, maintains a staff of 20 designers who cut patterns for approved manufacturers.

According to Madge Garland they have revolutionised the dressing of women on low wages, and their versions of current fashion sell by the thousands. Nevertheless, she says, when one style threatened to become a national uniform they withdrew the line from sale.

Unfortunately she doesn't say what that style was — whether it was the sack, the Empire line of 1959, or the earlier and long-lived shirtwaist.

Nor does she explain the reason behind the withdrawal. At first thought it could be heaven for a dress shop—to have everyone wanting and buying the same thing. But then it becomes obvious. If dresses remained in fashion the trade would stagnate.

MADGE GARLAND worked for many years on an international fashion magazine and her book covers most aspects of the fashion business.

In her first chapter, which deals with the varying notions of modesty through history, she sums up in a few sentences what happens continually in the world of clothes:

"Each of these changes revealed a different concept of modesty and was invariably met with an outcry from the previous generation, who saw in a shortened or lengthened skirt either immodest exposure or unwarranted extravagance, and considered the futility of a waist lost in a sack only equalled by that of one tightly corseted. Nonetheless every generation of fashion writers with unflinching optimism heralds each new fashion as a triumph of simplicity and a revelation of good taste."

"Each generation grows up accustomed to showing off a given portion of its anatomy and thinks nothing of it until a change is imminent, when the unfashion-conscious and ageing find a number of reasons, many of them moral, some of them sound, for not changing their style. But all are invalid, for change they will—and, with the few limited items of the feminine form to juggle with, fashion can achieve an infinite variety of shapes."

By



Dorothy Drain

I'M putting a note in the bring-up file for next year, to wangle myself a ride on the first run of double-decker railway carriages being built for Sydney suburban lines.

It's extraordinary how simple a solution can be found to many seemingly difficult problems. Whenever I pictured a double-decker train I used to think tunnel roofs would swipe off the top layer.

Instead, the ground floor of the new carriages is lower than in the existing ones.

One chilling piece of news is that the new carriages will have room for 132 seated passengers and 146 standing.

For peak-hour transport I am still inclined to place my hopes on the spring-heeled shoes invented by a resident of Manly, Sydney. With these he promises a cruising speed of four to five miles an hour and a top rate of more than eight miles an hour.

When they come on the market, taxi companies are going to lose one of their valued customers.

LAATEST fashionable lotion for quick suntan on the Riviera is a mixture of olive oil and vinegar.

"The only thing wrong with it," a smart Frenchwoman complains, "is that it makes one smell like a salad."

I don't see why it should, as long as you go easy on the garlic.

BACK from abroad, a Sydney hairdresser said recently that Australian girls could learn beauty secrets from Tahitian girls, who change their hairstyles four times during one party.

*A storied island paradise
Forever casts its spells,
And most are due to you-know-who,
Those darned Tahitian belles.
And now we're told that not content
With dark and shining hair,
They change its style each little while,
A trick we wouldn't dare.
Suppose you gave a party for
A batch of men and girls,
And two by two the girls withdrew
To dress their lacquered curls.
Well, try it if you're game and see
Just what would happen here.
The boys would say "Hooray, hooray,
Let's gather round the beer."*

PRIZE BALL GOWNS

● Traditionally the most brilliant social event of Sydney's Spring Racing Carnival is the Black and White Ball, arranged by the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society. Judging of the most attractive black or white evening gowns worn by matrons and spinsters is the highlight of the ball. Winners get valuable prizes as well as the glory. Fourteen hundred dancers were at this year's ball at the Trocadero.

—Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG.

(SOCIAL ROUNDOABOUT, Page 13)



CONGRATULATORY KISS from Mr. Adrian van Bochove, of Bellevue Hill, for his 19-year-old daughter Ann, adjudged the best-gowned spinster. Prize: a dress ring worth over £100. Miss Jenny Askeu was second, Miss Nicholina Ralston third.

SCINTILLATING beaded silk organza sheath gown was worn by Mrs. Max Sturzen, pictured at right, declared the best-dressed matron. Prize: a £100 order for furs. Mrs. Bill Edwards was second, Mrs. John Excell third.



DANCE OF THE SPINSTERS. Beautifully gowned socialites and their partners dancing during the judging of the spinsters' section of the contest, which was judged by Mrs. Strath Playfair, Mrs. Sam Hordern, and Dr. M. Tomajuoli. The Trocadero was transformed into a French salon for the ball with white muslin drapes and black plumes.



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figure beauty,
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They're new! They're wonderful! Doctors recommend them—the Berlei maternity bra carries the coveted CERTIFICATE OF MERIT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH AND HYGIENE, LONDON. As beautifiers, when your morale MUST be high, these Berlei bras and girdles give you that "fashion feeling" yet provide you with safe, secure support. NEW FRONT-FASTENING BRA, with back lacing... cups just low enough for flattering necklines with new, narrow but comfortable, supporting straps..... 34/6 NEW LIGHTWEIGHT GIRDLE—this attractive stripe-pattern girdle has side lacing which opens, expanding continues beneath it. Brief, young cut with soft Helanca edgings..... 49/6

Berlei
MATERNITY BRAS AND GIRDLES



B 234

Worth Reporting

THIS year's Waratah Festival crown, worn by Waratah Princess 17-year-old Jacqueline Swindells, of Campsie, weighs only 1½ lb.—and is valued at £80.

Although none of the materials used was precious, the value is so high because the crown was specially designed, and only one was made.

Designer Mrs. Elizabeth Reimer was inspired by the traditional fairy's crown, and the Waratah crown has five tall peaks each ornamented with "emerald" and "ruby" waratahs.

It is adjustable, fitting three head sizes.

Mrs. Reimer could almost be called unofficial jeweller to Australia's "royalty."

For the past three years she has made the Waratah Princess' crown, and she also created those for Melbourne's 1961 and 1962 Moomba Festival Queen and for Orange's 1961 Cherry Blossom Queen.

She is now on an overseas buying and selling trip, trying to interest other countries in Australian designs.

Her present success is a far cry from 10 years ago when she started her business with £10.

Hungarian-born, Mrs. Reimer comes from a long line of jewellery craftsmen. She studied in Europe and England and is a qualified silversmith.

Her family, used to working with precious materials in classic forms, was shocked when she decided to turn to costume jewellery.

Nowadays she employs more than 30 people.



● Waratah Festival Crown — worth £80.

AH, the mere modern male...

We're mentioning no names — but one gentleman colleague, on reading a description of a "shocking pink dress" asked us, quite seriously, what was shocking about it...

Another was amazed to find there actually was such a thing as a wallflower. "I suppose they're called after girls who sit out at dances," he said.

FRANKLY fake, but full of fun, fringes of hair set on ribbon or tortoiseshell bands to tie on and give a wacky note to straight hair styles. Thick and straight, they're on sale in London for about £5 each.

All that glisters...

WE thought we'd seen everything when we came across a gold suitcase in a luggage department.

We inquired the price and discovered that it was a demonstration model to publicise a new line of luggage, and it wasn't solid gold, just plastic-coated, after all.

However, if you do want to travel in style you can have it made for approximately 19 guineas a 24in. case.

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND of ours has insomnia so badly her sheep are demanding shorter hours.

Ruth — the unexpected

"I'M an escapist," Ruth Wallis said. "I love TV and the movies—but only the happy shows. Doris Day is my favorite. She's easy-going, modern, full of fun."

Which could well be a description of Ruth herself.

We weren't quite sure what to expect of Ruth Wallis, nightclub singer of risqué songs. Certainly not what we found.

She is pretty, not sultry, and (in personal life, anyway) her humor is zany rather than "blue." She is sophisticated but naturally so, and elegant but comfortably so.

She is not one bit theatrical, though most of her life has been spent in show business. She is home-loving, an affectionate wife, and an adoring mother.

Her husband, Hy Pastman, travels with her everywhere and manages her record company and business affairs.

He accompanied her to Sydney, where she is singing at Chequers.

Her two children—Ronnie, 11, and Alan, 9—are at home in Miami Beach, Florida.

"I used to ring them every week we were away," she said, "but I've stopped now. It upsets me too much."

"But I cable and write to them often. My parents are looking after them."

"I haven't any pictures of them. I carry them in my heart."

Hy and Ruth have been married 17 years.

"For two years now we've ended up in Australia for our anniversary. Party? No, I worked. Same last year!"



● Ruth Wallis and husband Hy Pastman.

NEXT WEEK

● 12-Page Canned Fruit Cookbook

New spring recipes—all using canned fruit—are in a 12-page lift-out cookbook in our next issue.

In each recipe canned fruit—peach halves and slices, pears, and apricots—give their own tangy flavor to main dishes, desserts, cakes, snacks, and drinks.

So give added flavor to your spring menu with "Cooking With Canned Peaches, Pears, Apricots."

● Expert guide to floor coverings

Six pages of expert information on floor-covering materials specially prepared by interior decorator Margaret Steley.

Included are quality, color, and pattern ranges, preparing floors, laying and maintenance of every type of floor covering.

This is a section you'll want to keep.

● Garden planned for year-round flowers

To add to your Gardening Book, basic rules for a garden that will provide flowers and foliage for picking at any time of the year.

● Fashions with a future

From zebra-skin fabric to a feminine version of Prince Philip's check cap, the newest fashion ideas shown in color.

● "It's no fun to be fat"

A woman who was a "fatty" as a girl—and suffered for it—suggests diet ways in which mothers can help daughters showing a tendency to overweight.

● Cot-cover to applique

An attractive ready-to-work cot-cover with stamped applique patches to make a Humpty Dumpty figure is £2/2/-, complete with cottons.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mary Coles

THE romance between the Hon. Peter Graves, who stars as Baron von Trapp in "The Sound of Music," at the Tivoli Theatre, and his wife, stage star Vanessa Lee, followed almost the exact pattern of the courtship and marriage of Peter's parents.

His father, Lord "Tommy" Graves, the 7th Baron, married Peter's mother a week after the end of the season of the original production of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre in 1909.

She had a small part in the show and understudied one of the stars.

Peter and Vanessa played the leading roles of Prince Danilo and the Widow in the last London revival of the operetta and married just a week after the season finished two years ago.

Incidentally, the first item of "luggage" moved into the flat they've taken at Darling Point was a piano for Vanessa to keep up her singing. She has a lovely soprano voice.

Although she is very modest about her domestic talents, Peter says Vanessa is a wonderful cook.

And he admits he is also very good as a "washer-up!"

HISTORIC "Bligh House" (built by Robert Campbell in 1834), now the headquarters of the Australian College of General Practitioners, in Lower Fort Street, North Sydney, will be candlelit for an intriguing exhibition of Christmas decorations there on December 11 and 12. Well-known women with an artistic flair and leading artists contributing to the display include Mrs. Norman Palmer, Mrs. David Pratten, Miss Rachel Roxburgh, Paul Jones, Desmond Digby, Cedric Flower, and Douglas Watson. The exhibits will later be distributed as prizes to lucky-number holders. Proceeds from the exhibition will be shared by the Women's Committee of the National Trust and the "Bligh House" Ladies' Committee of the College.

JUST-ENGAGED Cathy Fingleton, of Edgecliff, and Neil Carrigan are busy with plans to build a Georgian-style, single-storeyed home on Neil's property, "Well-bon," Moree. They've picked a perfect spot for the house on a high piece of ground in a U-bend of the little creek running through the property. Cathy, who is the daughter of Mr. Jim Fingleton, of "Ogilvie," Moree, and the late Mrs. Fingleton, was private secretary to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford when they toured Australia earlier this year with their million-pound exhibition of family art treasures. Cathy had a note from the Duchess last week saying she keeps the furry koala. Cathy gave her on her dressing-table at "Woburn Abbey."

BEACH hats are now the vogue on the snowfields—to protect skiers from bursts of sizzling spring sunshine. Pretty Camille Donnellan, making her first visit to Perisher with Jan Campbell, of Rose Bay, wore an eye-catching beige-and-gold Italian straw Garbo with her marine-blue skiing pants and matching parka. Marea Tancred has been skiing under a natural straw boater—frivolously trimmed with gay green frills. And talking of snow togs, Cathy Ferguson, of "Myalla," Cooma, who has spent the season at Perisher, has the most attractive braid-trimmed bright blue felt skirt, which she wears with black stockings after sunset.

FROM England comes news that Flight-Lieut. Ted Moors, R.A.F., and his wife, Fran, have bestowed the unofficial title of "Toby" on their infant son while making up their minds about formal names for him. Meanwhile, his maternal grandmother, Mrs. B. P. Purcell, has airmailed an elegant, long white family christening gown for him to wear at his baptism later this month, when Fran's eldest sister, Mrs. L. J. Plasto, of Wahroonga, and her husband visit them at Leeming, in Yorkshire. There'll be a wonderful reunion between the three former Purcell sisters when Caroline, the "middle" member of the family, reaches England shortly in Arcadia with her husband, Commander Peter Goldrick, R.A.N., and their children, Frances, Phillipa, and James. Commander and Mrs. Goldrick, who have been living in Canberra, will be in England for two years.

PRESIDENT of the Women's Pioneer Society Mrs. Walter Rice says members are delighted that for the first time for three years they will be able to make their traditional pilgrimage to Governor Phillip's statue before his birthday anniversary luncheon at Shirley House on October 11. During the building of the Cahill Expressway his statue in the Botanic Gardens was "out of bounds" because of excavations in the area. The Society, which has a membership of 350, is limited to descendants of colonists who settled in New South Wales no later than 1839. Mrs. Rice recalls that her great-great-grandfather, John Phillip Deane, who came here in 1836, was the first to bring chamber music to Sydney Town. The Society's foundation president, Mrs. W. A. Lingham, is a descendant of Colonel George Johnston, who was aide-de-camp to Governor Phillip.



JUST WED. Mr. Kevin Wall, of Brewarrina, and his bride, formerly Miss Margot Williamson, of "Gundawera," Brewarrina, leaving St. Mary's Church, North Sydney, with their attendants. From left, Miss Judith Foy, Miss Barbara Warren, Miss Catherine Copeland, Miss Judy Williamson, and best man Mr. Roy Adams, with groomsmen Mr. Don Wall, Mr. Chris Barrett, and Mr. Bob Barrett. After the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Williamson, entertained friends at the Australia Hotel.



ABOVE. Vice-Consul for Italy, Mr. Aldo Pugliese, and Mrs. Pugliese (couple on the left) chatting over cocktails with Brigadier G. S. Cox, M.L.A., and Mrs. Cox before the Consular Corps' Friendship Dinner, which was held at Chevron Hilton Hotel.



IN VESTRY. Mr. Peter Wolstenholme's bride, formerly Miss Ann Withey, signing the register after their marriage at All Saints' Church, Murwillumbah. Standing (from left) are bridesmaids Miss Rosemary Wolstenholme, Miss Diana Bowman, best man Mr. David Blackwell, the bridegroom, and groomsmen Mr. Colin Withey. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. H. G. Withey, of Murwillumbah, and the late Mr. Withey. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wolstenholme, of Turramurra.



AT LEFT. Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Ryan were among guests at the dinner dance organised by the Parents and Friends' Association of Loreto, Normanhurst, at the Pickwick Club. Sir Douglas and Lady Miller were guests of honor at the function.



now might be too late!

Now might be too late! He needs only a moment to contaminate, a few seconds to spread infection. Had you sprayed Mortein Pressure*Pak he wouldn't be there.

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"JONAH" MAY BE A WINNER

● It is grossly unfair, but almost inevitable, that Australian-made TV drama series should suffer by comparison with the polished experience of overseas offerings.

FROM a maze of criticism in the early days, three facts emerged: not enough money, not enough established talent, not enough production know-how.

Remember, for example, "Emergency" — that shudderingly bad hospital series made in Melbourne and shown here a few years ago by ATN7? After one look, Drs. Kildare and Casey would have been treating one another for emergency cases of triumphant hysteria.

But, then, that was one of the very earliest efforts. Not many people watched "Emergency," and they made allowances: "It's an Australian show, after all." Things are very different now.

Since those days, local TV series have taken the great leap forward. The A.B.C. staggered under the weight of plaudits received for their Australian historical serials "Stormy Petrel," "The Patriots," and "The Outcasts" — even though some grouches claimed these were too often fictional fact.

Now ATN7 again enters the arena; this time with the historical fiction series "Jonah." It will begin screening this Monday, October 15, at 8 p.m.

Polished show

Last week ATN previewed the first and third films of the series. And "Jonah" is, I think, the most polished production of its type Australia has seen to date.

The two stories were presented with considerable skill by the three stars — "Stormy Petrel's" Brian James, Hilary Bamberger, and Neil Fitzpatrick — and (mostly as well) by the supporting cast. Sets and costumes seemed a convincing reflection of Australian life as it was more than a century ago.

(Indeed, the costumes are so authentic that the women's dresses have hooks and eyes instead of those new-fangled modern slide fasteners!)

Watching "Jonah," I felt a sense of hometown pride in a series that, in presentation, can compete anywhere.

The merit of "Jonah" itself — viewed as a competitive show — is a different matter.

Since 26 episodes are scheduled, it is harsh to carp about minor points in just two shows, and early ones at that.

It would be a mistake, for example, to in any way condemn the series on the first film.

But in that episode so



"JONAH" PERSONALITIES: Jonah Locke (Brian James) and his ward, Ann Parry (Hilary Bamberger), in 7's new historical-fiction series.

much time is spent introducing the characters that the complexities of the story (based on the discovery of gold in the Blue Mountains) became a clutter of bewildering action: murders, midnight rides through the bush, fights . . .

It was, at one stage, so melodramatic that — embarrassed — I wanted to laugh.

On the other hand, the second preview film was fast, action-packed entertainment.

Have a look at "Jonah." With the promise shown already, ATN's greatest expectations for this series may well be fulfilled in later episodes.

Just plain reporters

SYDNEY lost those sterling newspaper "Deadline Midnight" dramas last week. And — even considering that ABN2 was screening the series for the second time (the A.B.C. is very loyal like that, to a startling number of programmes) — this was gloomy news.

It was gloomy because light has just dawned. At last I knew why I found the ups-and-downs of the "Daily Globe" people rather more realistic than other TV newspaper series.

Mr. Donald May and Mr. Rex Reason are columnist and reporter in TCN9's "Roaring Twenties" (Tuesdays, 9.30 p.m.). Mr. Stephen McNally is a columnist on the same channel's "Target: The Corruptors" (Thursdays, 8.30 p.m.).

While I do not wish to appear offensive, these gentlemen all have one fault.

They are (oh, well, I might as well jump in with both feet) too handsome.

The "Deadline Midnight" cast were an ordinary, normal looking mob.

"NOW, SIT," I said. And my dog Matic obediently (for once) plonked himself down in front of the TV set and gazed at the screen.

He was going to provide an expert's reaction to ABN2's doggy drama, "Lassie" (Sundays, 6 p.m.).

Some time later, I was roused by deep and contented breathing. It is my reluctant duty to report that my canine critic snoozed gently throughout the show.

This may not seem very polite, but it WAS a definite opinion.

And, while "Lassie" is certainly good clean fun for the kids, I find I must personally concur.

FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

With KIRSTEN WARD

★★ FOLLOW THAT DREAM

Don't be cynical because it's an Elvis Presley film. Elvis is quite presentable these days and has his charm — and his singing is very pleasant. This is pure entertainment with a little bit of everything thrown in. There are a couple of crooks, plenty of humor, a few cute kids, some simple philosophy, and two pretty girls for romance. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . RELAXING.

DETERMINED to end the long string of comedies he's been in, Cary Grant is taking on a project of his own called "Touch Flame, Catch Fire." His studio, however, are against the venture and want him to star in "Arabia Nights" — another romantic comedy.

The cop became a doctor

TO keep the home picture-tube burning, TV actors must necessarily move from series to series. But it's so disconcerting for viewers.

Last week on "Dr. Kildare" (ABN2, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.) Mr. Lloyd Bochner — who was the oh-so-British cop in "Hong Kong" — guest-starred as one of Blair Hospital's resident doctors.

He gave an efficient performance, but I kept expecting him to arrest his patients.

Down in the swamps

TCN9's new show "Everglades" is about a cop called Linc Vail (Ron Hayes), who skitters round Florida swamps chasing baddies. And:

I want an air-boat like Mr. Hayes' . . . a fascinating Heath Robinson-type contraption that looks like one of the Wright Brothers' earlier efforts.

(You sit on a chair on a sort of raft-cum-rowboat, and skid along propelled by a mechanical windmill thing at the back.)

"Everglades" is good entertainment, especially if you like swamps.

But TCN is showing it four nights a week (Mondays to Thursdays, 10.30 p.m.).

This is perhaps over-generous. I feel I may acquire an ever-glazed look from all those "Everglades."

Soft, shining lovely hair



Made first for baby, Johnson's is a gentle shampoo for children . . . wonderful for your own hair, too. It leaves the hair soft, shining, lovely . . . so easy to manage.

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until it rains
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. . . your clothes will never be
really white without real blue—
and real blue is Reckitt's Blue.



Reckitt's
Liquid Blue

Made especially for your washing machine.

B 462

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 17, 1962

Page 15

The world's finest tobacco is at your fingertips



THE ONLY VIRGINIA
KING SIZE PLAIN



LUXURY trend for bathrooms

● The two-bathroom home is rapidly becoming the accepted family standard in Australia, and as the plumbing fixtures multiply in number so they increase in decorative value.

BATHROOMS are currently receiving more beauty treatment than any other room in the house, and a wide range of decorative towels and fixtures makes bathing a pleasure in the modern home.

New surfacing materials are practical and attractive.

Glass mosaics give a luxury look to floors or walls, lining shower recesses, or topping vanity benches. There are many shades, including delicate blue and mauve or brilliant scarlet and vermillion.

Ceramic mosaic tiles are in a variety of shapes, including square, oblong, hexagon, round, and wedge.

Vinyl flooring is warm underfoot. You can use it in sheet or tile form and continue the material over the lower part of the walls. There are some imported types with

a metallic gold finish and others with a lustrous marble effect in subtle tints of off-white and aqua.

Wall-to-wall carpeting is also part of the trend — and it's quite practical in a home where there are no young children.

Porcelain fittings are in a wide range of colors, from pretty pastels to deep Bristol-blue, and you can get them decorated with roses, ferns, fish, and other designs.

Practical space-saving fittings improve the comfort of what is usually the smallest room in the house.

**THREE-PAGE FEATURE
continued overleaf**

GLAMOR AND COMFORT are the keynotes of this spacious 14ft. x 9ft. bathroom in a lovely new home at Point Piper, N.S.W. A romantic and light atmosphere is created by the use of a gold and off-white color scheme and silk for blind and drapes. Off-white Italian mosaic tiles are used on floor and walls, with a Greek key design in gold on walls and bath. The elegant arched door at right leads into a dressing-room and an arched wall recess houses a large mirror to give a further illusion of space. The long make-up bench has a marble top in grey-and-white, and the drawers are in pickle-finished timber. All fittings such as taps, towel-racks, drawer-handles, and mirror-frame are gold-plated to match tile design. The comfortable gold-framed vanity stool is cushioned in olive-green, the only breakaway from the gold-and-white coloring throughout.

A vanity bench gives storage for cosmetics, extra soaps, clean towels, and soiled linen.

Ready-built shower compartments made of moulded fibreglass are simple to install in a remodelled bathroom and are easy to keep clean.

There are other uses for fibreglass in the bathroom. Panels in the ceiling screen off light fittings and diffuse light evenly. Translucent panels embedded with pebbles, leaves, and other decorative material can screen windows.

Colorful accessories can give the bathroom a lift on a low budget.

Pick towels carefully so that the colors blend, and stack your supply on an open shelf to give the room color.

Any pretty fabric can be used for a shower-curtain if it's lined with clear plastic. Match it with a roller blind for the window or a frilled toilet cover

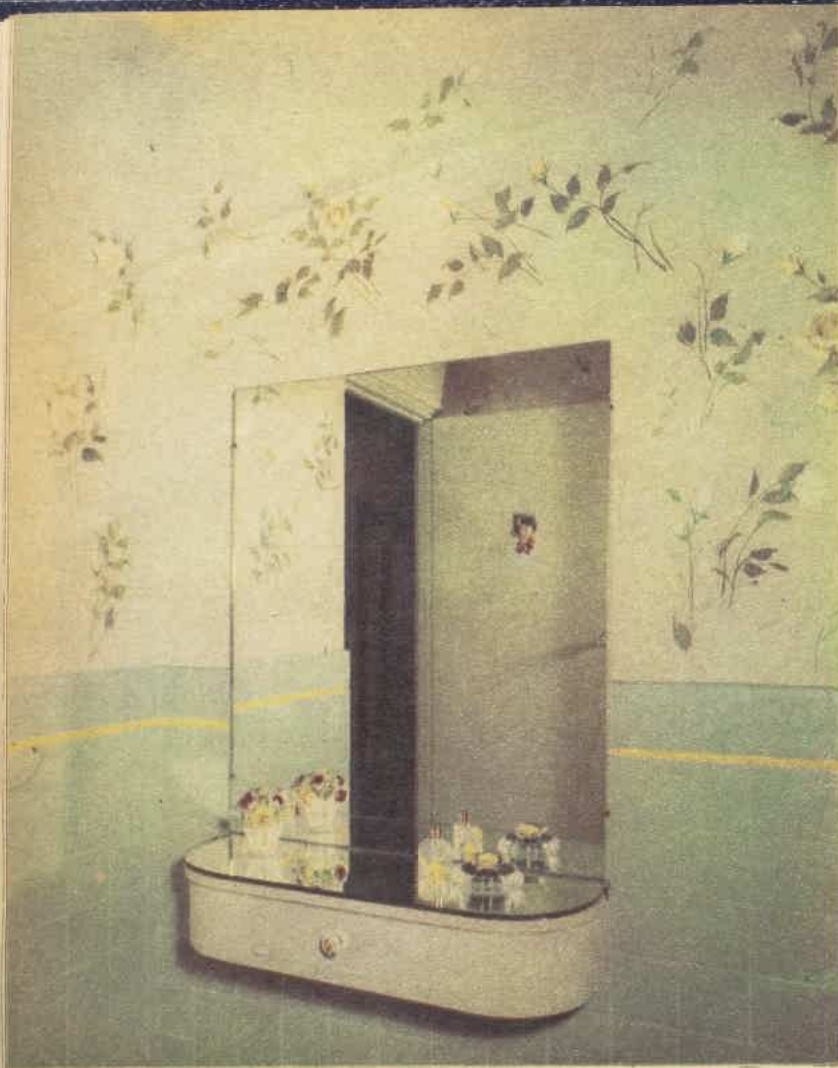
— Valerie Faux

Page 17

Brighten them with wallpaper . . .

● **WALLPAPER** is one of the most economical and effective ways of brightening up a bathroom. The bathrooms at left and below show just how pretty it looks — particularly if it's taken right across the ceiling, too. Washable papers on the market include prepasted ones that are easy for the handyman (or woman) to hang. There is also a plastic finish available that will seal ordinary wallpapers.

● **LAYOUT** is an important feature in the small bathroom. Practical ideas shown here include the free-standing bath for easy cleaning, the built-in vanity bench, and the small bath-cum-shower.



SPRAYS of flowers on the wallpaper around this cantilevered vanity (above) are widely spaced to give a feeling of lightness and airiness to the gay bathroom in the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Swain, N.S.W.



A BATHROOM cabinet can look attractive and elegant if it's covered with roses like the one at left. You can get the same effect by cutting out flowers and pasting them on. Coat with clear plastic.



GUEST BATHROOM in an English home is comfortably furnished with gay printed curtains and wall-to-wall carpet. A small table with French antique mirror replaces vanity bench.



BACHELOR'S bathroom in Sussex, England, doubles as a dressing-room. Curtains are heavy damask and prints on walls reflect country interests such as horses, birds, and hunting.



AN ARBOR OF ROSES is a pretty impression for a bathroom to give. This is in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Helps, Carlton, Victoria. Wallpaper covers four walls and ceiling, and the pink of the roses is repeated in the fittings. Such an all-over treatment is ideal for a room with a cool aspect, and in renovated bathrooms in old homes reduces the apparent height of the ceiling.

... plan for space

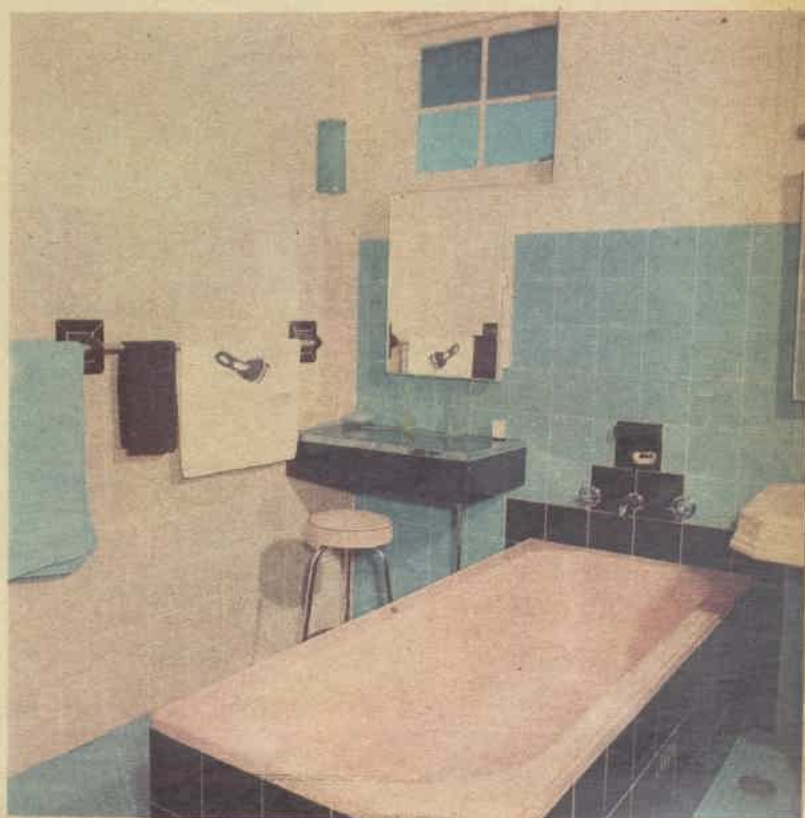


LONG VANITY BENCH that runs almost the entire length of the wall gives ample space for two in the fresh and pretty bathroom of the Ray Leightons at Balgowlah, N.S.W. Cool effect is given by aqua fittings and glass mosaic floor tiles in blended shades.



DIVIDING a small bathroom into sections allows more than one person to use it at the same time. In this bathroom in the home of Mr. H. P. Oser, N.S.W., shower is over a low-level bath.

FREE - STANDING BATH (right) allows easy access for cleaning and separates vanity bench and basin in Mr. and Mrs. Wood's home at Dundas, N.S.W.



Westinghouse above all



MIGHTY WESTINGHOUSE FROST-FREE RCD139 is a spacious refrigerator and 75 lb. capacity freezer combined, with a unique top rating (1/5th h.p.) Westinghouse sealed unit. Other important features include the new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system, automatic defrosting, outstandingly accessible storage area, full width humi-drawer, glide-out shelves, height adjustable top shelf, exceptional bottle storage space and magnetic door lock.

... is designed to keep your food fresh... longer!

The new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system is here—designed by Westinghouse to keep an uninterrupted flow of fresh, cold air circulating down and up, in and out and around your food. Your good fresh food is kept good and fresh under all conditions... longer.

The new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system forever wipes out stale air pockets, the spoilers of good fresh food. The cabinet interior is free, open and uncluttered—has no little nooks and crannies where stale air could lie. The humidrawer is where a humidrawer should be for correct temperature and fresh-cold moisture control—at the bottom of the refrigerator where it can't interfere with the flow of fresh cold air. The shelves have space back and front to allow ample air circulation even when they are filled to capacity.

Fresh cold air flows constantly from the big freezer coils at the top of the cabinet... down past and through the shelves... down and under and right round the humidrawer... back up through the door shelves. Every part of the refrigerator is cooled to the correct temperature to keep your food fresh-longer!

AFTER SALES SERVICE—your satisfaction as a Westinghouse appliance owner is assured by readily available after-sales service. The Westinghouse appliance service division is fully equipped to provide the most outstanding factory trained service in the industry.

THROUGHOUT THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE RANGE — COMMONSENSE DESIGN BRINGS UNMATCHED VALUE!

THE FRESH-COLD SYSTEM and an uncluttered, easy-to-get-at interior are by no means the only thoughtful, commonsense design features you will find in these new Westinghouse refrigerators.

YOU WILL FIND NEW, SIMPLIFIED, MORE CONVENIENT DOOR STORAGE... shelf area that makes use of the full width of the cabinet... new "Flash" instant push-button defrost on the 9 cu. ft. and 12 cu. ft. models. Many more features you can't see set the seal on Westinghouse quality and value. Because no technical sacrifices have been made to cut costs, Westinghouse refrigerators are more powerful than other brands—30% more powerful, thanks to the sealed unit designed and built by Westinghouse to power-drive every model to 12 cu. ft. And the silent power-plus Westinghouse sealed unit makes the mighty Westinghouse combination refrigerator-freezer—biggest of the range—more powerful again by a further husky 20%—gives it power to spare even with a jam-packed load under the steamiest conditions! What's more, Westinghouse backs each sealed unit with a generous 5-year guarantee.

THE DEEP, GLOSSY WESTINGHOUSE FINISH lasts a lifetime—it is baked on over an exclusive protective undercoat applied by the amazing American "Flowcoat" process and strongly resists bumps, knocks and scratches. All Westinghouse refrigerators have porcelain titanium enamel interiors with high-impact plastics used throughout—more reasons why the cabinets carry a full 12 months' warranty.

Rest assured that, before a Westinghouse refrigerator comes to you, its every fitting and detail is inspected, checked and re-checked to bring it as near perfection as possible!

YOU BUY A WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATOR WITH ABSOLUTE PEACE OF MIND!



GIANT CAPACITY FREEZER. All Westinghouse refrigerators have ample space for all your frozen food requirements. The mighty Frost-Free RCD 139's freezer stores up to 75 lbs. of food... room enough for a whole dressed lamb and much more besides. No unexpected catering problems with Westinghouse!

GLIDE-OUT SHELVES. You will find this convenient feature in the new Westinghouse range. Exclusive new sliding action operates easily and silently—makes these the smoothest, easiest-to-roll shelves ever. De-luxe finish construction eliminates the possibility of stain, rust or corrosion.

FULL-WIDTH LIGHTWEIGHT HUMIDRAWER. The Westinghouse full-width humidrawer is the right size and shape even for celery, spinach and rhubarb. It seals moisture in and, for correct temperature control, is situated at the bottom of the cabinet where fresh, cold air circulates right around it. It keeps fruit and vegetables really moist, really fresh.

BOTTLE STORAGE. As you can see, the functional new Westinghouse door storage system provides plenty of space for even the tallest bottles. Furthermore, thoughtful shelf design permits additional storage for tall bottles within the cabinet, and the egg trays can be removed to provide still more door storage space when required.

There's a refrigerator exactly the right size and price for you in this new 5-model Westinghouse range. See them all at your Westinghouse retailer today!

RQD 99—9 cu. ft.	155 gns.
RBD 99—9 cu. ft. with flash pushbutton defrost	175 gns.
RAD 111—11 cu. ft.	189 gns.
RBD 121—12 cu. ft. with flash pushbutton defrost	229 gns.
RCD 139—Combination Refrigerator-Freezer	265 gns.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS



YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse

because Westinghouse made the sealed-unit!



Health-Giving Vitamins Renew your Vigour, Energy!

Pluravit—a multi-vitamin capsule made by NYAL—is a complete vitamin and mineral supplement. Pluravit positively promotes health, vigour and energy; helps build resistance to infection; stimulates the appetite.

Just one soft gelatine PLURAVIT Capsule each morning provides the body with its normal requirements of all essential vitamins. PLURAVIT Capsules are easy to swallow; have no "after-taste." PLURAVIT helps you to enjoy continuing good health.

Pluravit—a complete vitamin supplement costing as little as 9d. per day—should be taken by people on low calorie diets; by the very old; as well as the young. PLURAVIT Capsules are especially valuable for the relief of lassitude, loss of appetite and depression due to mental and physical stress.

PLURAVIT
MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES
1 month's supply 22/6 • 3 months' supply 52/6

CHECK AND COMPARE THIS OUTSTANDING FORMULA

Each Capsule Contains:
Vitamin A 25,000 I.U.
Vitamin D 1,000 I.U.
Vitamin B₁ 10 mg.
Vitamin B₂ 10 mg.
Vitamin B₆ 2 mg.
Nicotinamide 25 mg.
Calcium
Pantothenate 8 mg.
Vitamin B₁₂ 2 mcg.
Vitamin C 75 mg.
Vitamin E 10 I.U.
Iron 15 mg.
Cobalt 0.1 mg.
Copper 1 mg.
Iodine 0.15 mg.
Magnesium 6 mg.
Manganese 1 mg.
Molybdenum 0.2 mg.
Potassium 5 mg.
Zinc 1.5 mg.
Calcium 25 mg.
Phosphorus 10 mg.



Babies grow stronger; are healthier, on PLURAVIT VITAMIN DROPS!



Baby Health authorities recommend the use of vitamin drops during baby's formative years. PLURAVIT DROPS are a pleasant-tasting combination of eight important vitamins which promote growth through improved nutrition. PLURAVIT DROPS aid in the digestion of food; help develop strong bones and teeth. PLURAVIT DROPS mix readily into milk or fruit juices. 15 ml. bottle with graduated dropper, 7/6.

PLURAVIT
INFANT VITAMIN FORMULA

FLAVOURED Vitamin C

Here's Vitamin C in a new, most palatable form—NYAL Ascorbic Acid Tablets that dissolve on the tongue... "tickle" the palate because they have a mild, refreshing orange flavour. The flavour lasts right through each NYAL Flavoured ASCORBIC ACID Tablet.

Two strengths:
50 mg. (100's), 5/11;
250 mg. (100's), 15/6.

Nyal
ASCORBIC ACID
(VITAMIN C TABLETS)
ORANGE FLAVOURED



Pain Relief Without Stomach Upset

No longer need you put up with pain because you can't take ordinary pain-relievers. You can get wonderful relief with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Nyal DOLAMIN is a remarkably effective, single ingredient which is naturally accepted by the body; chemically ready to work instantly without ill effect. DOLAMIN gets to the centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, migraine and the feverishness of colds and flu. 24 tablets, 3/9; 36 tablets, 4/9; 100 tablets, 11/2.

DOLAMIN



Hardens & Protects Teeth Against Decay!

Everybody can now strengthen their teeth against decay at home. Use new NYAL Fluoride Toothpaste—the patented formula containing sodium fluoride, the amazing anti-decay agent used by dentists to protect the teeth.

The fluoride in NYAL Fluoride Toothpaste combines with tooth-enamel to form a protective anti-decay barrier.

NYAL Fluoride has a pure mint flavour—cool, tingling fresh. Four sizes, 2/9, 3/10, 4/10 & 5/10.

The Toothpaste Children Love To Use



Keep baby safe from chafe

NYAL Baby Powder is the one Baby Powder which repels irritation-causing moisture. Keeps baby safe from chafe throughout day and night. Its refreshing light fragrance keeps baby's body fresh and sweet. Pink or Blue tins now with a convenient "twist-grip" closure. Three sizes—2/6, 4/9, 5/6.

Nyal
BABY POWDER



Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS



Nyal Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists. Only the highest quality ingredients are used in Nyal Medicines.

NYAL COMPANY • DIVISION OF STERLING PHARMACEUTICALS

Their beauty was unwittingly a reproach . . . a story

By M. E. BEARD

THE flowers had arrived and were standing in jugs and basins of lukewarm water in the hall — huge, out-of-season blooms that gave out scarcely any scent. They had a snobbish air, I thought, as though upset at finding themselves in our house and not at Buckingham Palace.

Mother insisted on arranging the flowers herself because it was something she adored doing, and she said it would be compensation for all the work she had had over the wedding.

But a firm of caterers had taken over the kitchen, and when I peered round the door the room seemed full of women in white coats, though actually there were only three of them, and Miss Pritchard, who normally does the cooking. She wore a hostile look which meant "keep out of here."

So I went away and walked into the lounge, which was empty of furniture but for some chairs and a long table, covered with a snow-white cloth.

In the centre stood the cake. It was so magnificent I dared not breathe near it: more like a white tower than a cake, and decorated with silver horseshoes and doves and rosebuds.

"Will there be candles on it?" I inquired in my ignorance. I was only seven years old and this was my first wedding and it was all confused in my mind with birthdays and Christmases.

My sister Jane was to be the bride. Jane was 20 and there was no one between us. Everything had been the same ever since I could remember, and I was born in this house.

I loved the house, though I seemed to be the only one who did. Mother complained bitterly about the work and Father complained about the expense of keeping it up. Jane said it was too far from town.

Well, you couldn't blame her, because often it was terribly late when she got back from rehearsals, and on the night of a play she had to stay in London with Aunt Gwen. Jane had just been through dramatic school and was starting to get small parts on TV.

She would be a lovely bride, but I couldn't help wishing she had chosen someone else. Trevor was all right and quite handsome, but he was much older than Jane and seemed not quite of our world.

If I had been a little older, I would probably have called him patronising, though I don't think he meant to be, and he seemed always trying to be one of us. Perhaps he tried too hard, which gave it a falseness.

Trevor was always talking about "the House." "As I said in the House the other day," he would say, and we would look at him admiringly.

The wedding was at two o'clock and it was still dreadfully early. I could settle to nothing. Jane was in her room and Mother said no one was to go near her.

I found Father opening bottles and sniffing at the corks. He looked at me in an abstracted kind of way as though I were a stray dog that had walked in, then he smiled.

"Bored, Ruthie?" he asked kindly. "Why not go for a walk? There are hours before the show begins."

I knew that only too well, but I didn't want to go far away while all this excitement was going on in the house. I wanted to be part of it; busy, like everyone else.

I longed for it to be time to put on my bridesmaid's dress — to be driving with Mother to the church. I wanted to see Jane in her bridal gown and hear the wedding march. I wanted more than anything else to see her cut that cake, to prove that it was a real one and not a dummy.

I thought that at least I could help Mother with the flowers, even if it were only to cut the stalks and fill the vases with water.

I had another look in the hall. There they were, exotic and beautiful.

I looked for Mother everywhere downstairs, but could not

To page 64

Ruthie stood listening at the door as her mother pleaded gently with Jane.

No place for flowers



Sweet, sweet surprise!

A happy thought . . . and all the more rewarding with Cream Biscuits by Arnott's. Your happiest choice of flavour-true creams—Monte Carlo, Orange Slice, Custard Cream and other favourites.



Arnott's
FAMOUS
Biscuits

CREAM
BISCUITS



There is no Substitute for Quality

An innocent transgression led to most unexpected results . . . a short story

TRESPASSERS BEWARE!

By H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

AUNT LEONORA suddenly yelled, "Good gracious, that cow's eating the lupins again!" A moment later, gold spectacles prancing, she was rushing with revengeful haste through the open french windows of the sitting-room and into the garden, snatching up on her way out one of the many old ashplants, gnarled as twisted parsnips, that she kept handy for the purpose of chastising trespassers, stray animals, tramps, idlers, salesmen, and anyone else who might be standing about and up to no good in the process. "Shoo, you beast! Get out of it! Cow, do you hear?"

I followed her immediately, searching the calm, sunny borders of the June garden in vain for a single sign of any trespassing cow. I should have known that none ever came there, that they were as mythical as the marauding herds of deer that nightly threatened beet-root and bean rows, bringing Aunt Leonora downstairs with beating sticks and flashing lanterns.

I saw instead a tubby, mild-looking man, with a white topknot of hair and a very scrubbed pink complexion, who looked not at all unlike a round, fresh radish, standing with an air of absent surprise on the edge of the lawn, beyond which large colonies of lupins rose in gold and purple spires.

A floppy black umbrella, on which he was pensively leaning for support, gave him the estranged appearance of someone who had been unexpectedly dropped into the garden by parachute and did not know, in consequence, quite where he was.

Aunt Leonora, who was baggy and big-limbed and looked not at all unlike a rampaging cow herself, meanwhile rushed onward to enlighten him. It was still not clear to me whether, in her shortsighted way, she could really distinguish between man and beast, and I was half horrified, scarcely a moment later, to see her brandishing the ashplant with violent challenge in the direction of the tubby man, obviously in readiness to beat him furiously about the rump.

A providential turn of his body brought him face to face with her just in time. Undismayed, she yelled an instant demand to know exactly what had happened to that cow she had seen trampling all over the place a couple of minutes before.

"It's yours, I suppose, isn't it? It would be!"

A look of almost ethereal surprise enveloped the tubby man so completely that he stood there as if embalmed. The gravity of things was evidently still not clear to him, and when his mouth finally opened it was merely to let fall a single hollow word. "Cow?"

"Yes, cow. A great red-and-white one. Chewing the lupins. Trampling all over the place. You know very well what I mean. They're always at it. They're in here every day." It was a blatant lie, though I am sure she was unaware of telling it. "Trampling and gorging everywhere. Where's it gone to? One can't grow a thing without its being chewed up like a — like a" — Aunt Leonora made a questing search of the air for a suitable damning word — "like a field of tares!" she suddenly spat out.

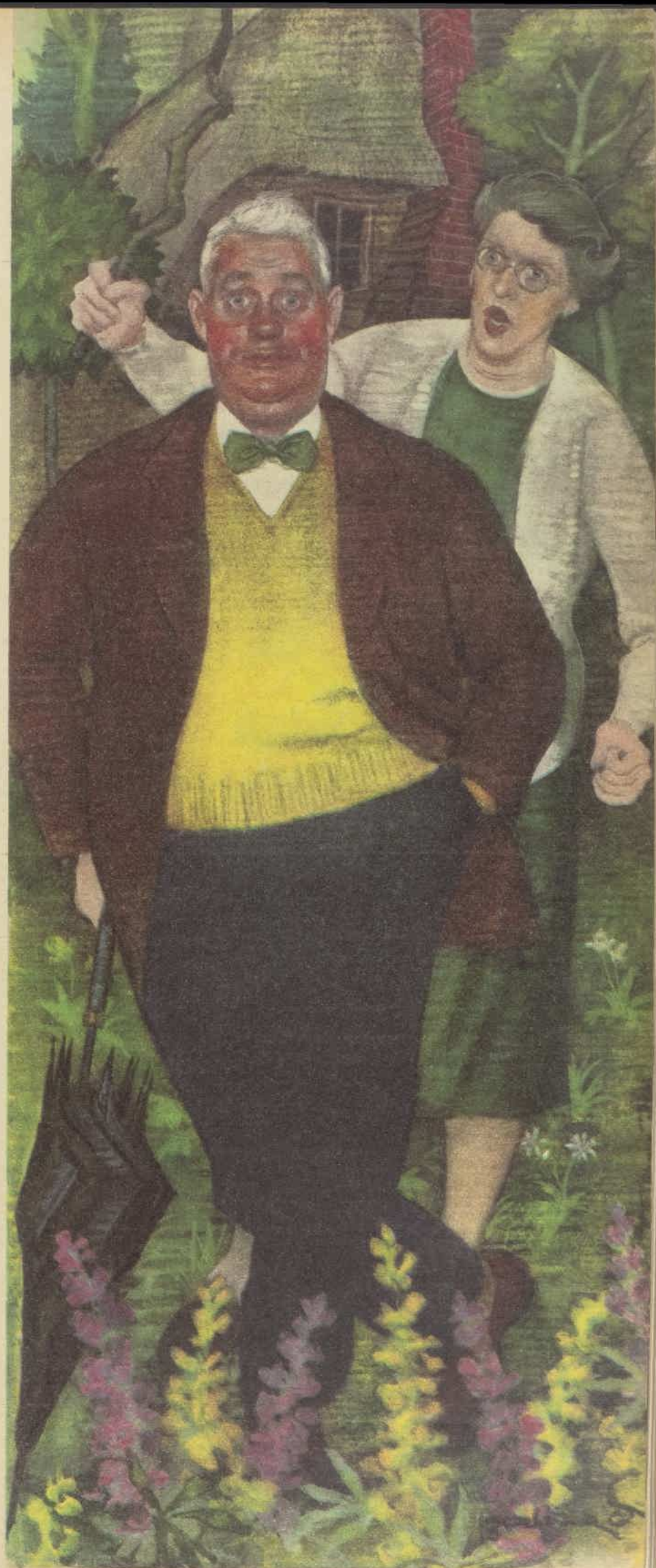
The word "tares," delivered with a final hiss, had a positive fire in it and set the tubby man back another pace or two. "Who are you, anyway? Take your cow home. You're trespassing, you know."

After a glare of stunning power had struck the little man like a point-blank charge of shot, he managed somehow to find an answer. "I rather thought I was in my sister's garden," he started to say, "but—"

It was a most unfortunate remark to have made, and Aunt Leonora

To page 50

"Shoo, you beast! Get out of it!" Aunt Leonora yelled at the startled stranger.



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CAR RADIO

AND A
TRANSISTOR
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8 TRANSISTORS
600-HOUR BATTERY
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NEW! odourless hair-removing cream

A wonderful new cosmetic cream that melts away unwanted hair in minutes. A pleasant perfume when you apply it, no 'depilatory-smell' when you wash it off. It's VEET 'o'—the new super formula from the makers of world-famous Veet. Makes underarms immaculate; legs smooth and fuzz-free. For glamour-conscious girls VEET 'o' is a must. Only 4/- Double size tube 6/-.

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Regular Veet, still on sale, 3/6



The Foolish Catch

It was time for a
decision . . . a
short short story.

By JEAN
VANCE



LATE autumn sun was different from full summer sun, warm, but like old gold, its true intensity spent. Allison Carter shivered, knowing it wasn't from chill, and returned to the book she'd been pretending to read. Shielding her eyes, she studied the tall man who stood, surf-casting, at the water's edge. Since his back was to her, she didn't have to keep the love for him from her expression.

What an unlikely place for them to be, Allison thought, he, the widower, and she, the woman almost thirty, to whom he'd proposed so formally last evening.

The ocean beach stretched, deserted, on this Saturday morning past the season. Young lovers, Allison speculated wistfully, had probably dotted the sand in the blaze of summer. She and Dick Parmenter had come, somehow, to the same setting.

But, although she'd told him she needed time to answer, Allison knew with a stab of pain she couldn't marry him. She'd never match the memory of Dick's dead wife in his heart.

At that moment Dick turned around. Caught in the act of staring at him, Allison raised her hand in an awkward wave. The expression on his face seemed strange, withdrawn, almost as though he didn't know her. He returned to his line without answering her gesture.

Allison lowered her hand. They were strangers, really, even if she did know so many of the outward facts of his life from the office: that he was a good salesman; that his children were little, the boy five, the girl three; what his wife, Lila, had been like.

Looking at the waves crashing so frighteningly, Allison saw and heard neither, but saw Lila and Dick Parmenter two years ago, their love written all over them, holding hands openly at a company dinner. She heard again Lila's voice phoning the office, light-quick, competent, even when the messages for Dick had been staggering: the boy had fallen out of a tree and broken his arm; the little girl had a high fever.

Other voices, more recent, came back, too: the girls at the office chattering in the restroom . . . "The only thing poor Mr. Parmenter can do is marry again. Somebody's got to mother those children . . ."

"The beach . . . ?" she'd echoed this morning when Dick had phoned. Already she'd been busy with the only routine she knew aside from the office, the Saturday morning ritual of the single woman who works all week: fussing over the flat. "But why the beach . . . ?"

"Why not . . . ?" Dick had said, faintly mocking. "It's at its best on a day like this in autumn . . ." He'd broken off a minute. "I find the ocean a good backdrop when I've something to think out . . ."

Allison had flushed, glad he couldn't see her. His tone intimated her decision to last night's question should be based on clear thought, common sense. She didn't want it based on that, but on something more.

A shadow fell across her. "Lunch . . . ?" Dick said. He dropped to his knees and opened the hamper he'd brought himself.

"No luck . . . ?" Allison asked nervously.

"No luck . . ." he answered.

The words seemed to hang between them. Today was so different. Their meetings the last few months had been the usual dinners at restaurants, seats at shows. But now that he'd drawn her into an ordinary, unrehearsed day of his life, perhaps intentionally, thinking to influence her, Allison felt out of place. How many days had he and Lila spent together on the beach, lighthearted, companionably talkative?

"I love the ocean," Dick said abruptly and spread his arm in an all-embracing arc. "I like to come to it, especially when it's deserted like this . . ."

Allison didn't answer. She'd grown up among hills, had gone to them sometimes when she wanted to think or needed comfort. The ocean was an unknown mystery to her. She had an inlander's distrust and secret fear of it. You couldn't tell what was in it, deep down. In a way, the ocean was like the future . . . the future with a man who mightn't really love you, Allison thought in distress.

Dick smiled. "Why don't you go in for a dip . . . ?"

When he'd gone back to his lines, Allison forced herself to the water's edge. The bubbling foam, surprisingly warm, lapped at her toes. She swam rather poorly and would have to be careful, of course.

Floating on her back, she could see Dick on shore, fifty feet to her left, pulling hard on his line. His face was lively, animated now. He must have a catch!

Allison brought herself upright to watch him, paddling with her hands. Then, suddenly, she felt a sharp bite at her toe. A crab? she thought in panic. A sand shark? As she doubled up her legs, crying out, an incoming wave, higher than the others, dashed over her, completely swallowing her, carrying her, swirling and uncontrolled, head over heels. She came up briefly, shouting with scant breath remained to her, gulped air and water, before she felt herself sucked under again.

She struggled and floundered, bobbing up, sinking down, no breath left, the rough scrape of sand tearing at her back and legs. And then, at last, something else, strong arms around her, lifting, pulling.

She lay face down on the blanket, coughing and gasping. Firm hands worked on her back, alternately pushing down and letting up.

When she could sit up and breathe normally again, she saw Dick Parmenter's face, anxious, white, right above her own. She looked beyond him where he had stood, surf-casting. His line was gone, lost, apparently, when he'd had to abandon it, along with his catch.

Helplessly Allison began to cry, whether from weakness or pent-up emotion, she couldn't tell. Dick had wasted the day, had lost his catch, had brought out of the sea only herself, such a foolish catch!

Amazingly, Dick's arms went around her again, holding her close to the wet flannel of his shirt. Under the shirt, she could feel the strong beat of his heart.

"Allison . . ." he said, and repeated her name over and over. "Allison, I thought I'd be too late . . ."

"You've lost your line . . ." Allison mumbled foolishly.

"What . . . ?" Dick said. "Oh, that. Who cares . . . ?" His body seemed to go still, as with some startling thought. "I could have lost you, Allison . . . all day, every time I looked up, you were there. I knew that I wanted you there all the time, everywhere, whenever I look up . . ."

Allison didn't know if she was laughing or crying into his shirt. There had been little of love making, indeed, between them, on all those carefully arranged meetings when they'd been so polite and self-consciously charming to each other. But he'd brought her to the beach to think things over, and now . . . !

She drew a deep, quivering breath, dabbed at her eyes, and looked up at him, all her feeling in her face. "I'll always be there . . ." she promised.

And the late autumn sun, dull as old gold before, shone down with the warmth of full summer.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, Oct. 17, 1964



Warner's Blossom Bras

Bras you'll fall in love with. All with the sweet enchantment of apple blossom—light, white, petal soft and pretty — for the proud young bosom new Spring fashions demand. No wonder so many pretty girls wear Warner's. You too?

W2334: short, 'tomorrow,' first bra to personalise cup sizes, white cotton/mesh, A,B,C, 32/6; D, 39/6.

W1117: 'Merry Widow' strapless, lined embroidered nylon lace/power net, white, C, 88/6; D, 105/-.

W2171: short contour bra, in crisp white cotton, with circular stitched cup, A,B,C fittings, 39/6.

(Prices vary in S.A.)

NEW and YOUNG from **WARNER'S**
U.S.A.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE WITH THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

KUALA LUMPUR malaya



Now you can add a new city to your travel itinerary—Kuala Lumpur—the capital city of Malaya. The perfect base for your Orient Holiday.

Your Travel Agent can give you all the facts on this new tourist spot where the old and the new combine to make a unique holiday haven. Towering minarets and modern supermarkets, moorish mosques and de-luxe hotels, new sights, new sounds and new wonders to thrill you all the way.

See your Travel Agent today or write in for further information to:

High Commissioner of the Federation of Malaya,
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Department of Tourism P. O. Box 328 Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.



7724.—Figure-flattering one-piece (right) has an off-shoulder collared neckline, wide self belt, and gathered skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



SUMMER PARTY

● Here, to make from patterns, are six fresh ideas in party fashions. Each design is new and is pretty enough to make any party a success party.

HOW TO ORDER

Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please write name and address in block letters and state clearly size required.



7729.—New party lines for the shapely one-piece (left). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 35in. guipure lace, 3½yds. taffeta lining, and two artificial roses. Price 3/9.



DRESSES — TO MAKE FROM A PATTERN



7726. — Slick is the word for this shapely flounce-trimmed sheath. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 35in. scalloped-edge lace and 3yds. 36in. lining. Price 3/9.



7725. — Proclaim your prettiness in the self-belted one-piece (above). The scooped-out bodice has self-shoulder straps; the skirt graceful fullness. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



DOUBLE ANSWER to pretty dressing for informal summer party nights.

7727. — Cool softly styled one-piece (right) in printed cotton. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

7728. — Self-ruffled shirtwaist style in spotted sheer (far right). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.





VOGUE

world's leading fashion authority says...

"DRI-GLO TOWELS LEAD THE FASHION FIELD"

Dri-Glo towels are being praised by Vogue and fashion-conscious women for their superb softness, their thick, thirsty pile—and, most of all, their brilliant colour.

You'll recognise Dri-Glo towels everywhere by their beautiful, radiant colours! The exciting, trend-setting colours of 1963... here for you today.

See the new brilliant Dri-Glo towel collection in your store now.

PUBLISHED IN PARIS VOGUE

A full page in the September issue says "They come from the land of a thousand golden beaches... superb Dri-Glo towels to enchant the sunlovers of France."

ACCLAIMED BY AUSTRALIAN VOGUE

"Internationally smart—Dri-Glo towels lead the fashion field." This is just one of Vogue's own comments on Dri-Glo towels... the only towels chosen to appear with new season's swimsuits!

THE FIRST CHOICE OF AUSTRALIAN WOMEN

Dri-Glo towels not only give you the most fashion but the widest choice of colour and design. You get matchless quality, and a price range to suit every purse, every purpose. Ask for Dri-Glo towels.

BOND'S

Dri-Glo TOWELS

Will you be
fashion
ambassador
for
Dri-Glo?

**WE'RE LOOKING FOR A VERY
SPECIAL AUSTRALIAN GIRL**

She should be over 18, unmarried, and attractive in face and figure. She needs to have poise, a pleasant voice, speak well and confidently, and a knowledge of French, Italian or German would be an advantage. We will want her to appear as an Ambassador for Australian Dri-Glo Towels in leading stores throughout Europe. Then when she returns, she can look forward to a continuing and rewarding career in fashion and sales promotion. Do something about this wonderful opportunity right away! Go to your nearest store that stocks Dri-Glo towels and ask for an application form. Or write (endorsing your envelope "Fashion") to: Dri-Glo Towels Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 20, Five Dock, N.S.W.

THIS IS WHAT YOU WILL DO:

Travel overseas on a luxurious scale—with all details of your trip arranged for you, and lots of time for sight-seeing and shopping. Introduce Australian Dri-Glo towels to many leading overseas stores. Stay in the world's most famous hotels, meet exciting and interesting personalities everywhere you go. When you return, continue a glamorous career in fashion and sales promotion.

Applications close on December 31, and the successful applicant will be notified on or about 31st January, 1963.

BOND'S Dri-Glo TOWELS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 17, 1962

Violence suddenly erupts
aboard s.s. Campari . . .
part three of our serial

By **ALISTAIR
MacLEAN**



"How do you feel now, Mr. Carter?"
Carreras, charts under his arm, asked.

the **GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS**

A JINX seems to be following s.s. Campari, a British cargo ship with limited but luxurious passenger accommodation. CAPTAIN BULLEN had been forced to allow the U.S. Navy to join the British Customs to search his ship at Caracelo in the Caribbean Sea, when an American scientist, DR. SLINGSBY CAROLINE, and the nuclear weapon he had been perfecting were reported missing. The disgruntled crew are further upset when three coffins are loaded. One bears a relative of SENOR MIGUEL CARRERAS and his son TONY, who, with a MR. CERDAN, an invalid travelling with two nurses, had been able to join the Campari because of late cancellations. CHIEF OFFICER JOHN CARTER wonders how these people have been able to leave their country while it is still in a state of revolt. He is also intrigued by the large crates of machinery shipped aboard the Campari.

At dinner that night after sailing, Carter is called away to be told that BENSON, head steward, is missing. Searching for him, he is joined by a passenger, SUSAN BERESFORD. Instead of Benson, they find RADIO OFFICER BROWNELL—dead in the wireless room, the last message received torn from his pad. Carter guesses that the killer, in possession of a transmitter-receiver, also heard the message and killed Brownell before he could relay it. Before it can be traced, Carter is attacked by an unknown assailant. Soon after, FOURTH OFFICER DEXTER is found murdered in the wireless room.

A birthday party for MRS. BERESFORD had been arranged for next evening, and Carter asks Susan to get it advanced in time, to allow a further search of the passengers' suites. He particularly wants Mr. Cerdan and his nurses to attend. Susan agrees to arrange these things, but then makes the comment that she can't understand why one of the nurses bothers to knit ceaselessly since she cannot knit properly. **NOW READ ON:**

AS far as attendance went, Mr. Julius Beresford had no grounds for complaint that night: every single passenger on the ship had turned up for his wife's cocktail party and, as far as I could see, every off-duty officer on the Campari was there as well. And the party was certainly going splendidly: already, at seven forty-five, practically everyone was already on his or her second drink.

Beresford and his wife had been moving around speaking to each of the guests and now it was my turn. I saw them approaching, raised my glass, and said: "Many happy returns, Mrs. Beresford."

"Thank you, young man. Enjoying yourself?"

"Of course. So is everybody. And you should be, most of all."

"Yes." She sounded just the slightest bit doubtful. "I don't know if Julius was right — it's less than twenty-four hours—"

"If you're thinking about Benson and Brownell, ma'am, you're worrying unnecessarily. I'm sure every passenger in the ship is grateful to you for helping to get things back to normal so quickly. I know all the officers are, anyway."

"Just as I told you, my dear," Beresford patted his wife's hand, then looked at me. "My wife, like my daughter, seems to have the greatest faith in your judgment, Mr. Carter."

"Yes, sir. I wonder if you could persuade your daughter not to go visiting in the officers' quarters?"

"No," Beresford said regretfully. "It's impossible. Self-willed young lady." He grinned. "I'll bet she didn't even knock."

"She didn't." I looked across the room to where Miss Beresford was giving Tony Carreras the full benefit of her eyes over the rim of a martini glass. "She had, with respect, some bee in her bonnet about something being wrong aboard the Campari. I think the unfortunate happenings last night must have upset her."

"Naturally. And you managed to remove this — um — bee?"

"I think so, sir."

There was a slight pause, then Mrs. Beresford said impatiently: "Young man, do you know one of the principal reasons I came along on this trip. Apart," she smiled, "from the food? Because my husband asked me to, because he wanted a second opinion — on you, Julius, as you know, has made several trips on your ship. He has, as the saying goes, had an eye on you for a job in his organisation. My husband, I may say, has made his fortune not so much by working himself as by picking the right men to work for him. He's never made a mistake yet. I don't think he's making a mistake now. And you have another very special recommendation."

"Yes, ma'am," I said politely.

"You're the only young man of our acquaintance who doesn't turn himself into a carpet to be trampled upon as soon as our daughter appears in sight. A very important qualification, believe me."

"Would you like to work for me, Mr. Carter?" Beresford asked bluntly.

"I think I would, sir."

"Will you?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because your interests are in steel and oil. I know only the sea and ships. They don't mix. I have no qualifications to work for you and at my present age I'd be

To page 66

SARA QUADS THRILLED BY BIG JETS

By DIANE ROBERTS

● A dream of most youngsters recently came true for the Sara quads when they were taken on a personally conducted tour of a huge jet airliner.



TAIL of a gigantic Boeing 707 jet dwarfs the Sara quads as they cross the tarmac at Kingsford Smith Airport. At left they take a rest in the first-class cabin section. Squeezed into two seats are (from left) Judith, Phillip, Alison, and Mark. Mr. and Mrs. Sara and Geoff look on.

● It was a thrilling day for the Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W. Not even the weather could dampen the delight of inspecting Sydney's Kingsford Smith Airport — and one of the big airliners.

THE morning was rainy, windy, but the quads were well rugged up against the cold — Alison in a blue suit with a pleated skirt, Judith in a similar suit in cherry-red, and the boys in tightly zippered wind-cheaters.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, the quads, and their big brother, Geoff, arrived at the airport at half past nine to meet staff photographer Ron Berg (Uncle Ron to the quads) and they headed immediately for the huge Qantas 707 jet standing on the tarmac.

The quads' tour was conducted by a wartime friend of Mr. Sara, Second Pilot Arthur Whitmarsh, who now flies for Qantas. He was able to answer all the eager questions fired by Mark and Phillip.

Looking at the outside of the aircraft, the quads were fascinated by the big nose of the jet. "Look," whispered Phillip, "it's only held on by three bolts."

The quads posed for some pictures outside the aircraft, but the rain started, so they all scampered aboard.

The girls were most taken by the compact galley in the

plane and thought the cabins, with their deep comfortable seats, "just wonderful."

Alison decided on the spot to be an air hostess and Mark a pilot, but their mother laughed and said, "I don't think this will last long. They all decide their future careers on whatever they're interested in at the moment."

Phillip and Judy thoroughly enjoyed themselves but have no aspirations toward taking to the air, and Geoff, who will be 16 in November, likes his feet "firmly on the ground."

The biggest thrill of the day was being allowed to sit in the cockpit while Mr. Whitmarsh explained what some of the complicated array of buttons and dials were for.

The quads wanted to pull a few of the enticing knobs but were not allowed to touch, so they contented themselves with strapping the safety-belts around each other.

It took nearly an hour to inspect the plane completely, and then the party adjourned to the Walkabout Lounge for glasses of lemonade.

Mr. Whitmarsh then drove the visitors to the best point to see the plane take off for London.

Soon afterwards the quads were off to Bondi to have Sunday lunch at Grandma's.



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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

A word for goats

I CANNOT understand why more people do not keep goats. A fenced enclosure in any fair-sized suburban backyard is all the room they need, and lawn cuttings, vegetable scraps, plus some crushed oats and hay provide an economical diet for them. They are neither dirty nor smelly, and, though I wouldn't trust one near a rose bush, your washing will be quite safe. Milking takes only five to ten minutes morning and night—and even a child can learn how to do it. The advantages of having a goat? You have a friendly, intelligent pet and an economical supply of some of the most nutritious milk there is.

£1/1/- to "Goat Lover" (name supplied), Kyabram, Vic.

Child-endowment spending

HURRAY for child endowment! Over the years I have used mine to great advantage for the indirect gain of the children themselves. I have bought a sewing-machine and an electric frying-pan. How do other readers spend theirs?

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Jenner, Armidale, N.S.W.

Currant-less currant bread

WE have rules for the adulteration of foods, but there seems to be no regulation that currant loaves of bread should, indeed, contain currants. In some of these loaves, the infrequent currant appears to be an impurity. Recently, a short-sighted friend saw something dark in his third slice and put on his glasses to inspect it, as he thought it was a fly. When my four-year-old grandson was offered a piece of this loaf, he looked at it and said, "I don't like that. I like currant loaves wif currants in 'em." Surely if currants are not a big feature in the loaf, then it should be given another name.

£1/1/- to R. Lewis, Canberra.

Large families by design

WHY can't people consider the possibility that large families can be a matter of choice? With the birth of our sixth child imminent, and, as I am not exactly in my youth and ten years have passed since the birth of our youngest, friends and acquaintances ask solicitously about my health. It doesn't seem to occur to them that this child might be coming by invitation, or that we might be delighted at the prospect of having a little one to raise now that we have maturity to enjoy it.

£1/1/- to "Mature Mother" (name supplied), Qld.

Do "spees" spoil reading?

DOES wearing glasses spoil the pleasure of reading? Having always been particularly fond of reading, I have found since acquiring glasses that it is not as enjoyable a relaxation as before. I am quite perturbed about this. Perhaps other readers have experienced the same trouble.

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Seacliff, S.A.

Opposed to teenage drivers

I CANNOT understand why teenagers, considered not sufficiently mature to vote, are legally permitted to drive cars. In my opinion a person should not be eligible to obtain a driving licence until he turns 21. This would not only leave more space on the roads for mature drivers but would curtail the road hazards we now experience.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Winn, West Preston, Vic.

Quick-thinking young gallants

WALKING through a shopping centre I had a feeling my slip was slipping. Gathering courage to look down I discovered it was almost off. Flustered, I looked up to see two teenage boys back up and stand in front of me while I quickly stepped out of the garment and popped it into my bag. In answer to my grateful thanks, the pair merely nodded and continued on their way without a backward glance.

£1/1/- to "June" (name supplied), Croydon, N.S.W.

So he was confused

IN his new parish, our minister was utterly confused by several families of the same name. On getting to know his parishioners better, he managed to sort out the problem and found that six fathers—all brothers—had handed down their own christian names to each of their eldest sons.

£1/1/- to Miss B. J. Irvine, Bardon, Qld.

● Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will be resumed on his return.

Caravan life

MRS. J. R. O'NEILL (Vic.) finds caravan life difficult. Being caravanners for six years we find this life stimulating and interesting. Advantages are numerous—ever-changing neighbors, little housework, mundane chores nil, allowing us to enjoy sport and local activities. Privacy is respected as much as in a conventional home if the caravan is suitably planned. Habits of tidiness are encouraged. It's a great life, and we urge all middle-aged couples to adopt it instead of slaving away the prime of their lives in household chores.

£1/1/- to D. E. Harvey, Coff's Harbour, N.S.W.

MY best friend and I met "over the hedge." When I found she was a "caravan dweller" I invited her to my home for a "cuppa." Mrs. O'Neill should try talking to house-dwellers as she finds them working in their gardens. It could result in another best friend.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. D" (name supplied), Canberra.

WE bought a 22ft. caravan and spent three years in it. We learned one important rule. Everything must have its place and be kept in it. We found a need to keep our van as a home, and not allow people to pop in and out as if it were a holiday shack. Beds that have to be made up each night are not the most suitable, and it is important to have a separate cooking area, as there is nothing more annoying than to have to unfold a stove and sink whenever you want to make a drink. A small shed is a boon, as it not only gives handy storage space but can be used as a private laundry or bathroom.

£1/1/- to A. S. Jobling, Port Noarlunga South, S.A.

AFTER three years of caravan life and 25 years in houses I have some advice. Don't marry a tall man! I did, and no matter where he stood or sat he always filled the place up. Always go where there is fine weather, as there is no place in caravans for wet garments and shoes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Sims, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

MY first home was a caravan in which I spent 12 months. Although through lack of room it was inconvenient and sometimes got on my nerves, I think my husband and I would say it was the happiest time of our marriage. Without much housework to do we both worked and saved, and also had time to play together. We left the caravan with a better appreciation of the home we moved into.

£1/1/- to Eileen Cocking, Victoria Park, W.A.

MRS. O'NEILL will have to change her attitude and will see that we don't need so-called comfort and "proper" homes to be happy. Take an interest in your ever-changing group of neighbors, their travel stories and ideas. Throw convention overboard and you'll enjoy every minute of caravan life, as we have done for three years now.

£1/1/- to "Nine-footer" (name supplied), Mount Isa, Qld.

MRS. O'NEILL implies that a caravan life is no life. I say it's what you make it. In our caravan we have as many mod cons as most "proper" homes—a gas stove, refrigerator, washing-machine, and portable television set as well as all the smaller articles. For heating there's nothing wrong with a radiator, and for washing facilities—what about a bath built under a seat, or a shower recess. Give me our caravan in preference to a run-down old house any day.

£1/1/- to "Happy Caravaner" (name supplied), Young, N.S.W.

WE, too, have been caravan dwellers, first in the garden of friends with the use of their conveniences, then on our own land. We had to carry water and all washing was done in the baby bath. As the year progressed we completed a portion of our house and moved in. Our caravan then became a weekend for visitors and a children's playground. After years in the weather we tearfully demolished our first caravan home, saving little fittings which we have since used in our house. Looking back, I think that, in spite of hardships, had it not been for our caravan we would not be as secure today, nor have such vivid memories and encouraging words for others.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. A. Griffin, Richmond, N.S.W.



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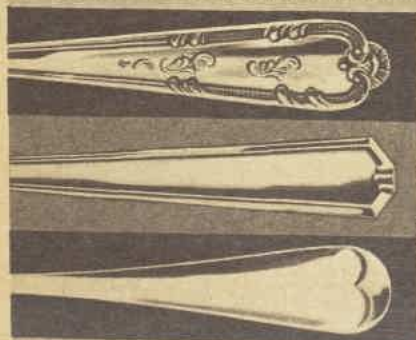
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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● A visiting child psychologist was quoted the other day as saying that mothers are to blame for delinquent children — especially those mothers who bottle-feed their babies by choice and go back to their jobs as soon after the birth as they can.

POOOR old Mum — she's to blame for everything. And the sad fact is that I suppose there's no arguing with it — it's true.

"If a child does not have a loving attachment to his mother before he is five," this expert is quoted as saying, "there is an enormous risk that he will grow up sadistic, violent, and an exhibitionist."

In "Julius Caesar," Shakespeare makes Cassius say:

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

An elderly friend of ours who scorns the whole of modern psychology and regards Freud as a dirty word amused us very much the other night in an argument in which he was trying to prove that modern psychology was bunk and that the only thing that mattered was the stock from which children came.

"If there's good blood in them it doesn't matter what they're like as children," he said.

"They'll grow up all right, no matter what sort of environment they've had. These quacks are trying to rewrite Shakespeare, so that it reads 'the fault, dear Brutus, is not in ourselves, but in our ma's'."

We thought this was rather good, but not by any means a fair commentary.

After all, people have been saying for centuries that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and modern psychology, I guess, wouldn't argue with that one, except to add a warning that the hand that refuses to rock the cradle might well be helping to ruin its child's world.

It's the loving

care that matters

I THINK myself (speaking as someone quite unqualified to express an opinion on so important a matter!) that it probably doesn't matter whether that hand is the hand of the woman who actually bore the child or whether it is some other hand, as long as it's a loving, careful, and permanent hand that the child can depend on absolutely during its early years.

What seems so tragic is those poor little mites who are pushed from pillar to post because their mother is working, being looked after by paid hands that are always changing.

Some are kind, some careless, some wise, some idiotic, some more interested in the television set than in the baby's needs.

And not even the best of them, because of the impermanence of the job, are forced to face up to the fact that what they do today in the way of loving or unloving treatment of the baby may be going to have its effects in all the tomorrows to the end of the child's life.

A pram, a baby,

and a propped-up bottle

A THING I hate to see (and again I ought to say that this is personal and quite untrained opinion) is the sight of a

small baby lying in its pram busy feeding itself from a bottle propped on a pillow beside it.

It's the sort of thing that busy young mothers fall into the habit of doing, and I suppose it doesn't matter if it happens only occasionally, but as a regular practice it must be frightfully bad for the baby emotionally and pretty bad for the mother as well.

Surely feeding-time for a small baby ought to be something more than the act of swallowing a formula out of an unaccommodating bottle that's likely to slip out of reach.

Lots of babies have to be bottle-fed, but if they're held and cuddled and talked to while they're feeding they probably don't lose anything of the warmth and security that the breast-fed baby gets.

I'd be afraid myself that these habitually pram-and-propped-bottle-fed babies might well grow up rather cool little customers, used to looking inward instead of outward for their pleasures and inclined to regard the world as a rather unfriendly place.

Family artists

(Sketch of Gretel)

TALKING of delinquents, I've discovered a large streak of the vandal in myself.

I've spent the last few evenings drawing all over our sitting-room walls, and have found it such fun that I can only presume that I got into serious trouble for this as a two-year-old and have been secretly dying to do it ever since.

The reason for all this is that we've at last decided to strip the paper off the walls and re-do them.

At the same time we're going to take out the awful old doors to the two verandahs and replace them with glass ones.

I couldn't find what I wanted in the door-manufacturers' catalogues, so I started designing doors on bits of paper.

Then it suddenly occurred to me that if the wallpaper was going anyway, I could draw my various designs, full-scale, on the paper, and decide between them.

This not only turned out to be fun, but also the best way of deciding the number and proportion of the panes which would look best.

This was too much for the children, of course. They had to be in it as well.

Diana went to work with a soft pencil, and one wall is now covered with the most extravagant designs for evening gowns and theatre coats, all worn by extraordinary-looking models with 17-inch waists, and tiny heads topped with tiaras.

Mike's contribution, above the fireplace, is a drawing titled America's Cup, 1965. Gretel is there, carrying more canvas than any 18th-century windjammer, and away in the distance a miserable little half-water-logged craft marked Wetheley. (Mike's spelling, not Bus Mosbacher's).

"You can leave me a nice big slab of wall behind the door," Hugh said when he saw our efforts. "I'm going to need that to work out what all this is going to cost."

EGG COOKBOOK

● Eggs are a most versatile food. They can be served at any meal and at any hour, as shown by these recipes which range from breakfast to party dishes.

For breakfast —

EGGs are traditional breakfast fare, but, instead of serving them merely poached, boiled, or fried, try some of the interesting new dishes in this section.

Some of the recipes require cooked vegetables and are an excellent method of using up leftovers from dinner the night before. Or the vegetables can be cooked overnight and left in refrigerator. Level spoon measurements and the eight liquid ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes throughout this feature.

CEREAL TOPPER

Four to 6 servings hot breakfast cereal or cold ready-to-eat cereal, 4 eggs, 6 tablespoons sugar, 4 cups milk, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon vanilla essence.

Beat eggs until thick and piled softly. Beat in sugar, milk and season with nutmeg and vanilla. Use on top of cereal.

CAULIFLOWER SAVORY

One small cauliflower, 4 eggs, 1 small onion (sliced), 1oz. butter, salt, pepper, caraway seeds.

Cook cauliflower in salted water until just tender. Break into flowerets. Fry onion in butter until transparent. Add cauliflower, caraway seeds. Mix with onion, fry 3 minutes. Pour beaten and seasoned eggs into pan. Cook slowly, stirring all the time, until eggs are set. Serves 4 to 6.

LAMB'S FRY SPECIAL

Two-thirds cup tomato juice, 1½ cups finely chopped spinach, 2 finely chopped onions, 4oz. partly cooked lamb's fry (finely chopped), 2 sprigs parsley (finely chopped), 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, pepper and salt, 4 to 6 slices toast.

Melt butter in saucepan, add all ingredients. Mix well, cook over low heat until meat is cooked, stirring occasionally. Serve on toast. Serves 4 to 6.

SOUTHERN STYLE BREAKFAST

Four to 6 eggs, 4 cups water, 1 tablespoon salt, 4 to 6 slices toast, 4 to 6 slices boiled ham, 1 cup canned cream of celery soup, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Heat water to boiling, add salt. Break eggs one at a time into cup or saucer. Slip one egg after the other into boiling water. Reduce heat, let eggs stand (water just under boiling and pan covered) 3 to 5 minutes or until egg-white is set and thin film has formed over yolks. Have ready the toast, place slice of ham on each. Top each with poached egg, pour 3 or more tablespoons of hot celery soup over each egg. Garnish with chopped parsley, serve immediately. Serves 4 to 6.

ROSY CLOUDS

Four to 6 slices buttered toast, 4 to 6 eggs (separated), 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons butter or substitute.

Lay toast slices in greased ovenproof dish. Beat egg-whites stiff. Fold tomato sauce into whites. Heap this mixture on top of each toast slice. Make depression in egg-

white, slip 1 egg - yolk into each hollow. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with butter. Bake about 5 minutes in moderate oven, or until yolks are set. Serves 4 to 6.

OVEN OMELET

Two large finely chopped onions, 2 tablespoons cream, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tomatoes (thinly sliced), 6 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, sugar.

Fry onions in butter until cooked golden brown. Place in bottom of well-greased ovenproof dish. Cover with tomato slices, sprinkle tomato with some of the salt, sugar, pepper. Beat eggs with cream, salt and pepper. Pour mixture over tomatoes and onion, cook in moderate oven until firmly set and just brown (about 25 minutes). Serve piping hot. Serves 4 to 6.

BREAKFAST SUNFLOWERS

Four eggs (separated), pinch salt, 4 rashers bacon, 4 slices buttered toast, finely chopped parsley.

Separate eggs, beat whites until stiff. Add salt. Pile beaten white on well-buttered square or round of toast, drop egg-yolk in centre. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Place bacon on greased dish, bake few minutes, or grill. Serve piping hot with bacon rashers as garnish and finely chopped parsley sprinkled on each egg.

MILANESE EGGS

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ pint tomato pulp or puree, salt and pepper, 2 cups cooked macaroni, 4 eggs, breadcrumbs, grated cheese.

Make a sauce by melting butter and stirring in flour and tomato pulp. Season with salt, pepper. Butter ovenware dish, arrange cooked macaroni on bottom and lin. up sides. Pour sauce over. Break eggs into macaroni, cover top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

PEASANT EGGS

Four to 6 slices bacon, 1½ cups tiny potato cubes, 4 to 6 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk or water, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Cut bacon in small squares, fry crisp in hot pan. Remove bacon, keep warm. Add potatoes to hot fat and brown them. Beat eggs until creamy, add milk or water, salt, pepper. Pour egg mixture over cooked potatoes, cook over low heat until omelet is puffed. Sprinkle half the omelet with bacon, fold omelet over on top. Serve piping hot. Serves 4 to 6.

FLORENTINE BAKE

One bunch spinach, ½lb. bacon, 2 white onions, 4 eggs, 1 cup grated cheese, 1½ pints milk, salt, pepper, parsley.

Wash spinach well, remove stalks, chop finely. Cook in small amount of water until almost tender. Add spinach leaves, cook further few minutes, drain. Place in greased ovenproof dish. Cover with layer of chopped cooked bacon and thinly sliced parboiled onions. Break eggs into basin, add the milk, cheese, salt, pepper. Pour carefully over bacon and spinach, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until egg mixture is set. Decorate with chopped parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued on page 39



FLORENTINE BAKE, a simple-to-prepare breakfast or lunch dish which could also be cooked in individual ramekin dishes. The recipe is at the bottom of this page.



BLUSHING SALAD RING, a tomato-flavored gelatine mould which gives substance and nourishment to a summer salad. It is ideal for weekend lunches. See Luncheon Section.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

It's **Rosella** International Recipe Time

**Leila Howard Recipe Magic
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Surprise your family and develop their appetites for sophisticated dishes . . . culled from the national foods of many lands. Surprise yourself, too . . . by discovering just how easy to prepare, how economical they are! They're all made with delicious Rosella food products . . . tops in quality and value for over 60 years!



MEXICAN BEAN SAVOURY: Saute lightly 2 sliced onions in 2 tablespoons fat or oil, add 1 lb. minced steak, stir over heat until browned all over. Drain off excess fat. Add 3 tablespoons Rosella Tomato Paste, 1 cup water and 1 can Rosella Baked Beans. Season with salt, pepper and a little chilli powder or sauce. Simmer until meat is tender. Meanwhile remove crusts from about 12 slices bread, spread with melted butter. Arrange around sides of a lightly greased casserole dish. Bake in a moderate oven until lightly browned. Remove from oven and spoon meat mixture in centre. Serve piping hot.

ENGLISH PASTIES: Sift 12 oz. flour into a basin with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon each salt and dry mustard and a pinch pepper. Rub in 6 oz. butter or substitute and mix to a firm dough with cold water and lemon juice. Knead lightly on floured board and roll out thinly. Using a large saucer as a guide cut out about 6 rounds. Spoon a little Rosella Vegetables with Sausage mixture on one side of each round, glaze edges and fold over. Pinch a frill around edges and lightly glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until cooked and browned nicely. Serve hot garnished with tomato wedges and a bowl of Rosella Tomato Sauce for spooning over.

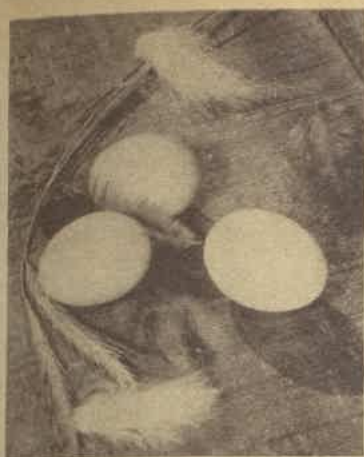
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Rosella the finest in foods

For weekend luncheons



At the weekend, when a two- or three-course dinner is planned for the evening meal, the family lunch often presents a problem. This midday meal should be light but nourishing—features which make egg dishes ideal.

CORN AND TOMATO SOUP

Four sweet corn cobs (fresh), 1½ pints boiling water, 2oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 2 onions (sliced), 2 eggs, 4oz. cream or evaporated milk, 1 bayleaf, 1½ pints cooked tomatoes, 1oz. sugar, salt, pepper.

Cut corn from cobs, set aside. Cook cobs in boiling water until water is reduced to 1 pint; strain. Sauté onions in butter, add flour, then tomatoes. Add bayleaf, sugar, and seasonings, then add cob water. Cook 10 minutes, press through sieve. Reheat, add corn, cook 20 minutes. Blend eggs and cream, add to soup just before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

BLUSHING SALAD RING

One can whole kernel corn (drained), 1 large can tomato puree, 1 large can tomato juice, 1 large can vegetable juice, 4 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 3 tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup water, 1lb. cooked potatoes, 1 packet frozen peas, 1½ cups mayonnaise, salt, pepper, chopped mint, extra 2 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), parsley, olives.

Place tomato juice, tomato puree, vegetable juice, corn, chopped eggs, salt, pepper in basin; mix well. Dissolve gelatine in water, cool slightly, add to tomato mixture. Pour into oiled or wetted mould, place in refrigerator until set. Chop potatoes, place in basin with peas, chopped mint, mayonnaise. Mix well together. Turn mould out on platter, pile potato salad in centre of mould, decorate with sliced hard-boiled eggs, parsley. Arrange olives round base of mould. Serves 4 to 6.

EGGS CREOLE

Eight eggs (hard-boiled), 1 cup bread or cereal crumbs, 1 red pepper (chopped finely), few drops chili sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 2 cups white sauce with ½ cup cheese added, ½lb. sliced sautéed mushrooms.

Slice eggs, put some of the slices in casserole which has been greased and coated with bread or cereal crumbs. Combine pepper, chili and tomato sauces, cheese. Pour a little over sliced eggs together with mushrooms. Continue adding alternate layers of egg, sauce, mushrooms, and crumbs, finishing with crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

VEGETABLE-EGG CASSEROLE

Two diced cooked potatoes, 1 cup diced cooked celery or other vegetables, 5 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 1 tablespoon chopped red or green pepper, 1 pint well-flavored white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese.



VEGETABLE-EGG CASSEROLE is an appetising and nourishing luncheon dish in which vegetables, cheese, and eggs are combined in a white sauce. Leftover vegetables can be used. The recipe is given on this page.

White Sauce: Four tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

White Sauce: Melt butter in small saucepan over low heat, add flour, stir well. Cook 1 minute, add milk, then seasoning, stirring carefully. Bring slowly to boil.

Mix all ingredients except cheese with hot white sauce. Pour into hot ovenware dish, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Brown under grill or bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Serve piping-hot. Serves 4 to 6.

POTATO BIRDS

Four large potatoes, 4 eggs, ½oz. butter, salt, pepper, paprika, 1oz. grated cheese, parsley.

Scrub potatoes, prick with fork, bake in oven until soft. Cut a thin lengthwise slice off side of each baked potato, scoop out some of centre to make a nest, drop 1 raw egg into each nest. Mash the potato that was removed, mix it with melted butter, season with salt, pepper, paprika to taste, pile or pipe round edges of eggs in potato cases. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven. Sprinkle with grated cheese, brown under grill a few minutes. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

STUFFED EGGS

Two teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup mayonnaise dressing, 6 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons chopped ham, 1 teaspoon pickle relish, ½ teaspoon salt, stuffed olives, lettuce, 6 tomatoes, asparagus.

Mix dissolved gelatine with mayonnaise dressing. Cut eggs in halves lengthwise, remove yolks, mash them. Mix yolks with ham, relish, salt, and enough mayonnaise dressing to moisten. Fill egg-whites with this mixture. Cover tops of eggs smoothly with gelatine dressing, garnish with rings of stuffed olives. Chill. Serve on bed of crisp lettuce leaves, garnish with 6 medium-sized tomatoes partly scooped out and filled with asparagus tips, standing upright. Serves 4 to 6.

EGGS ADRIATIC

(Shown in color overleaf)

Four to six hard-boiled eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup tasty cheese (grated), 1 tablespoon cream or evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 small green pepper (sliced), 1 large can tomato puree.

Slice eggs in halves lengthwise with wet table-knife. Remove yolks, rub through fine sieve; season. Place egg-whites into sufficient salted water to cover. (This prevents whites toughening and going hard.) To the sieved egg-yolks add half the cheese and the cream. Mix well together, fill into egg-whites. Sauté onion in butter until golden, add green pepper, seasonings, tomato puree. Heat, then pour into ovenproof dish. Arrange stuffed eggs in tomato sauce, sprinkle with cheese, and trickle over a little of the sauce. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until well heated. Serves 4 to 6.

SUNNY PIE

One onion, 3 large tomatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper to taste, ½ gill water, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, 4 eggs.

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, good pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, lemon juice.

Pastry: Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter or substitute until mixture looks like crumbs. Beat egg-yolk, add the water and good squeeze lemon juice. Add gradually to dry ingredients and with hand mix to dry dough. Turn on to floured surface, smooth into round shape. Roll lightly to size and shape required.



FAIRY FLAN is a delicious dessert topped with whipped cream and passionfruit. Recipe is overleaf.

Slice onion and tomatoes. Melt butter, fry onion in it until golden brown. Stir in flour, add tomatoes, salt, pepper, water. Stir until boiling, then simmer gently 10 minutes. Cool. Line pie-plate with little more than half the pastry, place tomato mixture in, break eggs on top of it, cover with remaining pastry. Mark into sections round eggs, decorate and glaze. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

POACHED EGGS POLAND

(Shown in color overleaf)

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1oz. butter, 1 small can tomato puree, pinch sage, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon black pepper, 4 to 6 eggs (one per person), 4 to 6 slices bread (toasted), 3 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Heat butter in heavy pan, add sage and steak, fry lightly until meat has changed color. Season with salt, pepper, sprinkle over half the chopped parsley. Stir in tomato puree, cover, simmer 20 minutes. Meanwhile poach eggs in usual way, keep warm. Place steak in serving-dish, make indentations at intervals round steak, place poached egg in each hollow. Sprinkle all over with remainder of chopped parsley. Cut toasted bread slices into quarters diagonally. Place toast triangles round edge of dish, serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

SUN AND SAND SALAD

(Shown in color overleaf)

Two pounds large prawns (shelled, cleaned, and seasoned with salt, pepper, and vinegar), 4 hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup sour or fresh cream, chopped chives or parsley.

Cut eggs into thick slices with wet knife. Arrange eggs and prawns on large flat platter or individual plates. Chill well before serving, then top with mayonnaise and cream combined. Sprinkle with parsley or chives. Serves 4 to 6.

CARAMEL FLUFF

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 2 cups milk, ½ cup hot water, 1 cup brown sugar, 1-3rd cup butter, 5 eggs.

Make caramel with butter and sugar, add hot milk, stir in beaten egg-yolks. Continue stirring until smooth and creamy. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to mixture. Stiffly beat egg-whites; add them. Pour into wetted mould, chill until firm in refrigerator. Serves 4 to 6.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Three and a half ounces block chocolate, 1 to 2 tablespoons water, ½ pint milk, 1½ to 2oz. castor sugar, 1oz. arrowroot (or arrowroot and flour mixed half and half), ½oz. butter or substitute, 3 egg-yolks, 4 egg-whites, icing-sugar.

Use saucepan large enough to hold mixture when beaten whites are added. Shred or grate chocolate, put into saucepan with water, melt over gentle heat to a thick cream. Heat milk (reserving 2 to 3 tablespoons), add sugar, and when dissolved, add to melted chocolate; stir well. Pour on to arrowroot blended with reserved milk, return to pan, stir until boiling. Draw aside at once, dot surface of mixture with butter (in small pieces), cover. Separate eggs. When sauce mixture is cool, beat in yolks one at a time, whip whites, fold into mixture. Turn into prepared dish, bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes. After about 16 to 18 minutes, slide souffle out of oven, quickly dust with icing-sugar. Put back immediately further 2 to 3 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf



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HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS



Dinner dishes



DINNER menus in which food value, texture contrast, flavor variation, and color with eye appeal are perfectly balanced will, of course, include eggs.

Here is a selection of savory dishes and desserts that will help you to cook the perfect dinner menu.

CREOLE POTATO APPETISER

One pound potatoes, 1lb. shelled prawns, 3 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 6 tablespoons french dressing, 1 red pepper (sliced).

Boil potatoes, slice them, mix with prawns and while still warm pour over the dressing. Garnish with egg and pepper. Serves 4 to 6.

TOMATO MEAT LOAF

Two pounds minced veal, 1lb. minced pork, 3 cup fine dry breadcrumbs, 1 cup tomato (chopped), 3 tablespoons evaporated milk, 1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 hard-boiled eggs (sieved), extra butter or substitute.

Mix veal, pork, breadcrumbs, milk, tomato, butter or substitute, onion, salt, and eggs together in basin. Pack into greased loaf-tin or form into loaf shape and place in greased shallow roasting-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 1/2 hours. Baste with extra melted butter or substitute and drippings from loaf. Serves 4 to 6.

VEAL WITH SOUR CREAM

Two pounds veal steak (cut 1/2 in. thick), 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 cup flour, 1 egg beaten with 2 tablespoons milk, 1/2 cup fine dry breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sour cream, 2 teaspoons paprika, 4 to 6 poached eggs.

Wipe veal with clean, damp cloth. Cut in serving pieces. Mix salt, pepper, flour. Have egg and milk ready in another bowl, and breadcrumbs on plate. Dip meat first in flour, then in egg, then in breadcrumbs. Saute pieces on both sides in hot butter or substitute in frying-pan. When all pieces have been browned, pour sour cream over. Sprinkle paprika over, cover and simmer 30 minutes or more until meat is tender. Place 1 poached egg on top of each serving. Serves 4 to 6.

CHICKEN WITH SAUCE

One 2lb. chicken, 2 medium onions, bouquet garni, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 pint milk, 1/2 pint chicken stock, 3 egg-yolks, 2 lemons, pepper, 1/2 pint cold water.

Carve bird into 8 pieces (wings, thighs, drumsticks, and breasts). Slice onions, add to saucepan with salt, bouquet, and chicken pieces. Pour on the water, cover and simmer 30 minutes. Remove chicken, put on serving-dish. Keep warm. Make sauce by melting butter, adding flour, 1/2 pint hot chicken stock, 1/2 pint milk. Boil, stir 10 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in beaten egg-yolks, juice from lemons, and pepper. Stir well, pour over chicken. Serves 4 to 6.

OPEN FISH PIE

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 oz. sharp-flavored cheese, squeeze lemon juice, 1-3rd cup water.

Filling: One and half pounds cod fillets, lemon slice, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 1/2 cups milk, salt, pepper, 4 hard-boiled eggs, parsley.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, baking-powder into basin. Rub in butter or substitute, add cheese. Mix to dry dough with lemon juice and water. Knead on lightly floured board, line 9in. pie-plate. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. With scraps of pastry cut out shapes to resemble little fish, bake on oven-slide until golden brown. Place cod fillets in cold water, bring to boil, drain. Cover with fresh water, add slice of lemon, simmer gently until fish is cooked, drain. Flake fish, discarding bones and skin. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, curry powder. Cook, stirring constantly, 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk, salt, pepper. Continue stirring until

boiling. Add fish and chopped hard-boiled egg. Allow to cool slightly, place in cooked pastry-case. Decorate with cooked fish shapes. Reheat before serving. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

MARQUISE MOULD

Five eggs, 1 1/2 cups hot milk, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 1/2oz. gelatine, 1/2 cup hot water, 1/2 cup whipped cream, extra 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water, strawberries for garnish.

Place extra sugar and water into saucepan. Place over heat, stir until sugar dissolves. Remove spoon, allow to boil until golden. Pour into greased tin, allow to cool and set. Chop into small pieces when set and cold.

Separate eggs, beat egg-yolks and sugar together until light and foamy. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, carefully pour into hot milk, then add combined milk and gelatine to egg-yolks and sugar. Place in double saucepan, stir over low heat until mixture coats spoon. Remove from heat, allow to cool a little. To this add the stiffly beaten egg-whites; cool, then add whipped cream and vanilla. Lastly fold through chopped toffee. Fill into well-oiled mould, set aside in cold place to firm and chill. Garnish with strawberries. Serves 4 to 6.

BUTTERSCOTCH HALO

Eight ounces biscuit pastry, 5 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon cornflour, extra 6 tablespoons sugar.

Roll out pastry, line 8in. pie-case, pinch frill round edge and prick base and sides. Set aside in cold place 10 minutes. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until golden. Melt butter in saucepan, add brown sugar, stir until dissolved. Continue cooking until thick syrup is formed. Remove from heat, add milk, stir to combine. Transfer to double saucepan. Add beaten egg-yolks, vanilla, and cornflour blended in little water. Stir over medium heat until thickened. Pour into cooled pie-case, set aside to firm. Beat egg-whites until frothy, slowly add sugar, continue beating until egg-whites are stiff and sugar dissolved. Pipe round edge of pie. Place in slow oven until meringue browns slightly. Serve hot or cold with cream or ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

FAIRY FLAN

One baked 8in. pastry-case, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2oz. sugar, 4 passionfruit, 3 eggs (separated), grated rind 1 lemon, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, extra 2 passionfruit, whipped sweetened cream.

Bake pastry-case about 10 to 15 minutes in moderately hot oven. Soften gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water. Blend 2oz. sugar, passionfruit pulp, beaten egg-yolks and cook slowly in double saucepan until it coats spoon. Stir in softened gelatine, lemon rind. Cool slightly, fold in egg-whites beaten with the 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour into cooled pastry-case, decorate with piped rosettes of whipped sweetened cream and extra passionfruit on top. Chill in refrigerator. Serves 4 to 6.

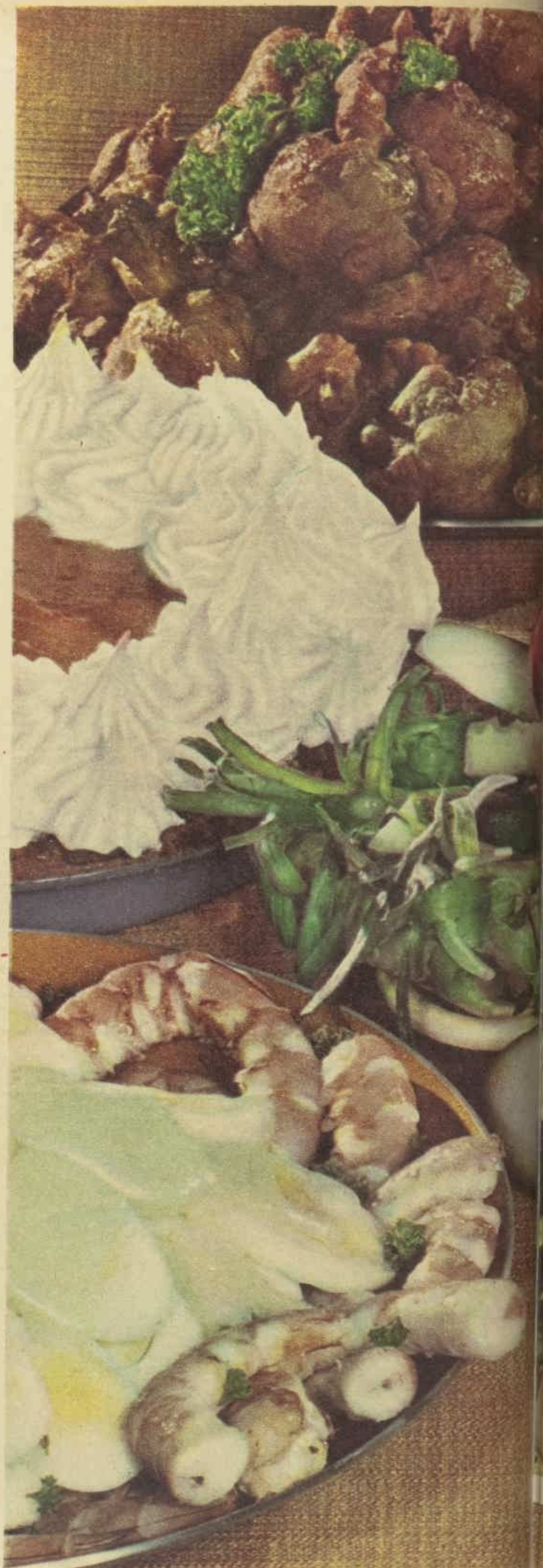
GOLDEN NUT ICE-CREAM

Two egg-yolks, 1/2 cup treacle or golden syrup, 1/2 pint milk, 1/2 pint cream, 1oz. toasted almonds.

Beat egg-yolks and treacle together, gradually add hot milk. Place in double saucepan, cook slowly until mixture thickens slightly. When cool, fold in whipped cream and toasted almonds. Freeze in trays of refrigerator. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

DISHES shown are, from left-hand corner, Sun and Sand Salad, Butterscotch Halo, Puffs O' Corn, Ye Olde Pickled Eggs, Chocolate Damask, Eggs Adriatic, Poached Eggs Poland.
Picture by Barry Cullen.



Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



**BOB ROGERS'
NEW SHOW**
—page 2

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 17, 1962

Page 1

Captain Troy's island paradise

From HENRI GRIS, in the West Indies

● What in the world happens to a big television star when his series suddenly sinks beneath him?

SOMETIMES the star simply takes a breath, gathers his composure, and begins looking around the large and small TV roles on other series—or even movies.

But the handsome, dark-eyed, and gangling Gardner McKay is different.

For three stormy years in the South Pacific, Gardner was skipper of the Tiki in the "Adventures in Paradise" series.

A beard now

Now, appropriately, he has turned up in St. Maarten, a remote island in the tropical Caribbean. St. Maarten is midway between the Virgin Islands and Martinique—and about halfway to an enlightened obscurity for Gardner that could end any day.

McKay, sporting a beard of near-biblical proportions, stripped of the Tiki and also of shoes, has been sailing through the little-known "back" islands for the past few months.

"I left the United States early this summer," said Gardner, stroking his fine black beard and wiggling his bare sun-tanned toes, "as a crew member in the Bermuda yacht race, and later decided to head for the Bahamas."

"I then hitched my way by ship and plane into these comparatively undiscovered isles of enchantment and inexpensive liquor."

Obviously Gardner McKay (alias "Captain Troy") is leading a life of lazy delight.

Has he decided to throw action to the winds?

"In my present odyssey," he says, "I don't even think about the past or future, least of all 'Adventures in Paradise.'"

"I'm alternating between two itineraries. One leads to the peaceful anonymity that can only be found on such an island as nearby Anguilla—35 miles of arid, sunbaked plateau, devoid of all so-called modern conveniences, including electricity."

"It is perhaps one of the poorest lands anywhere, but it does something for me."

"For several weeks I lived on Anguilla, one of the handful of Caucasians on the islands, sailing with the natives by day, learning their lives and problems, living out of a small, well-travelled suitcase that contains two Durer prints, a dozen eggs, and an electric toothbrush which I can't use."

He's popular

A measure of Captain Troy, and the intensity with which he is pursuing his Caribbean experiences, is that he could well be elected governor of Anguilla, if the post were open.

The natives have grown very fond of him; he has proven that he is a "big" man, even in areas where television is just a dream.

Despite McKay's primitive living habits when he is on Anguilla, he also is showing a certain need to be "recognised"—at least to get back to the relatively cosmopolitan life led by the continentals who have bought and built on St. Maarten, and who, at the moment, have the best of two possible worlds.

St. Maarten has a lively social life—plenty of cocktail parties, informal beach parties,



Gardner ("Captain Troy") McKay cleans the figurehead of the schooner Tiki during his "Adventures in Paradise" days. With the TV show finished in the United States, Gardner, plus beard, is now footloose in the Caribbean.

and, because a good band costs less than £3 an hour, nobody entertains without "live" music.

In this atmosphere, McKay is a "name" and a star and it's just slightly embarrassing when a carefree host introduces him as "Captain Troy."

Aside from all his other activities, what is Gardner McKay doing to wash his mind clean of Hollywood and a TV series which sank beneath him?

Island filming

"I am reading constantly," he said, "and during my stay have been taking literally thousands of feet of film of documentary interest on the back islands which are generally unknown."

"I actually am a professional photographer in addition to being a sailor of some skill, so I can fall back on either of these crafts should I, indeed, decide to chuck action forever."

Certainly McKay could "fall

back" on his photography as a career.

In his pre-TV days, he made a very comfortable living from fashion and portrait photography.

And, by chance, he and his cameras were aboard the Ile de France when it raced to the rescue of passengers aboard the ill-fated Andrea Doria and Stockholm after they collided in July, 1956.

McKay's action news pictures of the disaster were syndicated to newspapers all over the world.

So perhaps "Adventures in Paradise" has ceased, but for all intents and purposes its star, Gardner McKay, seems to have found his own paradise—only it is not of the celluloid variety.

As a TV star, McKay was always a puzzle.

After interviewing him for one of America's big national magazines, one reporter complained, "This guy is a perplexing paradox."

He is the most unactorish actor you'll ever come across. He is highly complex . . .

McKay helped create his "paradox" reputation when he first went to live in Hollywood.

In a town where everyone tries to outdo the people next door, his home for five years was a highly individual hillside shack. It was crammed with books, hunting and fishing trophies, pictures of famous ships and "seadogs"—and McKay's own pooch, called "Pussycat."

Last year, the McKay menage moved to more sumptuous diggings in the star-home-studded Benedict Canyon.

Now, on St. Maarten, McKay claims he doesn't understand this colorful-character reputation of his.

"If you go to Hollywood, get yourself a job as a TV star, and then conduct yourself in a normal way, you're eccentric," he said.

"Because so many people there deliberately try to be off-beat, being orthodox makes you stand out in the crowd."

"In Hollywood, they just don't comprehend plain people."

"And that's all I am. I merely want to settle my future, my way, myself."

OUR COVER

● The color picture on our cover marks the invasion into TV of Australia's top radio personality, Bob Rogers.

At their home in the Sydney suburb of Seaford, staff photographer Adelle Hurley posed the Rogers family round an artistically forked tree: Bob, his glamorous wife, Jerry, and their daughters, Sheridan (11) and Brett (8).

The hour-long "Bob Rogers Show" began last week on TCN9 Sydney and will be screened every Thursday at 9.30 p.m.

"It's a programme where anything can happen—and we hope it does!" said a channel spokesman.

The show is a mixture of interviews with people in the news, comedy, and music.

Bob is supported by guest star Terry O'Neill (the English comedian who won Britain's TV "Oscar" in 1961 as the best personality of the year) with singer Ross Higgins and Chinese actress Chin-Yu as the show's hostess.

And that's not all. Bob is going to be kept busy in future, to say the least.

As well as his TV show, he's writing a column for the Sydney Sunday Telegraph . . . and will also broadcast a three-hour Monday to Friday radio show from 2SM Sydney and 3AK Melbourne.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: Isn't it a shame the way people are always putting off things until tomorrow! Like—I'll check the spare tyre in the boot the next time, and then finding yourself out on a lonely road, not only with a flat tyre, but also a flat spare in the boot. Because you just didn't want to take the minute to check it . . . And how about this famous last word—"Oh, you always have at least a gallon of petrol left even when the gauge shows empty." Result? Stranded two miles from the nearest station. Or—"I'll pay the electricity bill tomorrow; it can't be over two weeks due." Result? No lights or heat when you get home from work. Honestly, now . . . hasn't one of these things happened to you?

Momma's moral: A stitch in time sure saves embarrassment.

THE GAME VIEWERS CAN PLAY

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Viewers young and old are enthusiastically taking to a new parlor game in which they can take part.

THIS is the weekly programme "Letter Box," to be seen on HSV7 Melbourne at 7 p.m. Tuesdays, also on Channel 7 in Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane.

A fairly free adaptation of a similar television programme in the U.S., "Letter Box" is produced at HSV7 Melbourne by American Larry K. Nixon (of "Lady for a Day" fame) and his assistant producer, Graeme Bent.

The big attraction of "Letter Box" is the close liaison between home viewers and the actual television contestants.

All the contestants in the studio are winners of previous interstate home competitions. Winners from Queensland, New South Wales, and South Australia are flown to Melbourne to take part.

As a sample of the interest viewers are showing, Graeme Bent cites the present total of 6500 Victorian entries a week. He also points out that a great many young people are joining in.

"A recent interstate winner was a Queensland teenager," he said, "but she sent her mother to appear on her behalf."

Each programme of "Letter Box" takes in four games and each game is earmarked for viewers in one of the four States. Home contestants take

down the letters compere Bill Achfield calls out for the studio game and fill in their own games on special forms to send to Melbourne.

In the studio two contestants, champion and challenger, play each game, each filling in 16 squares with 16 assorted letters called out indiscriminately. They have to make as many three- and four-letter words as possible.

They get £1 for each three-letter word and £3 for each four-letter word they make, and it's possible, Graeme Bent says, for a superhuman contestant to win £28 to £35 in this game, but superhuman would be the word. Most contestants are doing well to get £15 to £18.

What with TV nerves and jumbled-up letters it would be fantastic if any contestant actually made the master game, but it's fun watching them try.

How it's played

For those who wonder muzzily — as I did — how the game is "invented," I can tell them (Graeme Bent told me) that a master game exists for each contest. The master game contains four words across and four words down and the 16 letters are mixed up.

The contestants write down their words on a tiny pane of glass measuring about two and a half inches square, using a

greasy soft crayon. As they write the letters these are projected on to the screen in front of their desks so that viewers can watch the letter-by-letter struggle.

Genial, bearded Bill Achfield — they call him the "postman" — comes from radio 3UZ Melbourne to his very first television assignment and has shown himself very much at home. He has a soothing visual personality—a bit like Sebastian Cabot, of "Checkmate"—

which doesn't rub anyone up the wrong way.

His son Richard, just 12, in his spot as "Little Guest," announces the prizes with a mighty fine diction which makes one think he intends following fast in father's footsteps.

The person with the toughest job in "Letter Box" is Miss Myra Roper, former Principal of the Melbourne University Women's College, who is very well known to Melbourne television viewers as a member of

ABV2's panels and discussion groups.

Miss Roper is "Letter Box's" adjudicator (or "letter-sorter"), going through the contestants' words, doling out their marks, or rather pounds.

This is not easy. Not only does the adjudicator have to have a very good knowledge of words (which Miss Roper undoubtedly has) but she has to be able to pick them up pretty quickly as she glances along the lines of the game—and make her decisions quickly.

And for me it is one of the pleasures of watching this programme to see how charmingly confused Miss Roper gets when she sometimes misses seeing a word. It quite takes away any hint of intellectual snobbery or "knowing too much" that one could well get from an adjudicator.

Miss Roper has a rather diffident manner and performs her difficult task in the best possible way.

Many families take part in the competition for possible gain—the prizes are well worth winning. But lots also do it for fun, and it is catching on, I'm told, as a home parlor game, quite apart from television.

You don't have to be very erudite to play it—even a five-year-old can make a lucky stab at the game. But, of course, the greater your knowledge of words the keener you'll be.



Bearded Bill Achfield, cheerful "postman" of Channel 7's word game "Letter Box," with two Melbourne contestants in the show, Mrs. Jeanette Patrick and Mr. Leslie Adam. Bill is picking out one of the letter discs from the bowl. Sixteen letters are called out in each game and contestants write the letters in 16 squares to form as many three- and four-letter words as they can.

DID YOU KNOW?

ROBERT STROUD ("The Bird Man of Alcatraz") will never see the picture based on his life. A prison at Springfield, Missouri, where Stroud is now kept, has turned down a suggestion from the production company that a screening be held at the prison and also a further suggestion that a private screening be held for Stroud.

"RIFLEMAN" star Chuck Connors has entered into an agreement with Meyer Mishkin, formerly his agent, under which Mishkin will handle all his activities, including expansion into a new feature production firm.

CLINT EASTWOOD should stick to horse-riding, in the opinion of his studio. He has an injured shoulder at present, brought on by a motor-cycle spill.

ALL is not happy in the camp of "Route 66" stars Marty Milner and George Maharis. Maharis is drawing more fan-mail than his co-star, which is believed to be the cause of the trouble.

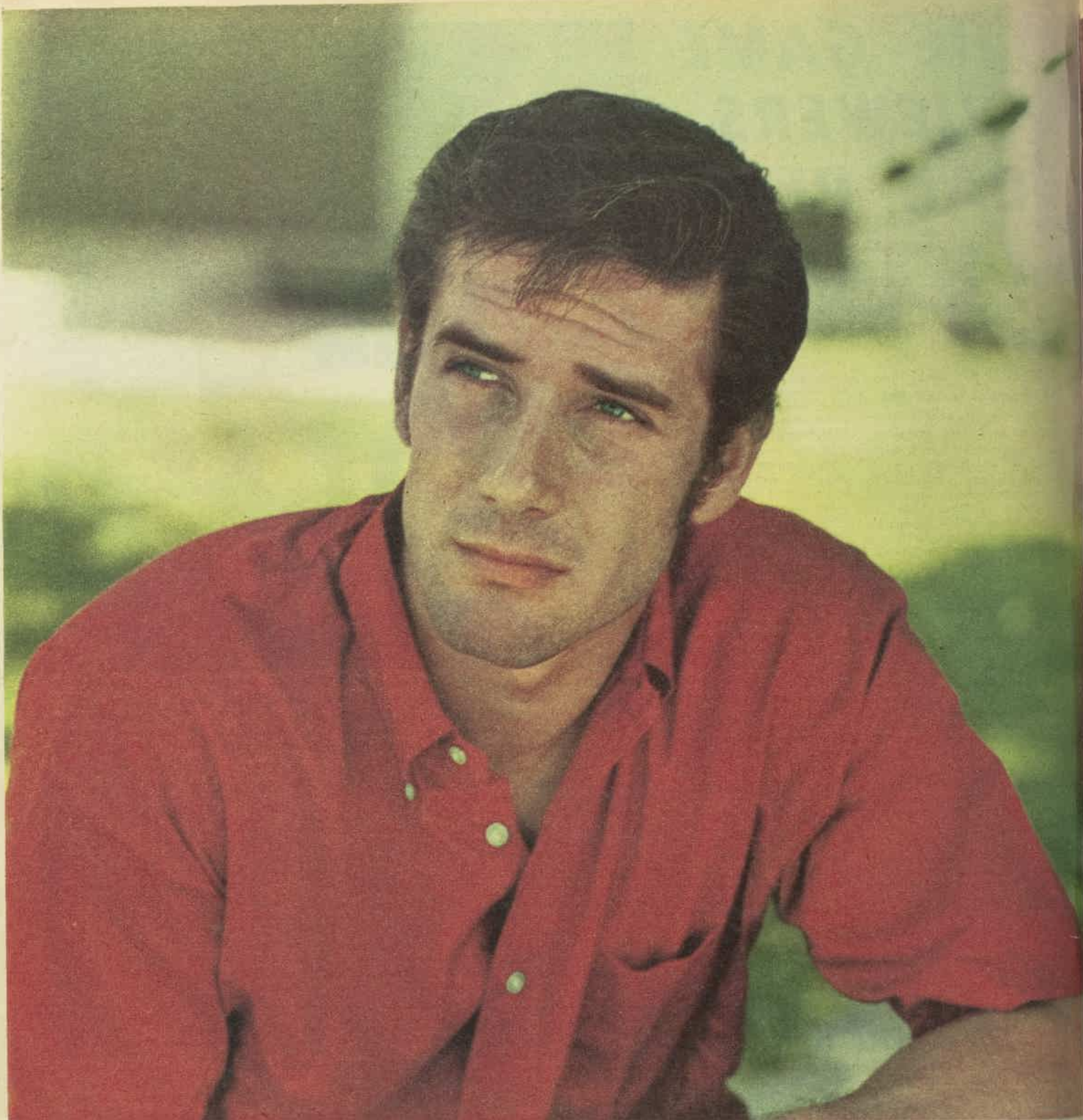
DAN ("HOSS") BLOCKER, of "Bonanza," is scheduled to do a cameo comedy spot with Dean Martin in Sinatra's up-coming movie version of "Come Blow Your Horn."

AFTER 25 years of stardom, Dick Powell is expected to quit acting in a couple of years to devote his full time to running Four Star Productions. He and John Wayne have also invested in a new business to advance the development of Paramount's system of pay television.

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN, accompanied by his girlfriend, Clara Ray, whom he met in music school, recently marched into M.G.M. recording studios in Hollywood to record a new pair of discs to follow up his "The Theme From Dr. Kildare," which still is at the top of popularity lists. Chamberlain recorded for eight hours and came out with a tired but happy smile, saying, "I think we've cut another hit." The titles are "Love Me Tender," which Elvis Presley already has made a hit in years gone by, and "I Hadn't Anyone Till You."

MICHAEL LANDON is being sued for 2500 dollars by an artist who claims he hasn't been paid for a portrait of Landon's estranged wife, Dodie.

SINGER Fabian credits the TV show "Bus Stop" with all the acting jobs he has been getting. "After the show was aired," he says, "Hollywood producers looked at me as somebody capable of doing an acting job, not just another rock-'n-roll singer."



MR. FULLER LIKES TO BOB UP EVERYWHERE

THOSE GLOWING GOOD LOOKS of Bob Fuller—otherwise known as Jess Harper in the popular TV Western "Laramie"—mask a lively sense of fun. In fact, Bob has at least one thing in common with that portly director of ghoulish movies, Alfred Hitchcock: both like to appear as "extras" in their own films. Bob says he can't forget the bad old days when he was a bit player. Now, as a star, he enjoys sneaking into a "Laramie" crowd scene (when the director isn't looking) and even goes to the trouble of putting on a different costume and changing his facial make-up. "Once I joined an outlaw gang and attacked a waggon-train I was supposed to be protecting," said Bob. "Actually, I ended up shooting myself!" So watch out for a familiar-looking face (probably bearded) among the "Laramie" crowds; it may be B. Fuller, Esq. But Bob doesn't always recognise himself . . . "I try to remember what show it is so I can watch myself. But I always forget." Incidentally, it is nostalgia that drives him before the cameras, not ego. "Once an extra, always an extra," he says, "but being a star is nice work—when you get it."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 17, 1962

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**8-PIECE
HOLIDAY
WARDROBE
—pages 4, 5**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Please don't knock the "doc"

UNFAIR and unjustified criticisms of the medical profession are causing irreparable harm, not only to the public but to those studying Medicine. A good doctor must have confidence in his knowledge, and these criticisms by non-medical people are undermining the students' faith in their teachers. The result will be that we will produce doctors who are unsure of themselves, doctors who may deserve this criticism. — G. D. Court, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Sitter's poser

I AM a 15-year-old girl doing my Intermediate, and wish to go on to do the Leaving. I would like to baby-sit to earn money to help buy my clothes, etc., but my father is against the idea, saying that it is too much of a responsibility at my age.

Would parents and teenagers tell me what they think? — (Miss) P. Bentley, Camden, N.S.W.

Next week

PAM CAIRNS, Victoria's Miss Teenager for 1962, next week models for us some of the clothes she chose for her world trip. Designed and made in Australia, they include two evening gowns, a versatile cotton frock, a sarong, and a swimsuit. On our cover are five young Australians who star in a new film.

the only COMPLETELY INVISIBLE treatment for PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS and OVER-GREASY skin

Girls can use SOLUTION 41 under their makeup—boys use it and it can't be seen—because it's invisible! SOLUTION 41 is easy to apply—completely safe. A colorless liquid, you simply dab on. Your INNOXA consultant will gladly advise you on scientific skin care with

SOLUTION 41
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from leading department stores and selected INNOXA city, suburban and country pharmacies throughout Australia, economically priced at 13/6.

Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Education

I WOULD like to make a plea for a uniform standard of education throughout Australia. There are many differences in standards which cause great difficulties for parents and children who have to make several moves from State to State.

Subjects such as English, history, and mathematics should be made the same throughout the Commonwealth, to save the heartbreak and repeated failure in yearly exams.—Jill Derbyshire, Esperance, W.A.

Wishing waste

HOW many times have you said, "How I wish it were Saturday, or next week, or next month?" Do you realise you are just wishing your life away?—(Miss) R. Trappel, Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

Fun in schools

I AM appalled at the high rate of weekend vandalism—particularly in schools. This may stem from a pent-up feeling of contempt toward having to attend school, and the building becomes a target for hostility.

To counter this wanton destruction of property, I suggest that the local councils set up recreation centres in the school buildings with such facilities as table tennis and gymnasiums.

These centres would provide a means of entertainment for the many bored and restless young people. It would take away the resentment felt toward the school, as school would then be thought of as a place of entertainment as well as education.—Norman Thompson, Sth. Oakleigh, Vic.

Early dating

TOO many girls are allowed to date too young. This leads to an early "going steady" period, and the magic of being with boys dissolves in the monotony of one boy's company.

The too-early dater loses the wonder of having dozens of different dates and often accepts lack of manners as usual, for a boy of 14 isn't a natural gentleman.

The girl's standard of manners is thus often unwittingly lowered, and this gives her a weak grounding for later serious dating.—"Capricorn," Warwick, Qld.

Chain letters

I HAVE received quite a number of chain letters from various people, but my mother won't let me join in, as she says I will not receive any postcards and it is a waste of time and money.

Have any other readers joined in chain letters? If so, what happened?—R. Rogers, Mt. Barker, W.A.

Plea for modesty

WHAT has become of that elusive quality—feminine modesty? Girls are constantly trying to learn the best way to attract and hold a man. Surely it's about time we left the hunting to the men?

I'm neither a prude nor old-fashioned, but I think the time has come for a little more reticence and modesty on the part of modern girls.—A. Hershall, Yarra Junction, Vic.

Modern art

HAVING spent many fruitless hours trying to decipher modern art, I have finally found the answer.

Armed with a catalogue (and a sense of adventure) you do the rounds of the art galleries.

First you approach a mass of red and black figures dancing before a great fire, arms outstretched toward a golden ball.

This, surely, must be called "Sun Worshippers."

However, on checking the catalogue you discover that it is called "Serenity."

BEATNIK

Corell-Jones



"I dig this painting bit the most — but why do they all paint so dark?"

Confused, but undaunted, you approach a cool study in blues and greens—perhaps "Shade and Solitude?" The catalogue lists this as "Torrid."

Thus you go around the gallery, reaping the reward of enormous satisfaction if any correct guesses have been made. Practice makes perfect.

This, to my mind, is the only way to appreciate and enjoy modern art! — Christine Marryington, Strathfield, N.S.W.

Not so comic

IS it any wonder that today's children are bad spellers? One has only to look at the appalling spelling used in some children's comics to realise the difficulties faced by youngsters in being taught one thing and reading another.

Such words as "nite" (night), "nope" (no), "eento" (into) are but a few examples of the sort of spelling to be found in comics.—(Miss) R. Jackson, Goulburn, N.S.W.

Fashion fads

WHY do most teenage girls wear every new fashion available which usually doesn't suit them?

They are seen in baggy or too-tight dresses, hair piled high (and in most cases looking like birds' nests), and long fingernails more dangerous than daggers.

Each girl has her own personality and charm, and she should highlight this by the right use of clothes and make-up.—L. Flanagan, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

Glasses are no handicap

● "Embarrassed" (T.W. 29/8/62) wrote asking if boys disliked girls wearing glasses. The writer (a 14-year-old girl) said she felt embarrassed having to wear them.

AT the age of 14 some boys like girls with glasses and some boys like girls without glasses. Admittedly, some boys don't like some girls with glasses, but then some boys don't like some girls at all.

At the age of 16 some boys like more girls with glasses, and more interest is taken in the personality and intelligence of the girl.

At the age of 17 all differences are forgotten and the ensuing years bring new hope for all wearers of glasses.—J. Neville, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

A 14-YEAR-OLD girl is usually not noticed by boys at all. As a girl grows older glasses present no handicap—in fact, if she chooses her glasses carefully they can often be most becoming and add, rather than detract, from a girl's appearance.

Don't be embarrassed, "Embarrassed," and go on wearing those glasses.—H. Robinson, Childers, Qld.

"EMBARRASSED" should forget about her glasses and concentrate on other people and on having a good time. I wear glasses and find that it doesn't interfere with my social life at all.

Leave your glasses on, enjoy yourself, and you'll find that you will have the time of your life. Soon you will forget all about your glasses.—"Not Embarrassed," Upper Burnie, Tas.

THERE are a lot of boys who choose a girl by looks alone, and perhaps glasses would matter to them, but here's one male reader who'll tell you that these boys are not worth knowing, anyway.

After meeting a girl, a boy will ask himself: "Is she a nice girl? Is she my type? Will she be good company? Has she got good manners?" And glasses, or looks for that matter, are his least concern if he can say "yes" to those questions.

Besides, haven't you ever seen a boy with glasses?

So worry about improving your personality, not your looks. Forget the dances for a few years, remember that boys prefer to chase rather than be chased, and your only worry will be how to avoid being killed in the rush.—"T.J.S." Burwood, Vic.

THERE is nothing to be embarrassed about in wearing glasses, because it makes you an individual—different from the rest of the mob. And that's what boys like.—Keith Peterson, Pymble, N.S.W.

HEY there, come on out from behind those glasses. Discover a new you! Let your hair down, try a color rinse, use a new eyeshadow color, a brighter lipstick, wear pinks and orange—THE summer colors. Forget that you're wearing glasses—there's so much more to think about.—J. Ward, Melbourne.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 17, 1962

Girl collects bats to help research

● "I hope you're not one of these queasy girls who squeal when they see a bat," Barbara Dew said as she led me into an unused railway tunnel near North Sydney Station.

BARBARA, who is one of two official bat banders in New South Wales, visits the tunnel about once a month.

"There are always bats there, and it's an ideal place to keep a check on their movements by putting numbered bands on them," she said.

Barbara works for the Commonwealth Department of Health as a parasitologist (an expert on parasites) and lectures at Sydney University.

Also in the bat-banding party were John Lotz, a Sydney University medical student, and Allan Day and Ken Archer, the 15-year-old voluntary guardians of wildlife in the Woronora Valley (see *Teenagers' Weekly*, 20/6/62).

Ken and Allan carried poles, Barbara a wire basket, and John a specimen bag and a torch.

The bats were in an unused tunnel 19ft. high, and the poles could be joined together to allow the boys to knock the bats from the walls.

John wore a miner's helmet with a lamp on it, and as we went down the dark tunnel we discovered our first bats. They were hanging upside down along the walls, sleeping peacefully.

Here Allan and John swung into action. Gently nudging the bats with their long poles, they knocked them to the floor and Barbara and Ken swiftly picked them up and dropped them into

By Diane Roberts

the basket before the bats had time to open their eyes.

"These bats are still semi-dormant," said Barbara. "They don't try to fly away, they just flop on to the floor."

The bats not only flopped on to the floor — they flopped on to us, too. The first time one fell on me I jumped into the air with fright — but clamped my mouth shut and didn't utter a sound.

"Soft and creepy"

One bat slid down my back and, although it was soft, it felt extremely creepy.

Ken and Barbara darted about picking them up and warning photographer Don Cameron and myself not to tread on any they might have missed.

Eventually my eyes became accustomed to the gloom and I even helped gather a few of the bats, which were now starting to wake up.

While I stared at the first bat I picked up, it stared back unblinkingly, and I was surprised to see it had quite a pretty face, rather like a miniature dog's and its fur was like velvet.

By the time we reached the end of the tunnel we had 212 bats squirming and squeaking in the basket. Now came the actual banding.

Because there wasn't enough light in the tunnel, we returned to the entrance and settled our-

selves on a nearby railway platform.

Barbara banded the bats and John listed in a notebook the number of the band, the sex and condition of the bat, such as a small tear in a wing or any scars on the body.

As Barbara finished putting on the bands, she handed the bats in turn to Ken and Allan, who picked off any parasites with a pair of tweezers and put them in a glass jar.

The boys then released the bats and they all glided back into the darkness of the tunnel.

Barbara posts these parasite specimens to the Curator of Insects at Adelaide University for research.

The banding of bats has been carried out in Australia only since 1957, and there are still a lot of unanswered questions about their habits.

Barbara and other banders send their reports to the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation in Canberra.

From these reports, C.S.I.R.O. research workers hope to learn more about the migratory habits of bats, where they go for breeding, how far they travel and how long it takes them.

Barbara and John belong to the Sydney University Speleological Society, which specialises in exploring caves. Bat banding is one of their weekend hobbies. "We are always trying to find new colonies," said John.



COLLECTING bats inside the tunnel. While Allan Day and John Lotz knock the bats off the wall, Ken Archer picks one up and Barbara Dew shows Diane Roberts how to put them into the basket.

BANDING the bats (below), Barbara calls out the number of the band, which John writes in his notebook. Allan and Ken are collecting parasites from the fur.



BARBARA introduces Diane to one of the tiny bent-wing bats, and shows her how to put a band on it. The bats have a 6in. wing span. Barbara knitted her jumper and designed the pattern for the bats on it herself.



NEW FASHIONS GO PLACES

IN THE SWIM



● Newest ways for youthful bathing belles to get in the swim are, as shown by the new season swimsuits on this page, varied and colorful. The range of young shapes and styles is pretty terrific; newest of them all is the easy bloused look that is relaxed at the waistline and snugly shaped elsewhere.

OUR COVER shows the model wearing a natty casual outfit for a fine day in summer. The white skirt and colorful overblouse are a part of the eight-piece holiday wardrobe pictured at right.



NEW relaxed-line style in all-over jacquard print (above, left) contrasts with sleek one-piece in flattering white. Both are low-cut at back.

NAVY-BLUE blouson suit (far left) with white waist-tie is pictured with gay, figure-flattering tartan style. Both plunge fashionably down back.

CLEVERLY CUT in shaped panels, this striped one-piece (at right) plunges to a deep V at back. (Swimsuits by Gigi, at Hordern Bros., Sydney.)



● Here's a smart and useful idea for fashion-conscious teenagers—a planned, EIGHT-PIECE SUMMER WARDROBE of gay, print-and-plain separates that match, mix, and can be changed about in all sorts of ways at the drop of an invitation. The eight pieces in the collection below (it's called the Vacation-wise Wardrobe) are: permanently pleated skirt, sleeveless overblouse, long-sleeve shirt-blouse, white suit, bikini set, swim-pants.

ON THE SCENE



COOL white suit (the fabric is terylene-viscose) has "go-anywhere" possibilities. It's made on easy-fit lines with short, collarless jacket and skirt cut wide at hem. Rose-printed terylene shirt-blouse goes underneath.



PINK-PRINTED—and oh so pretty—pleated terylene skirt takes on glamor when linked with matching overblouse. The hat is NOT part of the complete wardrobe, which costs about £30 at leading stores. Single garments may be bought as separates.



BANDBOX neat, and a wonderful way to show off your best form, gay swim-shorts and bra (left) lead a double life with printed bikini outfit at right. Long-sleeve, button-up blouse (yes, THAT blouse again!) adds an extra layer whenever the sun—or the situation—seems to call for it.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Three's a crowd

"I NEED your advice because at the moment I have three girls accompanying me to our school ball. This situation has arisen because the first two were not sure whether they could go and I asked a third girl and she accepted. I have now found out that the other two also wish to accompany me. Which one should I take? I prefer the second girl."

L.B.L., W.A.

I think you should take the third girl to the dance. She accepted straight away and it's not her fault that the others dilly-dallied. It'll be awkward explaining to the other two, I know. Tell them the truth and perhaps they'll understand that it's partly their fault. At least this embarrassing situation shouldn't happen to you again—in future get a definite "no" before asking out another girl.

Books for posture

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and I would like you to recommend a book to help me to stand and walk correctly, as my posture is not very good."

"Teen," S.A.

Take any fairly heavy book from the shelf and practise walking with it balanced on your head. The book's weight automatically makes you stand up straight and tall. When you're out pretend that you've still got the book on your head and your posture should improve.

Why choose?

"I AM 15 and like two 20-year-old boys. I'm in boarding-school and only see these boys a few months each year. One of them wrote asking which of them I liked best, but I don't know how to answer, as I want to retain both friendships."

D.T., Qld.

Tell him that you like them both and have never thought of choosing between them.

Silent steady

"I AM 17 and have been going steady with a boy of 20 for ten months. I am very fond of him and he tells me that the feeling is mutual. He lives about 30 miles away and usually comes to stay with us every weekend, but he's been unable to do so for the past month, as he's been working. He has written only once this month. I wrote back, but I haven't heard a word from him since. Should I wait and let him make the first move, as I don't want to seem to be crawling to him? I won't go out with other boys because I love him and would hate to hurt him in any way."

L.M., N.S.W.

Wait and see what happens. He might be the type who hates writing letters and will visit you again in a week or two. But if nothing happens, I think you'd better take the hint and start going out with those other boys.

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Little sister

"I AM nearly 17 and am very fond of my brother's mate who is 18. I see him nearly every day and we get along well together, but the only interest he shows in me is a sisterly one. Please tell me what I should do so that he will like me enough to ask me out."

"First Interest," N.S.W.

Cultivate your brother. Perhaps you'll be asked to join them when they go to the movies or a dance. Otherwise all you can do is hope that this boy will eventually get around to asking you out. There's no sure-fire way of making him like you, though.

Separate holidays

"I AM a girl of 18 and my fiance is 21. We have been engaged for 15 months, but he has changed recently and doesn't want to tell me where he goes during the week and thinks I'm suspicious when I ask. This Christmas he wants to go to Queensland with seven of his mates and doesn't seem to care what I do. He has told me that he is only going up to ride his surf-board, but I really don't trust him with seven other boys to egg him on. I have told him that it is all off if he goes and he said it was all right with him, so it proves he doesn't care. Have I done the right thing or should I apologise and let him do what he wants and worry all the time he's away?"

E.B., Vic.

I think he's been hoping you'd break your engagement for some time now. You may as well accept the situation and plan a gay holiday for yourself this Christmas.

Hands off

"I AM an attractive girl of 19 and am in love with my girl-friend's husband. They have only been married four months and I have never got over the shock of the wedding. He only knew her for six months before their marriage and went out with me before this for some time. I now feel that his actions toward me when I visit them, which is quite often, prove that he still loves me. Please don't tell me to go out with others. I have tried this and still can't forget him."

L.L., N.S.W.

Just forget about going to visit them for some time. Meet your girl-friend for lunch or something, but respect the fact that they're just married and let them have the house to themselves. I don't see why their wedding should have been such a shock to you—if he'd been taking her out for six months, he obviously knew what he was doing.

Boy's eye view

"I AM 18 and have been going steady with a boy for some time. Now we're planning to become engaged. But as soon as clothes and make-up are mentioned, we have an argument. Since I have been working I have always been allowed to choose my own clothes and the make-up I like. I wear eye make-up, but my boy-friend doesn't like it. I can honestly say that I don't go to extremes with it, but he says it is not natural and he likes me better without it. I love to wear tight skirts and slacks with sweaters, and usually they are dark colors, and he says I look like a beatnik in them."

I hope I'm not giving you the wrong impression of him. He isn't sarcastic, but sometimes he makes me so mad I could scream. To make him happy it looks as though I will have to sacrifice a lot. What do you suggest?"

"Liz," N.S.W.

The choice is entirely up to you. Either stop wearing eye make-up and the clothes he doesn't like and be glad that he notices what you wear; or point out that you don't want to be made over and that you don't criticise his clothes and his haircut and that he must accept you the way you are. However, he may be complaining about these things because he thinks you look better in softer and more feminine styles—and perhaps you do.

A word from Debbie

PARASOLS are fashionably "in" this season—and there's no prettier or more flattering accessory for summer.

Here's good news, too. You needn't go to Great Personal Expense . . . just a few novel ideas, nimble fingers (plus a needle and thread and the trimmings), and a parasol is yours!

Take one old colored broly and trim the edge with a silky, swinging fringe. Or buy a few yards of flowered ribbon and whip it round the edge (tie the ends in a bow).

If you'd like to be quite mad, cluster some little fake flowers round the spoke of the umbrella.

And it's an idea to paint the handle as well. If it's varnished, you'll need to sandpaper the varnish off, or the paint will flake.

Instead of dragging that cumbersome big beach umbrella down on the sand, why not take your little sunshade along?

Sew multicolored buttons, all shapes and sizes, all over the fabric. Or add one enormous daffodil on the very top and tie a bright yellow bow on the handle.

Of course, it's possible to have old umbrellas renovated, too.

Have yours re-covered in sprigged muslin, organdie, or a fresh checked gingham.

Or match the material to your best summer dress.

The cost? Approximately 27/6.

Sheepish wolf

"THOUGH I am very keen on a certain girl, I never make any progress in knowing her. Whenever I see her I keep looking at her, but I never get any farther. This has been going on for months and I have always wanted to smile or say 'hello' but cannot manage to do it. Recently I couldn't stand it any longer and took my courage in my hands and asked her whether she recognised me. She replied with a smile that she did not, so I made my excuses and went off with the reddest face I've ever had. I don't blame her because, being so shy, I adopted a very peculiar way of speaking and she probably misunderstood and thought I was a wolf. Can you please tell me the right practical way of approaching her so she won't think I'm a wolf?"

S.S., Vic.

Well, at least you've broken the ice and she should recognise you without much trouble. Next time you see her say hello, and if she doesn't march off (and I don't think she will) tell her that you're sorry you said the wrong thing last time you spoke and hope she will forget it. If she's a well-mannered and polite girl everything will be all right and you can keep on saying hello and getting to know her.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty
in brief

SIMPLE FACIAL

● Ideally, it takes about 10 minutes, if you do the job properly, to give yourself a simple home facial to bring the bloom back to your complexion.

FOR a dryish skin choose an oatmeal- and - milk pack, which does not set hard and is made as follows:

Mix one tablespoon of toilet oatmeal with enough warm milk to make a paste. Stand this to one side while you thoroughly clean your skin with a good cleansing cream.

Remove surplus cream from the skin with tissues, allowing just enough to remain on the skin to form a slightly oily film. Then spread the pack you've prepared lightly over face and relax for 10 minutes. Take off pack with warm water and dry skin softly.—CAROLYN EARLE



LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

First discs for two young TV artists

● Two teenagers who shared the thrill of having their first discs come out in the same week are little personality-plus Carolyn Young and dark-eyed, dark-haired Wayne Cornell.

CAROLYN'S disc is "You're Running Out Of Kisses," a romantic teenage song with a slow to medium beat. It has an up-tempo flip in "Ordinary Guy," a composition by Johnny Devlin.

Recently Carolyn has also notched up two other "firsts"—appearances on the "Bryan Davies Show" and on "Bandstand."

When she began singing on TV Carolyn was frankly plump, but since then she has been working on her figure and now is 18lb. lighter. She still sings big, though, and that's what counts with her fans.

The disc has given her a first taste of record-bar promotional appearances, both in Sydney and interstate. She's really in the game now.

Did you know, by the way, that Carolyn made her debut as an entertainer at the age of two and a half? She and Bryan Davies were both on the same children's radio show. It was Bryan's first appearance, too.

Wayne's disc, "Drum Majorette," should find plenty of support from the marching girls, for it's a bright little number, complete with whistles and marching-band sound. He takes the flip, "Cool, Calm, and Collected," fast and fancy.

Wayne got his start in TV as a dancer behind other singers on the old "Youth Show." Next he became a guitarist with The Vikings, and when one night the vocalist didn't turn up Wayne stepped into the breach.

Though he has never had a

lesson, Wayne plays piano, guitar, mouth-organ, and ukulele. He has never had a dancing lesson, either—only some coaching from his singer-dancer sister, who's now in England.

ACCORDING to Johnny Chester's manager, dark and handsome Johnny is the only under-20 pop-rocker in Melbourne who supports himself wholly by singing.

A great tuner-up of cars in his spare time, he gets his technical interest from his father, who runs a chain of garages.

Though Johnny has been singing seriously for only a little more than two years, he's setting his sights already on a trip to the U.S.

His third record for the W and G label should be out this month. The first, "A Funny Little Feeling"—"Shy Away," did quite well, and the second featured his band, The Chessmen, in an arrangement of the TV theme for "The Rebel."

SYDNEY hasn't been seeing much of Lana Cantrell lately, and the reason is that Melbourne seems to have semi-adopted her. She makes frequent appearances on "In Melbourne Tonight," recently did a round of big dance dates there, recorded an A.B.C. radio show, and made a TV jazz feature called "Time Out For Jazz," which will have national screening.

As well, she has had a two-week booking for adult entertainment at the Savoy Hotel.

Good news is that she'll be doing eight more "Bandstands" between now and Christmas.

Local talent: Easily the most exciting new singing talent on the local disc scene is that of former schoolteacher and "Bandstand" discovery Ron Polson.

Born in New Zealand, he is a young married man with what appears to be a brilliant future.

If you want to be with him right from the start, his first disc is "Rags and Old Iron" (Pye 45). It's something really different, and romantic, too. "Hum Drum Blues" is the flip.

Pops: Recent gold discs of "Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music" and "I Can't Stop Loving You" put Ray Charles right at the top.

An Ampar LP, "Ray Charles' Greatest Hits," including "Them That Got," "Ruby," and "Sticks and Stones," serves as a wonderful showcase for this versatile singer's many moods.

A NEW girl group with a young sound, the Gee Sisters, makes a good impression with two likeable little teenage numbers, "(Help Me) Telstar" and "Andy." If you don't expect world-beaters you'll probably enjoy them. It's a Festival 45.

DESPITE the exclamation mark, "Latin Sil" (Festival LP) isn't as wild as it sounds but is a smooth, highly commercial job likely to be acceptable to almost anybody. "Yellow Bird," "Dream Tango," and a "Never on Sunday Cha Cha" are among the numbers offered by the Warren Covington Orchestra. Plus some vocals.

Jazz: For a modern, modish jazz session that doesn't make too many demands, try "The Bobby Timmons Trio in Person," a Riverside LP recorded live at New York's Village Vanguard Club last year. Standards ("Autumn Leaves," "Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise") are mixed with originals by this young all-negro group.

VETERAN Louis Armstrong (both blowing and singing) sets the warm, outgoing tone of "New Orleans Jazz," a Festival LP. The presence of Sidney Bechet (clarinet and soprano sax) adds collector's interest to the four Armstrong tracks.

Other bands on the disc are those of Red Allen, Zutty Singleton, Johnny Dodds, and Jimmie Noone, and Lil Armstrong is heard on piano with the Allen group.



CAROLYN YOUNG, whose first disc is now on sale.

THE GOOD OIL ON MONA LISA!

● I see that there's a suggestion that Leonardo Da Vinci's famous Mona Lisa is the painting of a man!

THIS revolutionary idea about the well-known quirk of art comes from Miss Torborg Ottosdotter (I suppose she's the dotter of Otto), a Swedish painter and art critic.

A canvas of opinions held on the matter by other experts suggests that Miss Ottosdotter's theory mightn't hold water (color).

Perhaps, of course, she's just a practical j-oche.

Certainly, logically, a Lisa rather than a Les is more likely to be a Moaner!

But the very idea poses fascinating prospects of other mistakes in art.

Maybe Thomas Gainsborough's famous painting is really a Blue GIRL!

And perhaps the Venus de Milo is a statue of a man. Why not?

As any girl will tell you, on a date most boys, no matter how big they talk, are 'armless!

The possibility of a member of their sex being the most famous art subject should increase males' interest in painting.

Boys might give away their 5BX exercises in favor of doing a Dali dozen.

Girls might idolise young painters rather than rock-'n-roll stars and footballers.

Imagine a pretty fan screaming: "Gauguin, go!"

A young bloke, however, should not look too hard for financial success at once. That only comes to Old Masters.

Anyway, artists have an old saying: "Monet is the root of all evil!"

Well, there you are—is Mona a man, or is Lisa a lass?

The painting, of course, can easily grin and bear it. But for art-lovers—I'm one, though my knowledge of the subject is sketchy—it's no laughing matter.

You might say, as they do in the cigarette ads, that while Mona is smirking more, we're enjoying it less!

—Robin Adair

WORTH HEARING

SHOSTAKOVITCH: Orchestral works.

A DISC released by R.C.A. links two youthful works by Dmitri Shostakovich, the most famous of living Soviet Russian composers, and the first important composer to grow up under the Soviet regime. These works are the well-known first symphony, which has been discussed here before, and the suite from the ballet "The Age of Gold." They are played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Jean Martinon.

"The Age of Gold" must rank as one of the most ludicrous ballets ever devised. It came into existence in 1931 as a result of a competition for a new scenario. It is set in "a large capitalist city"; its cast of characters includes a visiting Soviet football team and a fascist female dancer who tries to seduce the captain; its climax is a dance symbolical of the joy of labor.

Shostakovich began work on the score in 1929, four years after he had graduated from the Leningrad Conservatoire (the first symphony had been his graduation exercise). It says much for the vitality of his talent that the music of the suite rises above the absurdities of the subject; it has much of the vigor, enthusiasm, sense of melody, and (conscious) humor that marked the early symphony. —Martin Long

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 17, 1962

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton
Herman

14. ITALIAN
RENAISSANCE

Fanciful decoration

THE early Renaissance architecture in Italy was strong and somewhat puritan in appearance. There was no playful or gay decoration in evidence. The early Florentine palaces—which were the first buildings of the Renaissance—were designed around courtyards with arcades at each of their many floor levels.

All rooms opened on to these arcades, as there were no internal corridors. These courtyards, it is true, were light and graceful, but the external walls of the buildings were robust and sometimes almost fierce in their strength.

As the Renaissance developed, these older ideas began to disappear, and by 1550 the great Italian architect Andrea Palladio dared to build arcades and colonnades on the outsides of his houses instead of around the insides of secluded walled-in courtyards.

The Palazzo Chiericati, near Vicenza, in northern Italy, for this reason is lighter and more cheerful than earlier palaces.

More fanciful ornament, too, began to play its part, although the urns and figures above the rooftop seem to give a restless and unsatisfactory finish to the building, which would, quite conceivably, be better without them.

Palladio was meticulous in copying antique Roman models for the general mass of his buildings and for the windows and columns. However, he was one of the first of the Renaissance architects to introduce



THE PALAZZO CHIERICATI, Italy—one of the finest examples of revived Roman architecture.
From "European Architecture In Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hardy).

intentionally playful ornament, thus heralding a trend toward highly decorative architecture, which will be illustrated later in this series.

All architectural movements tend to be simple in feeling at the start and then grow progressively bolder in decoration as time passes.

Like many architects of the Renaissance, Palladio wrote a book on architecture, and this was to have tremendous influence in other countries. So popular did Palladio's work become that some other countries, notably England, were not averse to copying his buildings exactly.

He was so much the leader of architectural fashion that no one thought it odd that his designs should be stolen in this way. Nor need this surprise us, for his architectural abilities increased the splendor of buildings of the day, gave greater play of light and shade to them, and made them more attractive.

He was a most versatile designer who not only planned ornate palaces but built bridges, churches, and theatres of great beauty—even designing the stage settings for the theatres as well.

Besides studying antique Roman buildings, as all Renaissance architects seemed to do, Palladio actually restored old Roman theatres and brought them back into use after hundreds of years of decay.

Other buildings, too, he brought up to the standards people then required by putting new Renaissance fronts on to older Gothic buildings.


It was this admiration for Classical work which inspired him to use pure, correct Roman columns at the Palazzo Chiericati, which remains to this day as one of the finest examples of the revived Roman architecture.

NEXT WEEK: St. Peter's Basilica, Rome.



Page 8—Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—October 17, 1962



● Eggs are one of nature's most nutritious foods. Coming ready packed in hygienic sealed containers, they contain a large percentage of first-class proteins essential for growth and replacement of body tissues. They are rich in Vitamins A, B, and D, and contain the minerals iron and phosphorus—all important for health and vitality. Eggs are easily digested and are used extensively in many therapeutic and balanced slimming diets. Calorie count is 70 to 80 per egg.

Snacks, savories, and drinks

HERE are recipes for some basic standbys for party savories and spreads, supper snacks, and healthful drinks the children will love. All are worth including in your kitchen file.

PUFFS O' CORN

(Shown in color on previous page)

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 eggs (separated), 1 cup canned corn (drained), 1 teaspoon salt, oil.

Sift flour and salt into basin, make well in centre, add corn, egg-yolks, milk. Beat until smooth. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Beat egg-whites with little salt until stiff, fold through batter. Drop spoonfuls of batter into hot oil, fry 3 minutes. Drain, serve at once.

CHICKEN HORS-D'OEUVRE

One pound chicken livers, 5 medium onions (chopped), 4 hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken fat, salt, pepper.

Saute onions in chicken fat. (Flavor is improved if few of the onions are cooked until black.) Add chicken livers, cook until browned all over (about 5 minutes). Put mixture and eggs through meat-grinder or food mill (or chop as finely as you can). Season. Serve with rye or black bread or on biscuits. This will keep a few days, or can be frozen. After thawing, use immediately. Serves 4 to 6.

MAYONNAISE DIPS AND SPREADS

Basic Mayonnaise: Two egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint salad oil, 2 to 3 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon castor sugar.

Put yolks of eggs into basin, add mustard (raw, not mixed), salt, pepper. Stir quickly with wooden spoon, add salad oil, drop by drop, and vinegar very slowly. The mixture should be consistency of thick cream. Lastly add the cream and castor sugar, stirring all the time. A little cold water can be added if found too thick. Keep cold.

● To 1 cup basic mayonnaise add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped ham or any other cold meat desired, 1 finely chopped hard-boiled egg, 1 to 2 teaspoons chopped parsley. Season.

● Add 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs to 1 cup basic mayonnaise, fold in 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 1 firm tomato (skinned and chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese. Mix well, add few drops chilli sauce to taste.

● Drain liquid from can of crabmeat, fold meat into 1 cup basic mayonnaise, flavor with juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 2 chopped gherkins.

● Cream 3 to 4oz. liverwurst in bowl, gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup basic mayonnaise, beating well. Fold in 2 finely chopped pickled onions, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, few drops worcestershire sauce, sprinkling of mustard.

JUMPING JACKS

Three eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, fat for frying.

Whisk eggs, add ingredients (except fat) in order given. Fry teaspoonfuls of mixture in hot fat. Roll in sugar, eat hot or cold. The jacks will turn themselves over when cooked if sufficient fat is used for frying.

EGG AND ANCHOVY CHEWS

Three eggs, 2 dessertspoons anchovy sauce, 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons milk, cayenne, lemon juice (if desired), fingers of toast, savory biscuits or fried croutons, strips of capicum, gherkin or olives for garnish.

Beat egg, add remainder of ingredients. Cook very gently until set. Heap on fingers of toast, savory biscuits, or fried croutons. Garnish with capicum, gherkin, or olives. Serves 4 to 6.

YE OLDE PICKLED EGGS

(Shown in color on previous page)

Six eggs, mustard mix and spiced vinegar (see below). Boil eggs until hard (10 minutes). Pour off boiling water, cover with cold water, leave until cold. Remove shells, pack into large clean jar. Pour over hot mustard mix, cover down airtight. Store in cool dark place. Use after 7 days. Serve with salad or hors-d'oeuvre for parties.

Spiced Vinegar: One pint vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 6 cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon horseradish powder, 1 small clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard seed or dry mustard powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon salt.

Place all ingredients into saucepan (preferably enamel). Bring slowly to boil, simmer 20 minutes. Cool.

Mustard Mix: Add the following ingredients to the cooked spiced vinegar: 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon corn-flour (blended with a little water), 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon red food coloring. Pour into saucepan, bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Use as directed.

PINE EGG-NOG

Four cups milk, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 cups diced pineapple, 2 cups crushed ice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grape juice. Place all ingredients in electric blender and mix until well blended. Makes 4 to 6 drinks.

FRUITED HONEY FLIP

Three small cans pineapple juice, 6 tablespoons lemon juice, 6 tablespoons honey, 3 eggs.

Place all ingredients in electric blender and blend until thoroughly mixed. Serve at room temperature or with ice added. Makes 4 to 6 drinks.

LEMON EGGADE

Four tablespoons sugar, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, crushed ice, soda water.

Place sugar, beaten eggs, lemon juice, and crushed ice into shaker. Shake well, strain into 4 to 6 glasses, fill with soda water.

CHOCOLATE DAMASK

(Shown in color on previous page)

Two pints milk, 4oz. chocolate or 6 tablespoons drinking chocolate, 2 eggs (separated), 1 tablespoon brandy or rum.

Place milk, brandy, beaten egg-yolks, and chopped chocolate into top half of double saucepan. Stir over low heat until chocolate has melted and combined with other ingredients. Meanwhile beat egg-whites stiffly, fold through hot chocolate. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued on page 44

VEAL DISH WINS PRIZE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mr. Robert Bolton, Rutherford, Raminea, Tas., for an interesting veal dish flavored with shallots, mushrooms, and white wine.

All spoon measurements are level.

VEAL CHASSEUR

Two pounds veal steak or cutlets, 4oz. butter, 3 shallots (chopped), 1lb mushrooms (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, little piquant brown sauce (such as worcestershire), 1 teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Trim fat from veal and cut into 1in. pieces. Saute in butter in pan about 10 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from pan, keep hot. Saute shallots and mushrooms 5 minutes in butter remaining in pan. Add wine, simmer 15 minutes or until liquid is reduced by half. Stir in parsley, brown sauce, salt, and pepper. Add meat and simmer 5 minutes. Serve.



PARTY SAVORIES AND SPREADS, in which hard-boiled eggs blend perfectly with various piquant flavorings and sauces. See Mayonnaise Dips and Spreads recipe given at left.

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"HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES" CONTEST

Cheese Puff Pie



made with **Butter** and



CHEESE PUFF PIE

1 unbaked 8" pie shell made with butter pastry, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, 1 cup cooked fish (fresh and/or smoked), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, salt and pepper, 1 large egg, extra shredded Cheddar to sprinkle over top.

Melt butter in saucepan. Stir in flour and cook a few minutes. Gradually add milk and stir until boiling. Cook until thick. Add the cheese and stir until it is melted and the sauce is smooth. Sea-

son to taste with salt and pepper. Reserve 1 cup of this sauce for topping. To the remainder add the fish, celery and Worcestershire Sauce. Spoon into prepared pastry case. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° gas, 425° electric) for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, beat the egg white till stiff but not dry. Beat the yolk slightly and add it to the 1 cup of reserved sauce. Fold the sauce lightly into the beaten egg white and spread evenly over the top of the pie. Reduce temperature 25° and bake a further 20-25 minutes. Sprinkle with the additional cheese and return to oven till cheese melts. 6 servings.

Here's a novel and nutritious main dish, loaded with the health-giving values of good dairy butter and protein-rich Kraft Cheddar Cheese. It's good to look at, good to eat, good for you, and what a thrifty way to serve a meatless meal! Just another example of how easy it is to produce a fine dish when you use such superb natural foods as butter and Kraft Cheddar. (It's easy to enter your family's vote in the £3,000 Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes, too—you could win £1,000!)

BUTTER makes it better!

Cakes and biscuits



This section gives some new ideas for cakes and biscuits as well as old and tried favorites.

BUDAPEST GATEAU

Four eggs, 4 tablespoons castor sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 3oz. castor sugar for icing.
Filling: One egg, 2oz. cocoa, 4 to 5 tablespoons milk, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. unsalted butter.

Beat egg-whites until very stiff, add sugar while beating, and yolks. Fold in flour lightly and carefully. Grease and flour outside base of 2 sandwich-tins, pour little of cake mixture on each, spread evenly with knife. Put in very hot oven 3 to 4 minutes, but do not let brown (it should be pale yellow color). When ready, remove cake, regrease and flour tins and cook two more. Repeat procedure until all mixture is used. Quantity above should make from 5 to 6 layers. Prepare filling.

Filling: Heat milk in saucepan, add cocoa and mix to smooth paste. Add little extra milk if paste is too dry. Remove from heat, beat egg and sugar. Add to paste. Add

butter by beating in small pieces, continue beating until filling is light in color and consistency. Use filling generously between cake layers, reserving some for sides.

Ice top layer before assembling. Melt sugar in pan and beat it until it turns into a pale caramel. Pour quickly over top layer, smoothing and spreading with buttered knife. Before it cools, cut sections into it so it will be easy to cut when hard.

FRAULEIN SULTANA CAKE

Eight ounces sugar, 2oz. butter, 2oz. lard, 5 eggs, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, salt, 1lb. flour, ½ pint milk (scant), 4oz. sultanas, 1 teaspoon lemon peel, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. flaked almonds, icing-sugar.

Cream butter, lard, and sugar. Beat eggs in one at a time. Fold in half flour sifted with baking-powder. Beat in half the milk. Repeat with remainder of flour and milk. Add sultanas, lemon peel, vanilla. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Ice with very thin white icing, sprinkle with almonds.

TROPICAL MACAROON CAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup pineapple juice (reserved from pineapple), ½ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with pineapple juice and milk. Pour into well-greased ring-tin, spread macaroon topping over, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ cup desiccated coconut, 1-3rd cup well-drained crushed pineapple.

Beat egg-whites with pinch salt until mixture holds in peaks, add sugar gradually, beating until sugar has dissolved. Fold in coconut and pineapple.

COOKIE FANCIES

One cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 whole eggs, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, ½lb. finely chopped blanched almonds, ½ teaspoon rosewater (optional), 3 cups flour, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter and sugar together, beat until light and creamy. Add whole eggs and 1 egg-yolk, one at a time; beat well after each

Hit parade of butter and cheese recipes contest



● Here is the final recipe in the series of six published weekly in the £3000 contest conducted by Australian Dairy Produce Board.

THIS exciting new contest, in which butter and cheese are featured, carries a first prize of £1000; second prize, £500; and third prize, £300. In addition, 100 grocery orders, each valued at £10, will be awarded.

Make up and test for yourself the six recipes in this contest, then see whether you can place them in the same order of preference as a panel of experts did, giving your reasons for your selection.

Appearance, nutrition, flavor appeal, economy, novelty, and ease of preparation were factors considered.

An entry form for this contest appeared in a color advertisement in our issue of October 10.

Send completed entries to "Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Closing date for entries is October 25. Results of the contest will be announced in our issue of December 5.

CHEESE PUFF PIE

One unbaked 8in. pie-shell made with

butter pastry, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups shredded cheddar cheese, 1 cup cooked fish (fresh and/or smoked), ½ cup chopped celery, ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, 1 large egg, extra shredded cheddar to sprinkle over the top.

Melt butter in a saucepan. Stir in flour and cook a few minutes. Gradually add milk and stir until boiling. Cook until thick. Add the cheese and stir until it is melted and the sauce is smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Reserve 1 cup of this sauce for topping. To the remainder add the fish, celery, and worcestershire sauce. Spoon into prepared pastry-case. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400deg. gas, 425deg. electric) for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, beat the egg-white until stiff but not dry. Beat the yolk slightly and add it to the 1 cup of reserved sauce. Fold the sauce lightly into the beaten egg-white and spread evenly over the top of the pie. Reduce temperature 25deg. and bake a further 20-25 minutes. Sprinkle with additional cheese, return to oven until cheese melts. Six servings.

SUPER MACAROONS

Two egg-whites, 3 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups corn cereal, ½ cup moist shredded coconut.

Beat egg-whites stiffly. Combine cocoa, sugar, salt, and gradually add to egg-whites, beating well until smooth. Fold in corn cereal, then coconut. Drop from teaspoon on to oven-slides covered with waxed paper then greased. Bake in slow oven 25 to 30 minutes until lightly browned. Remove from oven-slide, let cool on cake-rack.

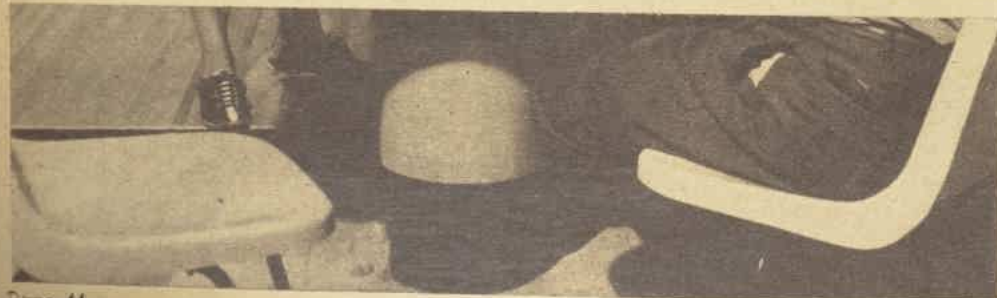


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Calcium/Magnesium/Phosphorus: Helps develop strong bones and teeth. Magnesium also helps strengthen nerve cells.

"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"

(It has good points — once you learn to manage on your money)

● Three years ago my husband was transferred to one of the larger country towns of N.S.W., so the family moved. We now had more capital than when we bought our first small home, so this time we bought a larger home in a lovely position overlooking the town.

WE settled in and became acquainted with new friends and neighbors.

These belonged to a higher income group than those we had previously lived among, but they were a friendly, sociable lot, and we were soon caught up in a whirl of dinner parties, cocktail parties, morning and afternoon tea parties, and outings of all kinds.

My husband feels at home easily with everyone and was completely unconcerned about the more expensive furnishings, clothes, cars, etc., of our new friends, but I'm afraid I was acutely conscious of them right from the start.

Gradually I started spending much more on clothes than I'd ever done before—not only for myself, I hasten to add, but for the whole family.

We entertained more often and more expensively than ever before; our two school-age children were enrolled at an expensive private school; I had a woman come in one day each week to help with my household cleaning.

We had always intended having a fourth child, but now, I decided, we couldn't possibly afford it.

I had started hankering after a car of my own and various additions to our home and furnishings. Ridiculous, you say?

Nerve-racking

Perhaps so, but it's very easy to start thinking that everyone does these things, so somehow you must manage to do them, too.

I drifted into a state of wanting things because everyone else had them without giving them much thought as to whether they were really best for my own family or, for that matter, whether we could really afford them.

My husband has a reasonably well-paid position and is generous with house-keeping money, but even so the strain of "keeping up appearances" became quite nerve-racking.

"Money, money, money" seemed to be the entire scope of my private thoughts.

I am not sure when or why I finally decided it was time to "come back to earth."

Perhaps it was because I realised I was beginning to regard my husband as a cheque book — and a perpetually overdrawn one at that—rather than as a lover, perhaps it was because my six-year-old son became loudly upset at the thought of an ordinary birthday party, with neither magician nor pony rides like others he'd attended, or perhaps I just got so entangled with wants and desires that I could no longer tell where I was heading.

Once I had actually admitted to myself that the main cause of all my upsets and worries was that I had been trying "to keep up with the Joneses" and that everyone doesn't have everything — that only some people have all the things I was pining for — the rest was relatively easy.

Gradually we're returning to normal and restricting our activities to things we can really afford and desire, rather than things our friends and neighbors seem to afford or want.

We're keeping within our income and no one is getting hurt in the process.

The desire "to keep up

with the Joneses" isn't something to be ashamed of if the whole family is happy.

It acts as an impetus to get on in the world—something most people desire.

My personal appearance has improved threefold since moving to this neighborhood.

I dress more neatly, wear a touch of make-up, and have my hair well groomed at all times simply because all my neighbors do the same—and I know I feel much happier for it.

Some of my neighbors are particularly well informed on current affairs, music, art, etc., and, ashamed of my own lack of knowledge, I began to read and inquire about such subjects.

"Selective"

Originally this was just to keep up with the "Joneses," perhaps, but, once again, my own personal satisfaction and enjoyment have increased.

However, I've become far more selective as regards which activities of the "Joneses" I wish to keep up with.

For example, I'm back to doing all my own housework again because I realise that, as far as we're concerned,

paid help is an unwarranted expense.

Likewise, we purchased a set of outdoor furniture from a second-hand shop instead of the expensive new setting I'd originally intended buying.

Now, after careful rubbing-down and repainting, we have an attractive addition to our terrace which gives us a great deal of fun but cost very little.

Beach picnic

I've finally accepted the fact that in some fields of luxurious spending we cannot hope to compete.

But if the "Joneses" are happy with a day of motor-boating and water-skiing and we are happy with a family picnic at the beach, we are just as well off as they are, anyway.

For Mr. Micawber's advice to David Copperfield—allowing for inflation—is still worthwhile today:

"Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen and six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six, result misery."

(The writer, who supplied her name and address, wishes to remain anonymous.)

Mothercraft

● A free leaflet advising mothers how to make properly balanced, nutritious school lunches is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for posting the leaflet must accompany orders.

Make money for Christmas

● Now that Christmas is coming once again, some mothers will be wondering how to make a few pounds beforehand to help with the expense.

EVEN for those who are compelled to stay in the house, there are ways and means.

What are your home skills? Cooking? Sewing? Making jam? Almost any of the things you do all the year round are worth money toward Christmas.

But I would advise any mother thinking about a "Christmas venture" to go about things in an orderly, business-like way. Let people know the thing you are willing to make and sell, produce samples if practicable, and get orders.

This way you know where you are. Also, you must have your husband's co-operation or things at home go haywire.

A good cook can make extra money in several ways. Shortbread sealed in cellophane is always a good one.

It is a good idea, too, to make yourself known to the women's organisations in your area as a supplier of sponges, pastries, or whatever is your specialty.

Christmas time is often wedding time, too, and the hostesses at many private parties may also be glad to take your cooking at this busy period.

Or, why not try baby-sitting or child-minding for your neighbors? They'll appreciate it during the shopping rush and pre-Christmas parties.

You can arrange your own shopping and parties without clashing.

Perhaps you have a flair for making rag dolls? These are real sellers.

Children's clothes, aprons, and novelties are other ideas for the good needlewoman.

Use ingenuity

I have noticed that parents are often disgusted with the ready-made Christmas stockings.

Make some yourself. The coarse net is cheap. The stockings are easy to make and a little ingenuity can make them more interesting and prettier than the usual ones.

The tokens and toys cost only a few pence at a chain store. Dress tiny dolls for the stockings and put in peanuts instead of lollies.

You may have a good garden. Try growing suitable flowers for Christmas. They are often much in demand for churches and weddings, and some shops like to buy flowers for their windows.

Cuttings grown in small pots can be sold as Christmas presents, also indoor

plants. These don't spoil, and can be sold at any time of the year.

If you plan your gardening year early enough, you could grow vegetables such as lettuce to sell at Christmas. In some parts of Australia it is almost impossible to buy a good lettuce at Christmas.

Mothers with schoolchildren can often take part-time jobs for the pre-Christmas rush. Working two or three hours in the peak shopping period still allows them to be home when the children come back from school.

Ironing, if you like it enough, is another way.

For me, ironing is a chore and I don't blame anyone for disliking it. But many women really enjoy doing up table linen and all the household things beautifully for Christmas.

For those living on farms, raising poultry for Christmas can be very profitable. Plucking and dressing is messy, of course, but it's well worth it. I know quite a few women who do this.

Some people breed puppies and budgerigars, too.

I suppose you wondered. Yes, I do hope to make a little extra myself for Christmas.

—"Tommo," Queensland

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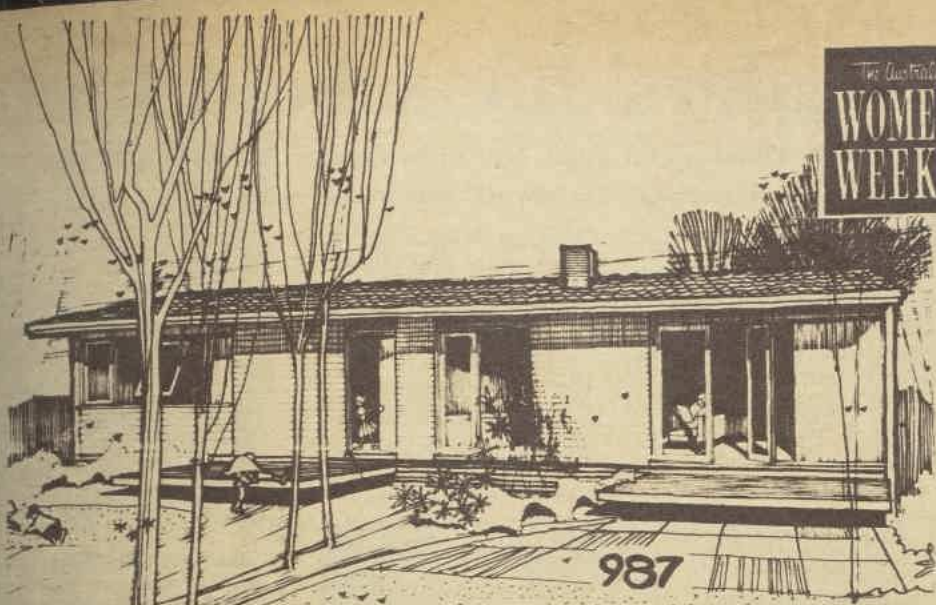
(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)



fabulous



Home Plans Service



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows simple rectangular design of Plan No. 987. Living area, utility or family room, and large second bedroom are designed to catch the northern sun.

HOW TO USE OUR SERVICE

There are thousands of home plans by our architect-directed design service which can be modified to suit your needs.

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Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
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Melbourne: Myers (32044).

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Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).

Brisbane: McWhirters (50121).

Toowoomba: Pigotts (7733).

Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

● Our Home Plan this week is a compact rectangular design, ideal for a site with a northerly aspect to the rear of the block.

WITH this in mind, the architects illustrated the floor plan (below) with the entrance at the back of the house so that the spacious living area faces north.

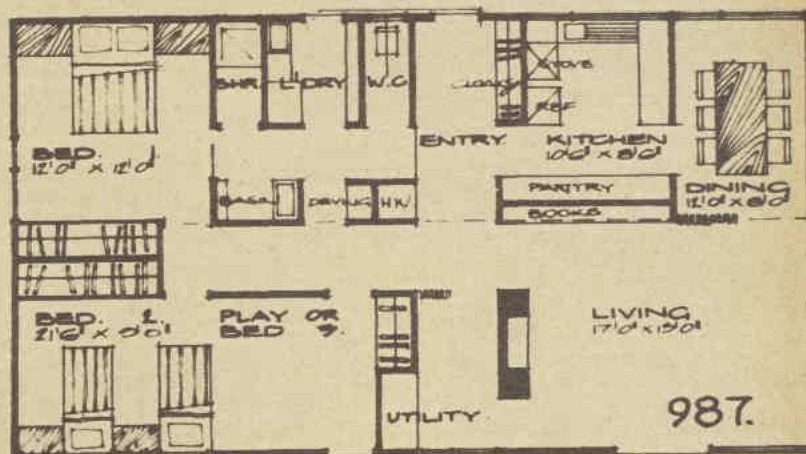
An unusual feature of this house, Plan No. 987, is the second bedroom, which opens into a playroom. This could be partitioned off to make a separate third bedroom or retained as a single large dormitory room.

The master bedroom, a spacious

12ft. by 12ft., has a door to the bathroom—there is a second entrance from the hall. The toilet is accessible from the laundry-bathroom area and is completely separate.

The kitchen, designed with maximum workspace, has a pantry for added storage. Next to the kitchen is the dining room, opening into a spacious living area 17ft. by 13ft., which has a wall of built-in bookshelves and an open fireplace.

The area marked "utility" could be used as a separate television room or as a study.



FLOOR PLAN. Note spacious kitchen and pantry, bathroom with entrances from the master bedroom and hall, and playroom which can be converted to third bedroom.

Fabulous Foodarama

The moment you open that big, beautiful door you begin an exciting new way of living

Foodarama — with a whole 14.2 cubic feet capacity — is unlike any other refrigerator you've ever seen.

Every exciting feature tells you this — especially the separate, home freezer. Here's room enough for a whole 68 lbs. of frozen foods. If you're planning a big dinner party, or simply buying enough food to last the family for weeks (and saving shopping trips), you can store it all in the Foodarama Home Freezer. Even months later it will be as fresh, as delicious as the day you bought it.

You'll agree Foodarama with its great food capacity and big, separate home freezer is just like having a super-market in your kitchen!

Ends messy defrosting

Foodarama is certainly a woman's best friend — it puts a complete end to messy defrosting of the refrigerator section. You see, Foodarama uses a defrost system, the world's finest, known as Cyclic Defrost. It's amazing! It is a continuous cycle of refrigeration and defrosting that prevents frost build-up. What's more, it defrosts automatically, keeps all your frozen foods frozen — always, and with Cyclic

Defrost your hands need never touch water.

Sounds fabulous? It is! Everything about Kelvinator Foodarama is fabulous!

All the features you've ever dreamed of

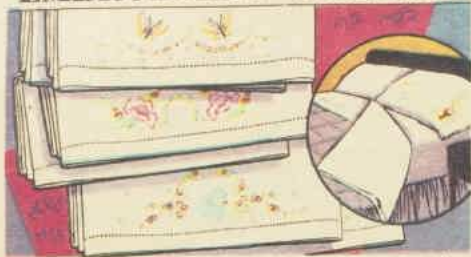
No half measures with Foodarama! You get every feature you've ever wanted — in Australia's smartest cabinet that adds glamour to your kitchen.

Special Moisture-sealed crispers keep fruit and vegetables crisp, garden-fresh . . . plus a big Meat Keeper. Big Twin Dairy Chests and Egg Trays give perfect storage for butter, cheese and eggs. Egg trays are portable, too, and features a tip and spill-proof design. Deep-door shelves hold even the tallest bottles. Made of beautiful gold anodised aluminium, they are easily removed and simple to clean. Slide-out shelves, a big lift-out Utility Basket. Powered by Kelvinator's own exclusive "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit.

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FLOWERS, butterflies, swans from Embroidery Transfer No. 196. From Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

Readers' household hints

● These useful hints, sent in by readers, will save time and money in your housework. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

STITCH or glue a large envelope on the back cover of your recipe book and keep recipe clippings in it. Or stick together the last two pages of the book at bottom and sides to form a pocket for clippings. —Mrs. A. W. May, 55 Farrell St., Dorrington, Brisbane.

Louvered windows are easily cleaned with a foam rubber dish mop. The handle keeps fingers away from the sharp edges of the glass. —Miss Doris Williams, Milang, S.A.

Equal quantities of worcestershire sauce, plum jam, and stewed apple make a good emergency chutney. —Mrs. H. Dorrington, Jimboomba, Qld.

To check tension on your sewing-machine, use black cotton for under-thread and white cotton for upper. Thus it will be easy to see which thread needs adjusting. —Mrs. O. Ruskulis, 129 Holbeck St., Doubleview, W.A.

To clean a discolored bath, make a paste of 1 lb. cream of tartar and small bottle of peroxide. Keep in screw-top jar. Clean bath all over with this paste, leave to dry, then wash off. —Miss V. M. Rayner, 124 Murilla St., Miles, Qld.

Brassware will shine beautifully if rubbed with a cut tomato, then washed and dried. —Mrs. A. Greatwich, 3 Highland Ave., West Mitham, S.A.

Keep all white, soft paper wrapping from bread, etc. Used dry it is excellent for cleaning venetian blinds, much better than a damp cloth. —Mrs. V. C. Cross, North St., Walcha, N.S.W.

Stubborn stains can be removed from blankets and woollens by soaking them in warm, soapy water, to which a packet of Epsom salts has been added. This will remove even tea stains. —Mrs. G. A. Blackman, 179 Market St., West End, Mudgee, N.S.W.

Before beating egg-yolks, rinse the bowl with cold water. The beaten yolks will slide out easily without sticking wastefully to the sides. —Miss H. Cousins, 62 Trafalgar Rd., Camberwell, Melbourne.

To delight baby, buy six nursery-rhyme handkerchiefs and stitch them together into a book. It will be strong and can be washed and ironed. —Mrs. Ferris, Hereford Hills, Calliope, Qld.

Prevent rust forming in an aluminium kettle by placing a child's play marble in the bottom of it. —Miss Leslie Ann Watts, 12 Tomkins St., Bexley North, Sydney.

Make an attractive planter from an old cane or raffia shopping basket. Give the outside a coat of paint and line basket with aluminium foil. Potted plants in the basket can be watered without fear of drips. The basket will brighten a dull corner, or can hang from ceiling. —Mrs. D. Bullock, 12 Bell's Rd., Lithgow, N.S.W.

When making a pavlova, grease oven-tray, cover with greased lunch wrap and sprinkle with corn-flour. The meringue will lift off the tray without sticking when cooked. —Miss J. M. Schulte, 9 Lochwinnoch Rd., Torrens Park, S.A.

An easy way to lengthen lace curtains that shrink in washing is to make a false hem at the top. I used mosquito net which is not seen under the pelmet board. —Mrs. Fry, 246 Arthur St., Fairfield, Vic.

To clean a plastic shower-curtain, place it flat on a table and gently rub with a nailbrush dipped in warm water. Work in sections, drying each with a cloth as you proceed. —Mrs. F. Pevitt, 126 Griffith St., Port Fairy, Vic.

Keep the skins of oranges and lemons, remove as much pith as possible, chop finely and store in a screw-top jar with a little honey. The honey soon candies. A teaspoon of this mixture added to any cake mixture gives an excellent flavor. —Miss Ida Rice, "Lidster," Cargo Rd., via Orange, N.S.W.

PEACH PRALINE MOULD

INGREDIENTS: 1 cup sugar; ¼ cup water; ½ cup chopped almonds; 1 can peaches, drained; ½ pkt. lemon jelly, dissolved; 1½ tablespoons butter; 3 tablespoons flour; 2 cups milk; 2 tablespoons sugar; 2 eggs; few drops almond essence; 2 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup water; mint leaves.

METHOD: Praline. Stir sugar and water over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil and cook until toffee turns a golden colour. Pour into a greased tin in which the chopped almonds have been placed. Allow to cool and harden, then crush.

Peach Mould. Set a thin layer of jelly in wetted mould. Arrange pattern of peaches, add a little more jelly. Chill until set. Melt butter, add flour and cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk and continue stirring until boiling. Fold in sugar, egg-yolks, and mix well. Stir over heat 2 or 3 minutes. Add almond essence and dissolved gelatine. Allow to cool and then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and almond praline. When cold and thick pour into mould and chill until firm. Unmould and decorate with peaches and mint.



Easy! open a can of perfect peaches



SHERRIED PEACH DESSERT

INGREDIENTS: 1 can peach halves; 2 egg-whites; 4 tablespoons castor sugar; 4 tablespoons coconut; pinch cream of tartar; ½ cup sweet sherry; 1 cup cream; extra sugar; vanilla; glace cherries and angelica to decorate. **METHOD:** Beat egg-whites until stiff. Gradually add castor sugar and beat until dissolved. Fold in coconut, cream of tartar, and drop in small teaspoons onto greased trays. Bake in slow oven until firm. Turn off heat and allow to cool in oven. Remove from trays. Drain peaches and place hollow side up on serving dish. Whip cream over a bowl of ice-cubes until firm, fold in sugar and vanilla to taste. Dip each macaroon quickly into the sherry, break roughly with a fork and fold into the cream. Spoon into each peach hollow, decorate with cherries and angelica.

IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD! All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours — any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm... just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR BY THE GROWERS OF PEACHES, PEARS AND APRICOTS THROUGH THEIR SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE. IT IS ONE OF A SERIES DESIGNED TO HELP YOU PREPARE CANNED FRUITS IN NEW AND EXCITING WAYS.



COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Pair of fine vases.

I have a pair of white glass vases trimmed with white china and edged in gold. Each vase has four oval panels, all painted with flowers. Could you give me some information about them, please?—Mrs. M. L. Piesse, Applecross, W.A.

Your pair of beautiful vases (above) are probably English glass, made in the bohemian style, about 1845. The white overlay enamel with exquisitely hand-painted floral design in reverse panels and the delicate gilding exemplify the zenith attained by the glassmakers in the second quarter of the 19th century.

★ ★ ★
My teaset is a very dark blue and is decorated with gold engravings and girls' heads. Each piece is marked with a different number. Could you tell me how old it is, please?—Mrs. R. Stuart, Wollongong, N.S.W.

Your teaset (below), painted with historical portraits, is 19th-century French porcelain. It was made at Sevres about 1865. In Australia there are a large number of similar teaset which have survived, possibly because they were supplied in special cases.



● 19th-century teaset.

Could you please tell me something about a copper bowl I found in the jungle during the last war? The baked enamel finish is laid on the copper. The bowl stands 3in. high and is 12in. in diameter. —A. J. Sim, Barcaldine, Qld.

Your bowl is Japanese cloisonne enamel. It is about 30 years old.

★ ★ ★
I have a beautifully carved large sideboard which stands nearly 9ft. tall. It has cabriole legs, and the cabinet and carved pieces are in black wood. Could you tell me its age, please? —Mrs. N. Higgins, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Your sideboard is colonial rosewood and was made between 1895 and 1905.

★ ★ ★
My plate is 8½in. in diameter and has a design of a large vine leaf on a background of tendrils, smaller leaves, pink strawberries and a bunch of pink grapes. The whole pattern is raised. The only mark is an anchor on the bottom of the plate.—Nancy Tatchell, Hawthorn, Vic.

Your plate is a good example of English Davenport, hence the anchor mark. It was made about 1845.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their antiques. Some of them are shown.

Could you tell me something about these two ornaments that I own, please? The china basket has raised leaf and rose decoration and the surface has a pitted look. The jug is glazed inside and patterned with large flowers.—Mary Callaghan, Jamestown, S.A.

Your English porcelain basket was made by Ridgways about 1880. The Doulton jug was made about 1910. Both are shown at right.

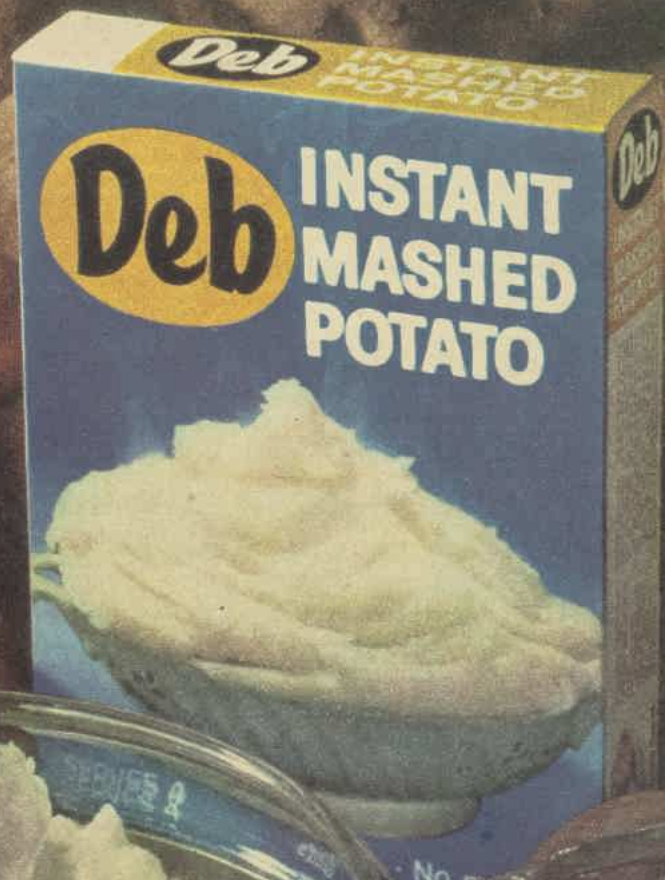


● Basket ornament is porcelain.



● Pretty Doulton jug.

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...in seconds



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Everything a normal "go-ahead" girl could want is provided by the WRAAC. A wide choice of interesting jobs that can take you around Australia . . . interesting training courses that fit you to become an important part of the Australian Army—backing our fighting men . . . and which will be of great future benefit to you in civilian life . . . plenty of sport, too, if you like it . . . in all, an active, vitally interesting life—without limitations for a girl who wants to get ahead!

THE PAY'S GOOD, very good when you consider that you're fully maintained, cared for (with full medical and dental) in addition to being trained at WRAAC expense. On leave the return travel to your Home State is free.

PROMOTION OPPORTUNITIES are ever present. Girls with ability and ambition are encouraged to qualify for commissioned rank—which in turn brings higher pay and responsibilities.

YOU ARE ELIGIBLE if you are in good health, have reasonable primary education, are a British subject between 17 and 30. If under 21 your parent's consent is required.

PERIOD OF ENGAGEMENT is three or six years.

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Think about it, talk about it. And inquire further from—Assistant Director, WRAAC, at Army Headquarters in your capital city.

Issued by the Director of Recruiting.

GEA187.143.12

Continuing . . . TRESPASSERS BEWARE!

from page 25

at once seized upon it with peremptory scorn. "That's a foolish thing to think," she said. "Sister? What sister? Whose sister?"

The tubby man, looking about him with deepening apprehension, almost despair, said he was terribly sorry, but he could have sworn that this was The Limes. A flutter of repeated apologies ran from his lips in a muted scale, ending with the words, "even the lupins looked the same—"

"Good heavens, man, The Limes? You belong to Old Broody? Her? She's your sister?"

"Miss Elphinstone — yes, she's my sister."

Aunt Leonora let out the rudest of snorts and said good heavens, she'd never known that Broody had men in the family and then, as if the withholding of this family secret from her was a sort of unneighborly crime, glared at him with furious disbelief, as if plainly thinking him a liar. There was something

ing her that once, on a misty September evening, she had mistaken me for a wandering deer as I returned from a mushroom trip and had struck me a number of severe blows about the elbows before I could stop her.

"On a long visit?" she said, once again taking the tubby man by surprise with that fresh, alarming candor of hers. "Or just here today and gone tomorrow?"

Startled again, he began to explain that he was here for a week and then, looking hastily at his watch, said that he thought he ought to be going. It was rather later than he thought: His sister was inclined to be particular about mealtimes. He didn't want to upset her.

"Which one are you?" she said. "Charley? Oh, yes; now I come to think of it I think I've heard Old Broody talk of Charley."

chuckled. You could see that he thought it rather apt. Still chuckling, he accepted a portion of cake from Aunt Leonora, but the chuckle died when she said with pungent vehemence, "Your sister's an old flapping. She's the sort of woman who you want to do things to. She seems to forget women are emancipated," she said, as if this had anything to do with it.

If Mr. Elphinstone had any thought of making a loyal and defensive protest about this accusative remark, it was utterly useless; Aunt Leonora gave him no time at all. "You know what I mean?" she said. "You must have met women who wanted to do things to."

A number of interpretations of this interesting theme sprang quickly to my mind, and I sensed that they might be springing to Mr. Elphinstone's, too. He sipped at his sherry swiftly and must have been wondering what sort of house he had trespassed into

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



ironical in the idea of her accusing someone else of not telling the truth, and the little man stuttered as he said, "Oh, yes. There are three brothers."

"Married?" She threw the awful word at him with typical point-blank candor, clearly determined that no second family secret should escape her, no matter what.

"Oh, yes, we're all three married. In fact, my eldest brother and I have each been married a second time."

"Caught twice, eh?" she said.

Unabashed, she bared her big, friendly teeth and laughed into the tubby man's face with an expansive crackle, and then a moment later further confused him by turning sharply to me and saying, "This is my nephew. He just called to bring me some egg-plant for the greenhouse. Raised them himself. Do you garden?"

Before the tubby man could attempt an answer, she glared at me again, baring big teeth, "You saw that cow, didn't you?" she said to me.

I STARTED to say that I hadn't seen anything of the kind. Somewhere in the distant past a solitary wandering cow had so far trespassed as to reach its neck over the fence and take a few modest bites from a lilac bush. Since then Aunt Leonora's complex had developed from strength to strength, and now rampaging cows were everywhere.

"I think it must have been this gentleman you saw," I said. "After all, the light's very strong this morning—"

"What's it got to do with the light?" she said, and hurled at me a dark accusation. "Your eyes wander. I could hardly mistake a man for a cow, now could I?"

I kept silent; spectacles seemed to do little or nothing for her acute shortsightedness and I refrained from remind-

"Oh, no, Charley's my elder brother. I'm Freddie."

"Oh, you're Freddie, are you?" she said, rather as if there were some awful mistake about his birthright. And then she suddenly turned on him a smile of such masterful charm, her big teeth positively glowing, that I could have sworn his face reddened a little further. "Oh, yes, of course, I think I've heard Broody talk of you too."

"Well, I must go. I must bid you good morning. It was awfully silly of me about — you know—and I—"

"We were just having a glass of sherry and a piece of saffron cake," Aunt Leonora said in the sweetest of voices. "Would you care to join us before you go?"

It was another blatant lie; we had been doing no such thing; she was merely putting it on for the trespasser.

"I honestly think I ought to go—"

"Oh, Broody and her lunch can wait. I suppose it's risotto anyway?"

"How do you know?" he said. "As a matter of fact, it is risotto."

"Oh, I gave her the recipe years ago. She always has it on Thursdays. She has no imagination."

Back in the house I poured sherry into glasses at a sideboard and turned once or twice to see the tubby Mr. Elphinstone's eyes blinking and winking sharply in their effort to refocus themselves after the blinding outdoor light of noon. This gave him an air of fidgeting discomfort, or as if he were dying to ask a question that had been bothering him for some time.

And presently the question came: "It rather made me smile, your calling her Broody. What makes you call her that?"

Aunt Leonora, looking up from cutting saffron cake, said, "It's the funny way she walks."

Mr. Elphinstone actually

when Aunt Leonora, almost as if in an attempt to save him from further embarrassment, said, "What I mean is, most of them should have been strangled at birth, shouldn't they? I suppose your wives were different, weren't they?"

"Well—"

"Is your wife staying with Old Broody, too? How do they get on?"

Mr. Elphinstone, who had been pensively gazing for some moments at a remarkable but useless collection of hunting horns, silver cups, animal claws, and such trophies that Aunt Leonora always kept on or over the mantelpiece, now fixed his eyes on a large brass pestle and mortar and said that, as a matter of fact, his wife was not with him. She had passed away, he explained, some four or five years before.

With nothing more than a brusquely consolatory cough Aunt Leonora said she was very sorry to hear it and then turned to me and said, "Give Mr. Elphinstone some more sherry," as if this would do something to sustain him in his loss.

"What do you feel about the sherry?" She shot the question at him point-blank, as always, in a sort of bark. "Like it?"

"Oh, excellent. Excellent." "It's absolutely awful," she said. "Don't drink it. We'd have done better to have the red-currant wine . . . Get the red-currant wine," she said to me. "We don't want to poison Mr. Elphinstone, do we?"

I murmured that that would, perhaps, be rather drastic, but I don't think that she heard me.

"Bring the six-year-old," she called to me as I went out to the kitchen. "That was a very good year. I fortified it a bit that year—you can tell the difference."

When I came back with the

To page 53

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Dance. 12 in all.



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JOHNNY MATHIS
39—A Certain
Smile; Call Me;
Let It Rain; Some-
one. 12 hits.



West Side Story
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
71—The exciting
score of this fabu-
lous Broadway hit.



EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
88—Also Air on a
G String; Men-
delsohn: Scherzo,
Corelli, etc.



CLAP HANDS
LUTHER HENDERSON
45—Come Back
To Me; I Love
Paris; Three Little
Words. 12 in all.



TIME OUT
THE BRUBECK QUARTET
44—Take Five;
Blue Rondo A La
Turk. Another 6
tracks.



RICHARD TUCKER
SINGS PUCCINI
90—Aria from
Tosca; Turandot;
La Boheme;
Madama Butterfly.
5 others.



STRAUSS WALTZES
ANDRE NUTFLANDT
69—Voices of
Spring; Blue
Danube; Artist's
Life. 7 others.



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THE PHOENIX OF ROME
94—Delicate and
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53—My Blue
Heaven; Sleepy
Time Gal. 18
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MITCH MILLER
53—The Gang In;
I Married an Angel;
Apple Blossom
Time. 19 more.



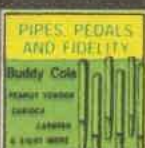
Cherry Pink
and Apple Blossom
White
JERRY MORSE &
HARMONICATS
75—Mack the
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Ruby; Ramona;
Paradise. 12 in all.



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34—Easy To Love;
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RAY CONNIFF
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14—Rhapsody in
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Suite. 9 others.



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BUDDY COLE
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Blue; You Go To
My Head; Peanut
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THE J.J. QUINTET
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Called Love; etc.



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THE BRUBECK QUARTET
73—One Last Kiss;
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MILES DAVIS
KIND OF BLUE
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FRANK COMSTOCK
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ADDRESS

STATE

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6	43	75
11	53	77
14	57	78
15	58	82
21	60	84
23	62	86
24	63	87
27	64	88
31	65	89
34	69	90
35	71	91
39	72	93
41	73	94
44	74	97

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2. Closing date is Friday 26th Oct., 1962. No entries received after this date will be considered.
3. Employees (and their families) of Nestlé's and their advertising agents are not eligible.
4. Winning answer and names of 43 major prize winners will appear in "Women's Weekly" issue of Wednesday 19th December, 1962. Other winners will be notified by mail.
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NE954/62

The Australian Women's Weekly October 17, 1962

Continuing... TRESPASSERS BEWARE!

bottle of wine, Mr. Elphinstone was just saying, as he gazed again at the hunting horns, "I see that you hunt?"

"You don't see anything of the sort," she said. "I loathe it." She glared at him sternly; her teeth were bared like an open trap. "Do you?"

"Oh, no, no, no." "I love animals. I adore birds. A pair of flycatchers arrived yesterday. Are you interested in birds?"

Mr. Elphinstone confessed that he wasn't, very, and she glared at him with increasing sternness again. Mr. Elphinstone, who must have felt that he couldn't seem to manage to say the right thing at all at any time, looked quite nervous, almost shaken, at these constant accusatory glares, and I tried to take the edge off things by offering him a glass of wine.

He accepted this with eagerness and with an upward half-smile, the sort of smile that men often exchange when they feel that women are getting at them, and I half-winked in reply. At this he seemed, I thought, quite comforted.

"And don't wink," she said. "What there is to wink about I don't know." Another dark glare followed. "It's always your eyes that give you away."

"I was merely saying cheers to Mr. Elphinstone, only in another way."

"Well, then, say cheers," she said, "without the appendices."

"Cheers," I said, and Aunt Leonora said "cheers," too, at the same time fixing Mr. Elphinstone with yet another severe glare through her flashing gold spectacles.

It couldn't possibly have occurred to Mr. Elphinstone at this time that these constant glares were the inevitable result of her chronic short-sightedness—she simply had to glare in order to see objects at all—or that the very brusqueness of her candor meant that she was very fond of men. Her drastic measures for the proposed extermination of her sex were not accidental; she had been figuratively killing off flappedoodles like Old Broody for years, just as she had been chasing all those imaginary herds of cows and deer from

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her precious pastures of lupins.

Just as he must have begun to feel that the consistent barrage of glares was becoming too much to bear, she suddenly smiled at him with utter sweetness, the sort of sweetness that only bony, toothy women of her kind can muster, and said, "Well, what do you think of the wine?"

Mr. Elphinstone, who wasn't going to be caught out on the subject of wine a second time, hesitated a moment and then said, "It's most refreshing."

"It's darned good!" she barked at him. "You won't get better."

"I will say it's unusual."

"No idea where I got the recipe for this from? No? The Black Forest." She took a great gulp of wine. "I was on a walking tour there with a girl-friend years ago. We came to this spa near the Rhine. Just a farmhouse, but we liked it so much we stayed there a month. We got sozzled on this stuff every day."

"Sozzled?" The word sprang from the lips of the surprised Mr. Elphinstone before he could stop it. Sherry and the first half glass of red-currant wine had made his face pinker than ever, so that he looked more and more like a round, sparkling radish that had been freshly washed.

"You don't need more than a couple of big glasses," she said. "It's more potent than any of your fancy hocks."

Two cuckoos, one chasing the other, both calling as they flew, went sailing over the garden a moment later, and Aunt Leonora jumped up and went over to the french windows on the chance of watching them. The midday light was glorious, and the lupins glowed like tremendous candles in the noonday sun.

"Just the day for this stuff," she told Mr. Elphinstone. "Good to be alive. You can taste the berries in it—it has got that cool sharpness."

I accepted this as a signal to fill up the glasses. She held out hers with alacrity, but Mr. Elphinstone professed a

certain wariness, confessing that he didn't really drink at lunchtime.

"Good heavens, man, drink up," she said. "You've nowhere to go, have you?"

Mr. Elphinstone was bound to say that he hadn't anywhere to go particularly, and I filled his glass.

"A zizz in the garden, I suppose?" she challenged him. Zizz was a favorite word of hers.

"Zizz?"

"Forty winks," she said. She was still at the french windows, and suddenly she put her head outside, sniffing significantly. "Wondering if I could smell the risotto."

This remark was nothing less than a piece of low corruption. I knew that it was uttered solely as a means of undermining Mr. Elphinstone's morale. But much worse was to follow.

"I've got cold salmon today," she said. As if the remark were not enough, she gave another of those sweet, disarming smiles, her voice more airy than usual. "I suppose I ought to go and make the mayonnaise. Although the fresher it's made, I think, the better."

A confused Mr. Elphinstone took a long drink of wine and then stared into his glass, clearly torn between departure and a dream of mayonnaise.

"By the way," she said suddenly to me, "you promised to go and gather the strawberries for me, and you never did. Are you going to be a lamb and run down and get them?"

THIS was another blatant lie. No word whatever had passed between us about strawberries; I had no idea there were strawberries; but suddenly, on an unexpected and curious tangent of memory, Mr. Elphinstone's question about Aunt Leonora's hunting sprang across my mind and I said involuntarily, aloud, "My heavens, you do."

"You what?" she snapped.

"What was that you said?"

"Nothing, aunt," I said. "I was just thinking aloud, that's all."

"Well then, don't," she said. "It's a bad habit." Yet another dark accusative glare followed. "It's even worse than thinking with your eyes." After this I was determined, out of sheer obstinacy, not to hurry the strawberries, and I deliberately poured Aunt Leonora, Mr. Elphinstone, and myself another glass of wine. As she received hers she said, "You'll find a dish in the kitchen. I think they'd look awfully nice in the green one—you'll see it, the one with the pattern of vine leaves."

"Strawberries?" Mr. Elphinstone said. "You actually have strawberries already? I say, that's very early, isn't it?"

"I grew them under cloches," she said. "You get them three or four weeks early."

"How wonderful." Pinker than ever, Mr. Elphinstone looked at her for the first time with uninhibited if slightly unsteady admiration. "I think that's absolutely marvellous."

"Haven't you better go?" she said to me. "It'll take some little time and I—"

"I'm just about to go along now," I said. "Enough for how many?"

"Oh, don't be ungenerous," she called to me as I went through to the kitchen. "I mean—there are plenty."

When I came back from

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the kitchen garden, twenty minutes later, bearing the dish of remarkably fat, ripe strawberries, the sitting-room was empty. But a peal of laughter of Aunt Leonora's from the kitchen, followed by a short chorus from Mr. Elphinstone, told me where to look.

In the kitchen Aunt Leonora was coaxing a basin of mayonnaise to its final smoothness, and Mr. Elphinstone, now in his shirt sleeves and wearing a kitchen apron with a pattern of large red prawns all over it, was cutting up hard-boiled eggs into neat slices with a wire cutter. Two glasses of red-currant wine stood on the kitchen table, and between them, on a rose-patterned dish, lay a pleasant-looking portion of cold salmon, pink as Mr. Elphinstone himself, surrounded by sprigs of parsley

and palest green circles of cucumber.

"Guess what?" Aunt Leonora said.

I guessed at once, and correctly. "Mr. Elphinstone's going to stay for lunch."

"Yes, I rang Broody," she said. "I asked her, too, but she felt she couldn't waste the risotto."

This, I was sure, was yet another blatant and scandalous lie, and I looked her squarely in the eye about it. In reply she deliberately made her spectacles twitch and turned away in shameless and divine ignorance to her mayonnaise, dipping one little finger into it and then

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slowly licking it in bemused appreciation.

"If you've finished the eggs," she told Mr. Elphinstone, "you could sugar the strawberries." And then to me, "Give Mr. Elphinstone some more red-currant. He has earned another swig."

It was a good idea, I thought, for all of us to have another swig, but when I came back from the sitting-room, Mr. Elphinstone had disappeared from the kitchen. I couldn't see him anywhere. Some moments later I observed a figure doing gymnastic exercises of a violent sort beyond the kitchen win-

dow. It was Mr. Elphinstone, energetic as any athlete, wildly hurling a clothful of wet lettuce leaves about his head like an Indian club, spraying drops of water everywhere.

He came back perspiring deeply, rosier, more radishy than ever.

"Good boy," she said sweetly. He beamed. He might actually have been a boy, praised suddenly for some good and sporting deed, and perhaps that was how she saw him, because a moment later she told me, "We're going to eat in the garden. It's just the day. Then afterwards Mr. Elphinstone can lie in the hammock and have a zizz."

"I must be going," I said. "Is

there something else I could do before I go? Will you want another bottle of wine?"

"What do we say?" she said. There was something devilishly and deliberately familiar about that "we" as she tossed it into the air. "Will we want another? I think we will, won't we?"

"Anything you say!" Mr. Elphinstone said, laughing with crackling merriment. Really rubicund now, he was tossing lettuce leaves into a dish with careless abandonment, rather as if they were useless lottery tickets. "Anything you say."

"I'll get another," I said.

"Magnificent stuff," Mr. Elphinstone said. "Absolute ambrosia." "Don't forget the gooseberries and the eggs when you go," she called after me as I went into the cupboard under the kitchen to get the wine. "They're on the table just outside the french windows. I have heaps. Don't forget."

Having found the wine, I couldn't resist asking, for the last time, if there was anything else I could do. "What about the hammock?" I said.

"Oh, it's up. I used it yesterday. The night was so fine I just didn't bother to take it down."

"What about cushions?"

"You're awfully dutiful today." This was really another dark accusation, shot with suspicion. "Oh, Mr. Elphinstone will cope with the

"SUPERMAN"

Bicycles on the verandah,
Football boots under the
stair,
Snorkel and fins in the
bathroom,
How much can one woman
bear?
Superman streaks through
the kitchen,
(Who knows what he hopes
to gain?)
Followed by cowboys on
horseback—
How can their mother keep
sane?
Dogs and cats and canaries,
Fishes and white mice and
such,
Pets are their hearts' desire,
To me they all seem a bit
much.
Peanuts and chips and
bananas,
In fists that are grimy—a
bit.
Most things are sprinkled
with ketchup—
Talk of the bottomless pit.
Evening, and showered,
angelic,
They sit by the fire and read.
Another day done, and be-
lieve me,
Some peace is just what I
need.

— P. T. SALVAGE.

cushions . . . Won't you, Mr. Elphinstone? . . . after all, he's the one who's going to have the zizz." I took a last look from Aunt Leonora to Mr. Elphinstone. He seemed, I thought, to be having a sort of zizz already. His eyes, now rolling, now dancing, seemed to be like two excited valves bubbling pinkish water. He was actually chewing with rabbitish pleasure on the crisp heart of a lettuce, as on a pale green cigar, and his forehead was so covered in perspiration that I fully expected to see it steam.

"Well, I'm on my way," I said. "Don't go overeating the strawberries. Have a lovely zizz."

"Bless you, my boy!" Mr. Elphinstone called, the lettuce heart dropping suddenly out of his mouth. "Hope to see you many times again."

I said I hoped so, too, and went away in rumination across the lawn, past the gold-and-purple spires of lupins, the ancient Blenheim apple tree where Aunt Leonora's hammock hung in the shade, and finally out through the wicket gate in the hedge over which so many imaginary cows, not to say deer, so often seemed to rear their trespassing horns—quite forgetting, as I did so, to pick up the gooseberries and the eggs.

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Continuing . . .

TRESPASSERS BEWARE!

It was, in fact, three hours before I went back to pick them up. By that time, I reasoned, Mr. Elphinstone would long since have gone home to rejoin his sister; Aunt Leonora, if I were lucky, would be indoors, immersed in one of the numberless tasks the masterful energies of an emancipated woman so insatiably demanded — jamming gooseberries, preserving cherries, candying flowers — so that it might be possible for me to sneak in and out again without being mistaken for some trespassing, marauding cow.

But greatly to my surprise the hammock was still swinging gently to and fro in the deep shade of the apple tree, with Mr. Elphinstone inside it, having his zizz. In the hot June silence Aunt Leonora was sitting beside him, her large, angular frame uncomfortably perched on a rather small red camp stool, rocking him gently to and fro like a child.

THE look of drowsy beatitude on her face gave her an air of such protective tenderness that she looked utterly remote from the woman who had so sternly chased him, a few hours before, as a trespasser.

I was silently escaping down an avenue of raspberry canes when she called me back. I was still several yards from the hammock when, in the sternest of low whispers, she greeted me with yet another dark accusation. "What are you prowling about at? Skulking like a tramp. I caught one stealing cabbages off the compost heap the other day."

"Mr. Elphinstone looks remarkably comfortable," I said.

"Don't disturb him," she whispered. "He's worn out. He insisted on helping wash up and then actually ran the sweeper over the sitting-room." She showered on me the unexpected luxury of a toothy, angular smile. "He did love the strawberries. He had four helpings, and then finished up the cream with a biscuit."

Mr. Elphinstone stirred suddenly with — I could have sworn — one eyelid very slightly open, and gave the most kittenish of snores before settling back into the luxurious depths of his zizz.

"He has had such a good long sleep. Don't you think he looks just like a little child?"

I didn't. I thought he looked just like a fat red radish, as in fact he still does.

from page 54

I suppose it was inevitable that Aunt Leonora should have married Freddie Elphinstone. I suppose it is inevitable, too, that she always thinks of herself as the masterful partner, tirelessly energetic in organisation, up at six in the morning, hardly ever at rest, battling ceaselessly with chickens, eggs, the garden and its fruits, repelling idlers, cows, and trespassers, and still telling, when it suits her purpose, those blatant, innocent lies.

I suppose, too, there is a great deal to be said for women of her kind, who feel themselves to be so strong that, out of a sort of powerful charity, they love to take the burden of things off the shoulders of weaker creatures.

I suppose, too, there is much, perhaps even more, to be said for pink, tubby little men like my Uncle Freddie, who always look like round, fat radishes. Uncle Freddie never gets up for breakfast; he takes it in bed, with "The Times" and two other newspapers, at ten o'clock. At twelve he dresses, takes a walking stick, strolls two hundred yards to The Duke of Marlborough, drinks two whiskies, chats about the weather and walks home for lunch at one o'clock. At two Aunt Leonora insists on his having a zizz.

Very occasionally, when he wakes up, he plays golf or goes fishing, but not if it's too hot or too windy or too wet or too cold. While he rests, Aunt Leonora, who adores more than anything brisk, healthy exercise in the fresh air, bicycles to the library, changes his books for him and hurries back so that he shan't be unduly idle between tea, for which she always serves two kinds of bread and butter, three of cake and scones, and four of homemade jam, and suppertime.

After supper she busies herself with various essential tasks like pickling eggs or drying flowers for winter while Uncle Freddie drops into a doze from which she finally wakes him with a glass of red-currant wine, mulled in winter, and a homemade ginger biscuit.

How nice it must be to be mistaken for a trespassing cow and thence to achieve, with neither mastery nor struggle, all your purposes — not the least of which must be the long, quiet zizz, under a shady apple tree, on warm summer afternoons.

THE END.

(C) Eversford Productions Ltd., 1962.



Fashion afloat! Margo wears a gay "signal flag" top with white duck tapered slacks. Both by Jantzen.

*Most women ask lovely Margo McKendry
this same question...*

"How do you stay so slim?"

This internationally famous, top-fashion model says there's no secret in staying slim and full of vitality.

"Strict dieting is out for me," says Margo, "I keep slim the easy way. Lots of exercise, a sensible diet and Ryvita every day."

This simple 3-point plan to new figure beauty can be just as effective for you. Reach for Ryvita instead of heavier breads. You'll soon lose unwanted inches—and gain fresh vitality. Ryvita is rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins. Crisp. Sustaining. Delicious—with any meal.

Always fresh because Ryvita is sealed in packets. Treat yourself to new "second look" figure loveliness. Make Ryvita your daily bread.



RYVITA



Wherever Margo travels she enjoys Ryvita—famous all over the world.



"I danced with him once, but never again!"

MAKES YOU FIT - KEEPS YOU SLIM

YR725

Too good to leave . . .



There ought to be a better word than delicious
just for

Kellogg's * CORN FLAKES

Best flavour
Crispness that welcomes milk
More nourishment in every friendly flake

The best to you each morning



*TRADE MARK REGISTERED K768
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 17, 1962

SUMMER HANDBAGS TO MAKE



Button-on style

Materials: 4 2oz. balls Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 2, shade 21; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 7 knitting needles; medium-size crochet hook; 16 medium-size buttons; oval-shaped cane handles.

Bag is 11in. by 21in.
Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; st., stitch; alt., alternate; st-st., stocking-stitch.

Cast on 40 sts., work 8 rows st-st.

Next Row: (Inc.) K 1, p 1 into each st. to last st., k 1,

p 1, k 1 into last st. (81 sts.).

Next and Every Alt. Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 1, * k into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k into front of 1st st. and slip both sts. off needle tog., * rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows 42 times or until work measures 24in.

Next Row: (Dec.) K 2 tog. to last 3 sts., k 3 tog. (40 sts.).

Work 8 rows st-st.

TO MAKE UP

Fold in half, join cotton at

lower right-hand corner, and d.c. up side until 5in. from top. Cont. in d.c. on one side only to top, d.c. into first st. and make buttonholes across top as follows: * 3 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sts., rep. from * to end of top (8 buttonholes). d.c. down side 5in. from top, pick up other side and d.c. to lower left-hand corner.

End off.

Work other top portion to correspond. Sew in lining. Sew buttons on inside, button on handles.

● Here are seven delightful handbags to knit and crochet in cotton. Some have detachable handles and can be washed for sparkling freshness.



Smart drawstring sack

Materials: 8 2oz. balls Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 2, shade 21; wool crochet hook size 11; 6 plastic curtain rings.

Measurements: 15in. deep, 15in. wide.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; st., stitch. Commence with 65 chain.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into second ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end, 1 ch., turn. Rep. this row until work measures 30in.

TO MAKE UP

Fold in half, join cotton, and d.c. up both sides, end

off. D.c. around each plastic ring, covering completely. Join rings to bag 4½in. from top, one in centre each side of bag, other four 2in. in from outside edges.

Make two heavy plaited or crochet cords, thread through rings, and join ends with small tassel. Line if desired.

Candy stripes for a child

Materials: 2oz. Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 4, white, 1oz. red, shade 13; cotton crochet hook No. 2; 12 small buttons; 1 pair D-shaped handles (plastic); piece of material for lining.

Commence with 33 loose chain, using white.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each ch. across row, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. into each tr. across row, 3 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row twice.

5th Row: 2 tr. into 1st st., 2 tr. into 2nd st., * 1 tr. into each of next 2 sts., 2 tr. into each of next 2 sts., rep. from * to last 4 sts., 1 tr. into each of next 2 sts., 2 tr. into each of last 2 sts. (42 tr.), 3 ch., turn.

6th Row: * Miss 1 tr., 1

tr. into each of next 2 tr., 3 tr. into next tr., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., turn.

7th Row: Using red, miss 1 tr., * 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., 3 tr. into next tr., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., miss 2 tr., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., turn.

8th and 9th Rows: Using white, rep. 7th row. Rep. 7th, 8th, and 9th rows 4 times.

Counting in all, 21 rows from commencement. End off. This completes one side; work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Join sides together by crocheting around edge as follows:

Join white cotton 3½in. from top, d.c. into same

space, 5 tr. into end of next row, 1 d.c. into end of next row, rep. to bottom of bag. Working along bottom, * 5 tr. into centre of 3 tr. group, 1 d.c. into each of next 4 sts., rep. from * to end.

Work up other side to correspond. Cont. in d.c. up side opening to top of bag and across top, making buttonholes as follows: 1 d.c. into 1st st., * 2 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sts., rep. from * to last 4 sts., 2 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 sts.

Cont. in d.c. down side of opening, end off. Work other side the same. Sew in lining. Sew on buttons, attach handles.

Continued on page 59



NEW



This delightful Harmony shade is Gold Brown

Your hair glows with richer, warmer colour

— JUST SHAMPOO IT IN WITH

Harmony

NEW HAIR COLOUR

It's fun to highlight the colour of your hair. That's why you'll love Harmony as much as English women did. For Harmony will bring a new livelier richness to the colour of your hair. New deeper, more exciting colour — gleaming with new subtle, flattering highlights! More than a colour-lift, Harmony is a complete hair beauty treatment.



Here's how you're certain of richer warmer colour with Harmony

Harmony is a new semi-permanent hair colour. Harmony is so safe; it's not a harsh, permanent dye, and it can't rub off like a temporary rinse. You're sure of wonderfully natural-looking results because Harmony reaches gently into the very 'pores' of your hair as you shampoo. The searching foam of creamy, liquid Harmony enlivens, enriches your own natural hair colour.

So quick — so easy to use

You don't have to wash your hair first, simply snip the corner of the sachet, and shampoo creamy, liquid Harmony into your hair — no dripping, no mess, no fuss. Just two lathers and your hair is shining with a new lively richness of colour.

The colour lasts — shampoo after shampoo

Because Harmony gently penetrates the 'pores' of each hair, the enriching Harmony colour cannot rub off — or wash off in rain or shower. Its exciting, subtle effect lasts through from 5-8 shampoos (depending on the time you leave Harmony on your hair during application).

Away with those first grey hairs!

Shampoo Harmony through your hair and those far-too-early grey hairs are cunningly disguised. Now, with Harmony every single grey hair blends and tones in — your hair returns to youthful prettiness.

Harmony

Conditions your hair, too!

Harmony contains its own exclusive conditioner, so your hair stays perfectly healthy — gleaming and glamorous, so easy to style and manage.

How to choose your Harmony HAIR COLOUR

"See the special Harmony Display Unit at your chemist or Department Store. It shows you the complete range of Harmony shades suitable for your hair," says ANNE TRAVERS, Harmony Hair Expert. "And the simple instructions on the pack tell you all you have to know about using Harmony." For FREE advice on any aspect of hair colouring or styling, write to Miss Anne Travers, Box 1590, G.P.O., Sydney.

One complete Harmony treatment lasts through 5 to 8 shampoos. **Price 5/-.**

Amber Gold: Restores sheen and enriches colour to give natural red-gold highlights.

Gold Brown: Gleaming, warm red-gold tones.

Auburn: Added rich red highlights to give more depth of colour.

Chestnut Brown: Deep red-brown highlights.

Natural Brown: Revives the natural sheen and colour.

Silver Blue: Rich silver shade with subtle blue toning.

For grey hair... now it's easy to banish drab, lifeless grayness with the subtle Silver Blue Harmony shade. Here's true flattering smartness.

An exciting new product from the House of Pears. Available at chemists and department stores. 5/-.

In rainbow colors

THIS attractive bag can be crocheted in as many colors as you wish to make a gay summer accessory. If made with black, instead of white, as the main background shade, it is suitable for winter wear.

Materials: Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 4 (shades as desired); 2oz. main shade, small amounts of various colors, as desired, totalling 6oz. 1 pair D-shaped handles; 16 buttons; piece material for lining; 1yd. fringe; wool croch hook No. 11.

It is advisable to arrange shades before commencing to make bag.

With main shade, commence with 75 loose chain.

1st Row: Using main shade, 3 tr. into 3rd ch. from hook, miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., * miss 1 ch., 7 tr. (shell) into next ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * to last 2 sts., miss 1 ch., 3 tr. into last st.

2nd Row: Using desired shade, 1 shell into d.c., * 1 d.c. into 4th tr. of shell, 1 shell into d.c., rep. from * to last half shell, 1 d.c. into 3rd tr., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: Using desired shade, 3 tr. into d.c., 1 d.c. into 4th tr. of shell, * 1 shell into d.c., 1 d.c. into 4th tr. of shell, rep. from * to end, ending with 3 tr. into d.c., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows (14 times).

32nd Row: Using main



shade (and cont. using for foll. rows), 1 d.c. into 1st st., 1 tr. into each of next 5 sts., * 1 d.c. into each of the next 3 sts., 1 tr. into each of next 5 sts., rep. from * to last st., 1 d.c., 3 ch., turn.

33rd Row: 1 tr. into 1st st., 1 tr. into 2nd st., * miss 1 st., 1 tr. into each of next 2 sts., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., turn.

34th Row: 1 tr. into each st. to end of row, 3 ch., turn. Rep. 34th row (5 times), end off.

This completes one side. Work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch across lower edge and up sides to 6in. from top. Join cotton (main shade) at side opening and d.c. to top. Across top make buttonholes as follows: 1 d.c. into 1st and 2nd sts., * 4 ch., miss 4 sts., 1 d.c. into each of next 4 sts., rep. from * to last 6 sts., 4 ch., miss 4 sts., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 sts. Cont. in d.c. down side opening. Work other side to correspond. Stitch fringe around edge. Sew in lining. Sew buttons on inside to correspond with buttonholes. Button on handles.

Knitted in fern-stitch

This practical carry-all bag is knitted in fern-stitch. Use it for nappies, shopping, or to take to the beach. The lining incorporates a zipped money-pocket.

Materials: 7 2oz. balls Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 2, white; 1 pr. each Nos. 6 and 8 knitting needles; piece of material for lining; 1 pr. detachable cane handles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); st-st, stocking-stitch; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; rep., repeat; alt., alternate; d.c., double crochet; c.f., cotton forward.

Cast on 81 sts.

1st Row: K 5, * k 2 tog., c.f., k 1, c.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 7, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., c.f., k 2.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., (k 1, c.f.) twice, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 1, c.f., k 2.

5th Row: K 3, * k 2 tog., k 2, c.f., k 1, c.f., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, rep. from

* to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 2, c.f., k 2.

7th Row: K 2, * k 2 tog., k 3, c.f., k 1, c.f., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 3, c.f., k 2.

9th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * k 4, c.f., k 1, c.f., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 4, c.f., k 2.

11th Row: K 2, * c.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 7, k 2 tog., c.f., k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., c.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5.

13th Row: K 2, * c.f., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, k 2 tog., k 1, c.f., k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., c.f., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 4.

15th Row: K 2, * c.f., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., k 2, c.f., k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., c.f., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3.

17th Row: K 2, * c.f., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 3, c.f., k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., c.f., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

19th Row: K 2, * c.f., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 4, c.f., k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., c.f., k 4, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

20th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Repeat these 20 rows 3 times, ending with a p row.

Change to No. 8 needles. Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog. across row (54 sts.).

Work 1 1/2 in. st-st, cast off. Knit other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Join the two pieces tog. with d.c., leaving side openings 6in. from top. Stitch in lining, making pockets as desired. Turn lin, hem along top of bag, leaving ends open. Attach handles through hem.



When you're looking for Floor Coverings — see

Rossella

PLASTIC FLOOR COVERING with the cosy felt base

- * Never needs polishing
- * Soft, silent & cosy
- * Indentations "walk out"
- * Wears for years & years



design DRIFT colour CHERRY • design FIESTA colour YELLOW • design TWEED colour MUSTARD

CHOOSE FROM 5 DECORATOR DESIGNS — IN 31 BEAUTIFUL COLOURS — PERFECT FOR EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE

Rich with through-and-through colour sealed under glossy, super-tough plastic, "Rossella" Plastic Floor Covering is soft, quiet and amazingly durable. "Rossella" doesn't scratch, will not crack, and its surface is slip-proof and sound-proof. "Rossella" is easy to lay, even in the most difficult-shaped

rooms. It's available at most furnishing stores in full 51" width and costs no more than ordinary "A" grade lino. "Rossella" is the ideal floor covering for offices, too. If you would like a FREE colour leaflet, please write to the Sole Australian Agents.



Rossella

PLASTIC FLOOR COVERING

Sole Australian Agents: E. J. HART PTY. LTD., 89 William Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Helena Rubinstein

Fashion stick

The first lipstick to give
a perfect outline as it colours

now in 9 mad
Summer festival shades

... including three new, exciting and lush colours,
Coral Jamboree, Pink Carousel and Honey Jubilee,
all for the young-at-heart.

Helena Rubinstein captures the very essence of summer
gaiety with these sensationally new pastel shades in
Fashion Stick—the first lipstick to give a
perfect outline as it colours—and there's a nail lacquer
to harmonise with every shade.

YES! Fashion Stick refills are now available.

Helena Rubinstein

Available from Helena Rubinstein Salons, all leading Chemists and leading Department Stores within the Commonwealth.

DAISIES

MOST daisies demand an open, sunny position in well-drained soil, but there are a few that flower happily in half-shade.

The little blue marguerite, or agathe, is one of the easiest to grow, as it is equally at home in a pot or tub or the open garden, in sun or half-shade.

Its blooms are small (about 1 in. across), sky-blue with bright yellow centres, borne on medium-length slender stems. Sow in spring or autumn, or peg a branch down and separate the new plant when the branch has rooted.

The asters belong to the enormously varied daisy family. One of this group is the Michaelmas daisy, also known as Easter daisy or perennial aster. In Australia they bloom in the late summer and autumn.

Most varieties grow 3ft. to 5ft. tall. They are hardy and do well in any good garden loam, dying down in the winter and breaking into growth again in the spring.

The painted daisy (annual chrysanthemum) is a showy plant that grows 18in. to 2ft., but occasionally a few taller ones creep into mixed seed. It does well in good soil in pots or windowboxes, or may be sown in troughs or open beds in the garden in spring or autumn.

Gardening Book — page 31



BLUE MARGUERITES (agatheas), individually so dainty, make a fine massed display in this garden.

The shasta daisy also belongs to the chrysanthemum section of the daisy family (see overleaf). It is a very hardy and free-flowering perennial. The large blooms, up to 4½ inches across, last well in the vase.

Divide the clumps annually.

That dainty little Australian native the brachycome, or Swan River daisy, does well in window gardens or pots, or may be sown in the borders of outdoor beds. This plant stands up to dry weather, grows to about 9in., and

DAISIES . . . cont'd

is obtainable mostly in shades of blue and white.

It is an annual and best sown where it has to spend its entire life. Sow in spring or autumn.

Everlasting daisies, being natives, stand up well to hot, dry weather. The rhodanthe, a dwarf about 12in. high, either pink or white, does well in pots of good sandy loam. The acrolinium rises to about 12in. and may be similarly grown. There are a dozen different good colors.

Sow in spring or autumn.

The hardy calliopsis or coreopsis does well on rough roadsides and banks "where nothing else will grow." You can see mile upon mile of this brilliant yellow flower growing on the Blue Mountains main highway. But put

it in the garden in good soil and you see it at its best. Sow in spring or autumn.

Cinerarias do best in half-shade, where they thrive and produce huge heads of most colorful daisies.

Grow them out of doors in the milder coastal areas and in pots indoors if the frosts are too severe for them. Sow in spring or autumn.

Sweet sultan (Centaurea moschata), one of the most fragrant daisies, lasts well after cutting. The flowers, soft and fluffy, in white, yellow, or purple, are about 2in. across. Sow in spring or autumn.

Their close relatives, cornflowers, are best sown in the position where they are to bloom. They do well in window-boxes or spacious tubs (for half a dozen plants).

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



BORDER of dwarf Michaelmas daisies, backed by zinnias (which also belong to the great and varied daisy family). Dense clumps of daisies set off other flowers.

Gardening Book — page 32

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

For you

who crave younger-looking styling with blissful comfort



Available, too, throughout New Zealand

VALLI
(Also MARLO — on a lower heel)

BERNICE

Fit or fashion? You get both when you buy Foot Rest shoes . . . the natural choice of wise women who want youthfully-styled shoes but will not compromise on comfort.

Only Foot Rest are made over America's exclusive Shortback* last, the best-fitting last in the world.

Try Foot Rest at any of the better city, suburban or country shoe stores. No other shoe will completely satisfy you from then on.

All one price, £6/9/11 (In S.A., £6/6/11)

SHORTBACK*
foot rest
for smart women to whom comfort is vital



NOT EVEN THE SEA CAN CORRODE THE BEAUTY OF FOREVER GLEAMING . . .

stainless steel

Practically nothing can harm the beauty of Stainless Steel. Only Stainless Steel stays gleaming bright through the years — WITHOUT POLISHING. Only Stainless Steel never dulls — neither in the beauty of the metal nor in design. Designers call it the "Prince of Metals", because it allows them freedom to create their finest work — the finest and most intricate of traditional designs or the soft, subtle sweep of the finest modern hollow-ware. More and more products are being produced in Australian Stainless Steel — so always ask first whether the product you want is available in Australian Stainless Steel.



Q BUT IS STAINLESS STEEL RIGHT FOR "GOOD" CUTLERY. I MEAN I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF IT AS BEING FOR RESTAURANTS?

A Stainless Steel is rapidly becoming the first choice of young moderns — and older moderns, too — throughout the world.

Q IS STAINLESS JUST A NAME, OR IS IT TRULY STAINLESS?

A It is truly stainless. It literally does improve with use — never needs polishing. A wipe with a soapy cloth brings it to gleaming newness every time.

Q DOESN'T THE SURFACE PLATING WEAR OUT?

A No! No! No! There is no surface plating. Stainless Steel is Stainless Steel through and through.

Q BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?

A Look at it this way. It isn't a perfect parallel, but it explains the principle.

Supposing you make two cakes, one chocolate iced and the other chocolate flavoured. One has just a surface layer that's like plated metal. In the other, the chocolate is actually part of the cake. That's

like Stainless Steel. You see Comsteel, who make Australian Stainless Steel, mix nickel and chromium with steel in the furnace. It goes right through the steel and forms a new kind of metal called Stainless Steel.

Q WHAT ABOUT WEIGHT. WOULDN'T STAINLESS STEEL SAUCEPANS BE VERY HEAVY?

A They are heavier than some saucepans, lighter than others. But most cooks who use stainless steel cooking utensils prefer what they call the comfortable weight of stainless. They seem better balanced. They never fall over as some light metal saucepans do when the handle is out of balance with the bowl of the saucepan.

Q ONE LAST QUESTION. STAINLESS STEEL IS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN OTHER METALS, ISN'T IT?

A It is slightly more expensive than many metals — but not as expensive as copper and silver for example. But against this slightly higher price you have to balance years of extra life, enduring beauty — and much easier cleaning.

COMSTEEL STAINLESS STEEL, the metal that never dulls



comsteel stainless

COMMONWEALTH STEEL COMPANY LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS: WARATAH, N.S.W. COLD ROLLING PLANT: UNANDERRA, N.S.W.
Branch warehouses in all capital cities



SHASTA DAISY

THIS perennial has been much improved in recent years. There are several fringed and narrow-petalled varieties, and some with curled petals giving a shaggy appearance. Good doubles have also appeared, and there are one or two attractive anemone-centred varieties.

MARGUERITE

THESE shrubby perennials (distinct from the Blue Marguerite) reach 3ft. 6in. when in flower. The colors are white (single and double), pink, and yellow. They need good, well-drained soil and a sunny position, and can be raised from seed—sow in spring or autumn—or cuttings set 3ft. apart.



Gardening Book — page 33



SAILORBOY DAISY

ITS botanical name is *Dimorphotheca eklonis*. A perennial daisy which originated in Egypt, it forms a strong compact bush about 2ft. high, with large star-shaped flowers. It is hardy and stands transplanting well. Sow the seed in spring and summer. The daisy family also includes marigolds, cosmos, and sunflowers.

STOKE'S ASTER

THIS hardy perennial is also known as the cornflower aster, or stokesia. It prefers a cool soil and makes an excellent low border, keeping its leaves through the winter. The lavender or white aster-like flowers bloom over a long period. Sow seed in spring or autumn, or propagate from division of old plants.



Gardening Book — page 34

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

"bring back...bring back
oh bring back my
whiteness
to me!"



FIESTA * Safety BLEACH

Why use Fiesta? Sprinkle Fiesta Bleach Powder into your washing machine and you'll out-dazzle every other clothes line! When the sun shines on FIESTA BLEACHED WHITENESS... well, you almost need sun glasses to bring your washing in.

Coloureds respond to Fiesta Bleach with vivid new life. Fiesta softens water and is kind to your hands.

The packet reads "Fiesta Safety Bleach". And safety is really meant because Fiesta is gentle washing care for all cottons, silks, linens, rayons, nylons and other synthetic fabrics.

Fiesta lacks only one thing which other bleaches have!... Fiesta has no smell.

A Fiesta sprinkle
gives a new
"white" twinkle



XLO
SPONGE CLOTHS
...are thicker



Half the price of any other cloth that mops,
washes or shines with the same efficiency.

KV506

find her. I supposed she was with Jane and dared not approach that holy of holies. I went to the cupboard under the stairs and brought out my old coat.

"Where are you going?" Miss Pritchard asked. She was passing through the hall with a small tray in her hands. On it was a cup of coffee and two biscuits, and then we had to flatten ourselves against the wall as two men came through struggling with a crate of china.

"Is that for Jane?" I asked enviously, because the sight of the biscuits made me ravenous all of a sudden. Miss Pritchard and I never answered each other's questions.

"If you come back in ten minutes you can have your cocoa," she said and, cheered by the thought, I went out into the garden.

Continuing . . . NO PLACE FOR FLOWERS

from page 23

I wished for the thousandth time I had a dog. There is a big gap between seven and 20 and I often felt lonely. I made up my mind to ask again for a dog now that Jane was going away.

My utter loneliness came over me in a great wave.

A tightness in my throat warned me that I should like to cry and, because I knew it would be an awful thing to do on Jane's wedding day, I walked quickly on toward the wood shed to see if Mr. Mills, the gardener, was inside. But the shed was empty and I walked back to the house.

There was still no sign of Mother, so I tiptoed up the stairs and along

the corridor toward Jane's room. The door was ajar and I could hear voices, Mother's and Jane's, speaking very low, and I stood there, listening, knowing I shouldn't, yet somehow I could not drag myself away.

"But this is awful!" Mother said, and her voice sounded desperate. "When did you first know about this?"

Jane said something I could not catch and then Mother said: "To leave it until now, until the last second! What on earth are we going to do?"

"Nothing," Jane said, her voice flat. "Just go through with it."

"But, Jane, my darling," Mother's voice was a suppressed wail, as though something was hurting her so much she hadn't the strength to cry out.

"Forget it," Jane said. "Just forget the whole thing. Mother, I'd no intention of telling you and if you hadn't come in at that moment . . ."

"I can't let you do it! To ruin your life. You're so young. Darling, let me tell your father before it's too late."

"No!" Jane cried. "Please, Mother —" and her voice broke. I heard smothered sobs and I simply had

to take one furtive peep round the door.

The first thing that caught my eye was Jane's wedding dress hanging on the wardrobe; stiff white brocade that reminded me of the icing on the cake. Her veil lay on the bed with the coronet of flowers and her long white gloves. The gloves had been dropped carelessly, looked strangely like hands folded in prayer.

Jane was leaning against the chest of drawers, her arms folded on the top, her head bent. And suddenly something clicked in my mind, releasing a memory.

A few nights previously I had not been able to sleep and I got out of bed to look at the moon, which was full and bright. As I looked out, I saw everything clearly. And there was Jane, draped over the gate with her back to the house, and on the other side of the gate I could just distinguish the figure of a man.

I knew it couldn't be Trevor because there was no car anywhere and Trevor was not the kind of man to stand talking over gates. He would be walking smartly up the path if he were coming inside and talking in that rather irritating voice of his.

Or, if he were leaving, he would stride down the path and slam the door of his car and rev up the engine as though he hadn't a moment to live.

This man seemed not to be talking at all and neither was Jane. They were like two figures in a tableau caught in the light of the moon waiting for the curtain to fall. Then suddenly the man moved away without touching Jane or apparently saying a word. And Jane stayed where she was, but she drooped, like a rag doll, propped up by the gate.

I TRIED hard, but I could see no connection between that night and Jane leaning over the chest of drawers, or why her life would be ruined when she was just going to be married and have a lovely wedding. It just did not make sense to me.

"Please don't worry," Jane was saying now, and then there was a mild uproar from downstairs. Miss Pritchard's voice rose above the hubbub: "But you can't see her now, she's not dressed — besides it's bad luck!"

"I'm afraid I must." This was Trevor's voice and he was running up the stairs two at a time. He saw me standing there and looked blank for a moment, then he said: "Ruthie, see if Jane is presentable, will you? I must have a word with her."

I knocked at Jane's door and looked inside. "Trevor's here," I piped out. "He wants to see you."

Mother rushed past me and her face was scarlet. She ducked her head and never looked at Trevor, but called to me to come downstairs.

"Shall we do the flowers now?" I asked, but Mother did not answer and went rushing from room to room calling for my father. Miss Pritchard stood clicking her tongue and, seeing me, she swooped and drove me into the dining-room.

"Here's your cocoa," she said. I sat drinking my cocoa alone in the dining-room and a strange hush fell over the house. All the rushing around had stopped and, when I finished my cocoa, I tiptoed back into the lounge to see if perhaps Mother would start doing the flowers. I was so tired of having nothing to do.

She and my father were standing at the window talking in whispers. Mother's face was still scarlet and Father was frowning and rubbing the back of his neck. Then he looked at his watch.

"A quarter to twelve," he said, then gave a short harsh laugh. "If she does decide to tell him, we've got under two hours."

Then there was a quick rush down the stairs and Trevor was striding across the hall, and he must have caught his foot against one of the bowls because there was a crash of breaking china and he said, "Blast!" But he didn't stop.

I went over to the other window

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To page 65

and saw him striding down the path. The door of his car banged and the engine started with a roar.

Mother went to the door and stood staring down at the broken china and the pool of water slowly spreading over the parquet floor and Father clapped his hand to his head and said something I didn't understand.

"Where's Trevor gone?" I asked, and stood bewildered at the foot of the stairs. Then I stooped and picked up the dripping-wet flowers and sat with them on a chair. They seemed to have suffered the final indignity and I smoothed out the petals sorrowfully.

Mother and Father went upstairs and Miss Pritchard brought a mop, and when I asked her what was going on, she said I would know fast enough.

Remembering that Father had said there was less than two hours I decided that I, at least, would be ready for the wedding. I knew it would not take two hours to dress, but it was something to do.

I went up to my room and took down my lovely dress from the hook and laid it on my bed. It was made of pink tulle and there was a little chaplet of rosebuds for my head.

I pulled off my shorts and shirt and, going over to the basin, gave my face and hands a good scrub, proud of remembering to do so. I also cleaned my teeth. I found a pair of clean white socks, but could not see the sandals anywhere, so I slipped my feet into my slippers.

THEN came the longed-for moment. I put the dress over my head and gingerly eased my arms into the sleeves. I knew Mother would put the finishing touches.

Then, to my dismay, I saw that my petticoat hung down below the dress. There should be a different slip somewhere, but it seemed stupid to take the dress off again and it probably would not be noticed. I could not fix the chaplet either, but I brushed my hair.

Now I was quite ready and, with thrills of excitement running down my spine, I left the room and stood outside Jane's door. I could hear voices inside, so I knocked and waited.

Jane called out: "Come in," and I entered and stood there in my slippers, the chaplet in my hand. "I dressed myself," I said proudly. "Do I look all right?"

No one spoke. Then suddenly Jane broke into peals of laughter. She laughed and laughed.

"She's hysterical," Father said, and he came over and picked me up and carried me out of the room.

I shall never forget their telling me that there wasn't going to be a wedding after all. I burst into howls of rage and disappointment. They could do nothing with me — I fought off all attempts at consolation. They laid me on the bed, where I buried my face in the pillow and sobbed my heart out.

At last I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When I woke, Mother was standing over me.

"Come along, lovely," she said brightly. "We're going to have a picnic lunch, and afterwards Jane has something to tell you."

She sponged my face and brushed my hair. I went, quiet as a lamb, down the stairs holding on to her hand.

Continuing . . . NO PLACE FOR FLOWERS

from page 64

"Don't worry about that," Father said. "But next time, my dear Jane, let there be no change of heart at the last second."

"There won't be," Jane said.

Later, when we were by ourselves, she said: "I'm sorry I laughed at you, Ruthie. I wasn't really laughing at you at all. I was laughing at myself. I'd made an awful ass of myself and I was all mixed up."

"It's all right," I said. "Why didn't you have the wedding?"

"Oh, because I'd met someone else whom I love very much, and we're going to be married. So the

wedding is only postponed. This wedding may not be so grand, but it's going to be absolutely wonderful, Ruthie. The angels will sing at this wedding."

"Will they, really?" I whispered in breathless awe.

Some years later I asked Jane what had really happened.

It seems she fell in love with Peter a week before she was to marry Trevor. They were acting together in a play and, while locked in each other's arms, discovered they were in love.

"Peter went to see Trevor and told him, but Trevor refused to do anything about it unless I confessed to him myself. I couldn't

face it — just at the last second like that, I just hadn't the heart. I minded most for Mother and Father, I think.

"But at the last he relented, though he cut it pretty fine. It was a terrible hurt to his pride: you know what Trevor was like. But he was really decent about it and, when he stood in my room and told me he would rather face all the fuss than make my life unhappy, I think I got nearer to loving him than ever before."

"What happened to the flowers?" I asked her.

"The flowers?" Jane looked vague for a moment. "Oh, yes, I remember. Peter and I took them to the hospital that night. I hope they gave pleasure to someone."

They were never meant for our house, I thought.

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 31

too long in acquiring them. And I couldn't accept a job for which I'd no qualifications.

"Even at double the money? Or three times?"

"I'm grateful for the offer, sir, believe me. I do appreciate it. But there's more to it than money."

"Ah, well. We asked a question, we got an answer. Fair enough." He changed the subject. "What do you think of my feat in getting the old man here tonight?"

"I think it was very thoughtful of you." I glanced across the room to a spot near the door where old Cerdan, sherry glass in hand, was sitting in his wheelchair, with his nurses on a settee by his side. They, too, had sherry glasses. The old boy seemed to be talking animatedly to the captain.

"None at all. He was delighted to come. If you'll excuse us, Mr. Carter. Hosts' duties to their guests, you know."

They moved off. I watched them go, thinking all sorts of thoughts, then crossed to the hinged flap that led to the rear of the bar.

I made it to the back of the bar and said to the barman: "How's it going, Louis?"

"Very well, sir," Louis said stiffly. There were irregularities going on and

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Louis didn't like them. Then he thawed a bit and said: "They seem to be drinking a fair bit more than usual tonight, sir."

"Not half as much as they will be later on." I moved to the crystal-laden shelves from where I could see under the back of the bar, and said: "You don't look very comfortable to me."

"And indeed I'm not!" There wasn't much room for the bosun to wedge his bulk between the raised deck and the underside of the bar: his knees were up to his chin, but at least he was completely invisible to anyone on the other side of the counter. "Stiff as hell, sir. Never be able to move when the time comes."

"And the smell of all that liquor driving you round the bend," I said sympathetically. I moved over to the counter again. "A double whisky, Louis. A large double whisky."

Louis poured the drink and handed it across without a word. I raised it to my lips, lowered it below counter level, and a large hand closed gratefully around it. I said quietly, as if speaking to Louis: "I'm taking a walk now, Archie. If everything's O.K., I'll be back in five minutes."

"And if not? If you're wrong?"

"Heaven help me. The old man will feed me to the sharks."

I made my way out from behind the bar and sauntered slowly toward the door. I saw Bullen trying to catch my eye, but I ignored him;

he was the world's worst actor. I smiled at Susan Beresford and Tony Carreras, nodded civilly enough to old Cerdan, bowed slightly to the two nurses — the thin one. I noticed, had returned to her knitting and she seemed to me to be doing all right — and reached the doorway.

Once outside, I dropped all pretence at sauntering. I reached the entrance to the passengers' accommodation on "A" deck in ten seconds. Half-way down the long central passageway White was sitting in his cubicle. I walked quickly down there, lifted the lid of his desk, and took out the four items lying inside: Colt revolver, torch, screwdriver and master-key. I stuffed the Colt into my belt, the torch in one pocket, the screwdriver in the other. I left White without a word, and ten seconds later was inside Cerdan's and the nurses' suite with the door locked behind me.

ON a sudden instinct I switched on my torch and played the beam round the edges of the door. The door was pale blue against a pale blue bulkhead. Hanging from the top of the bulkhead, dangling down for a couple of inches over the top of the door was a pale blue thread. A broken pale blue thread: to the people who had put it there, an unmistakable calling card that visitors had been. I wasn't worried about that but I was worried by the fact that it showed that someone else was suspicious, very very suspicious. This might make things very awkward, indeed. Maybe we should have announced Dexter's death.

I passed straight through the nurses' cabin and the lounge into Cerdan's cabin. I hooded the torch to a small pencil beam and played it over the deckhead. The cold air trunking ran fore and aft and the first louver was directly over Cerdan's bed. I didn't even need the screwdriver. I shone the torch through the louver opening and saw, inside the trunking, something gleaming metallically in the bright spot of light.

I reached up two fingers and slowly worked that something metallic down through the louver. A pair of earphones. I peered into the louver again. The earphones lead had a plug on the end of it and the plug was fitted into a socket that had been screwed on to the upper wall of the trunking. And the radio office was directly above. I pulled out the plug, rolled the lead round the headphones, and switched off my torch.

White was exactly as I had left him. I opened his desk, returned key, screwdriver, and torch. The earphones I kept. And the gun.

They were into their third cocktails by the time I returned to the drawing-room. Captain Bullen was still chatting away to Cerdan. The tall nurse was still knitting, the short one holding a newly filled glass. Tommy Wilson was over by the bar. I rubbed my cheek and he crushed out the cigarette he was holding. I saw him say something to Miguel and Tony Carreras, saw Tony Carreras lift a half-amused, half-questioning eyebrow, then all three of them moved over toward the bar.

To page 67

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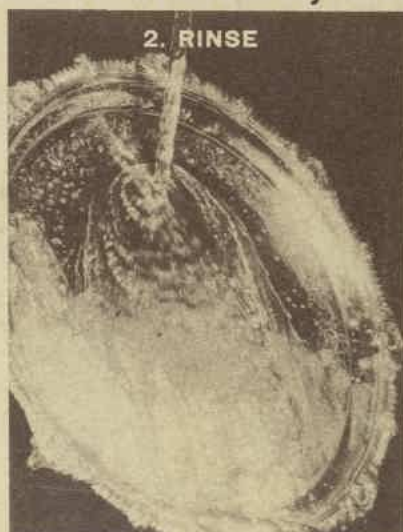
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I joined Captain Bullen and Cerdan. Long speeches weren't going to help me here and only a fool would throw away his life by tipping off people like those.

"Good evening, Mr. Cerdan," I said. I pulled my left hand out from under my jacket and tossed the carphones on to his rug-covered lap. "Recognise them?"

Cerdan's eyes stared wide, then he flung himself forwards and sideways as if to clear his encumbering wheelchair, but old Bullen had been waiting for it and was too quick for him. He hit Cerdan with all the pent-up worry and fury of the past twenty-four hours behind the blow, and Cerdan toppled over the side of his chair and crashed heavily to the carpet.

The nurse with the sherry glass in her hand, quick as a cat, flung the contents in my face at the same instant as Bullen hit Cerdan. I flung myself sideways to avoid being blinded, and as I fell I saw the tall thin nurse flinging her knitting to one side and thrusting her right hand deep into the string knitting bag.

With my right hand I managed to tug the Colt clear of my belt before I hit the ground and squeezed the trigger twice; it was my right shoulder that hit the carpet first, just as I fired, and I didn't really know where the bullets went nor, for that one nearly blinding instant of agony as the shock of falling was transmitted to my injured neck,

 ● Strange is our situation here upon earth. Each comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet seeming to divine a purpose. There is one thing we do know: Man is here for the sake of other men—above all, for those upon whose well-being our own happiness depends . . . and for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy.
 — Einstein

did I care: then my head cleared and I saw that the tall nurse was on her feet.

Not only on her feet but raised high on her toes, head and shoulders arched sharply forward, hands pressed deep into her midriff: then she swayed forward and crumpled over the fallen Cerdan. The other nurse hadn't moved from her seat: with Captain Bullen's Colt only six inches from her face, and his finger on the trigger, she wasn't likely to, either.

Then through the silence came a soft Highland voice saying gently: "If either of you move I will kill you."

Carreras Senior and Junior, who must have had their backs to the bar, were now turned round half-way toward it, staring at the gun in MacDonald's hand. Miguel Carreras' face was unrecognisable, his expression changed from that of a smooth, urbane and highly prosperous businessman into something very ugly, indeed. His right hand, as he had whirled round, had gone to rest on the bar near a cut-glass decanter.

Carreras' reactions were so fast, the movement so unexpected, that against another man he might have made it: against MacDonald he didn't even manage to get the decanter off the counter, and a split-second later was left staring down at the shattered bloody mass that had been his hand.

For the second time in a few seconds the crashing roar of a heavy gun, this time intermingled with the tinkle of smashed and flying glass, died away.

And then Beresford was coming toward me, a bit unsteadily, his lips forming words that didn't come, his face white. I couldn't blame him, in his well-ordered and wealth-cushioned world the entertainments offered his guests couldn't often have ended up with bodies strewn all over the floor.

"You've killed her, Carter," he said at length. His face was harsh and strained. "We all saw it. A defenceless woman."

"Woman my foot!" I said savagely. I bent down, yanked on the nurse's hat, then ruthlessly ripped

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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away a glued wig to show a black, close-cropped crew-cut. "Attractive, isn't it? The very latest from Paris. And defenceless!" I grabbed her bag, turned it upside down, emptied the contents on the carpet, stooped, and came up with what had originally been a full-length double-barrelled shotgun.

"Ever seen one of these before, Mr. Beresford? Fires lead shot, and from the range our nurse friend here intended to use it it would have blown a hole clear through my middle. Defenceless!" I turned to where Bullen was standing, his gun still trained on the other nurse. "Is that character armed, sir?"

"We'll soon find out," Bullen said grimly.

The "nurse" swore at him in a low, snarling voice.

Bullen gave him no warning; he swept up the Colt, struck the barrel heavily across the man's face and temple. I caught him, held him with one hand, while with the other I ripped the dress down the front, pulled out a snub-nosed automatic from a felt holster under the left arm, then let him go. He swayed and then collapsed on the settee, then rolled to the floor.

"Stand back, everyone," Bullen said authoritatively. "Keep well over to the windows and clear of those two men, our two Carreras'

friends. They are highly dangerous and might try to jump in among you for cover. MacDonald, that was splendidly done. But next time shoot to kill. That's an order. I accept full responsibility. Dr. Marston, bring the necessary equipment, please, and attend to Carreras' hand."

He waited till Marston had left, turned to Beresford with a wry smile. "Sorry to ruin your party, Mr. Beresford."

"But—but the violence—the—the killing—"

"They murdered three of my men in the past twenty-four hours."

"They what?"

"Benson, Brownell, and Fourth Officer Dexter. Murdered them."

Brownell was strangled, Benson was strangled or shot, Dexter's lying dead in the wireless office with three bullets in his stomach, and heaven only knows how many more men would have died if Chief Officer Carter here hadn't got on to them."

"But—I mean, Captain, what part can an old cripple like Mr. Cerdan have in all this?"

"According to Mr. Carter, Cerdan isn't old at all—he's just made up to look old. And, also according to Mr. Carter, if Mr. Cerdan is a cripple, paralysed from the waist down as he is supposed to be, then you're going to witness a modern miracle of healing just as soon as he recovers consciousness."

"But what in heaven's name is behind it all?" Beresford demanded.

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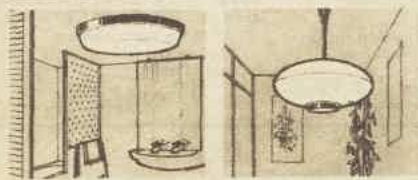


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Continuing . . .

THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 67

"That's just what we are about to find out," Bullen said tightly. He glanced at Carreras, father and son. "Come here, you two."

They came, MacDonald and Tommy Wilson following: Carreras, Senior, had a handkerchief wrapped around his shattered hand trying to stem the flow of blood, and the eyes that caught mine were wicked with hate: Tony Carreras, on the other hand, seemed calmly unconcerned, even slightly amused.

They halted a few feet away. Bullen said: "Mr. Wilson."

"Sir?"

"That sawn-off shotgun be-

longing to our late friend here. Pick it up."

Wilson picked it up.

"Cerdan and that so-called nurse. Keep a sharp eye on them. If they come to and try anything—" Bullen left the sentence unfinished. "Mr. Carter, Carreras and his son may be armed."

"Yes, sir." I moved round behind Tony Carreras, caught his jacket by the collar and jerked it savagely down over shoulders and arms till it reached the level of his elbows.

He was carrying a gun under the left shoulder. I went over his clothes, but he'd only the one gun. I went through the same routine with Miguel Carreras, who wasn't anywhere near as affable as his son, but maybe his hand was hurting him. He wasn't carrying any gun. And maybe that made Miguel Carreras the boss: maybe he was in a position to order other people to do his killing for him.

"Thank you," Captain Bullen said. "Boss, four heaving lines, if you please. I want those men trussed like turkeys."

"Aye, aye, sir." The bosun

took one step forward, then stood stockstill. Through the open doorway had come a flat staccato burst of sound—the unmistakable chattering of a machine-gun. It seemed to come from almost directly above, from the bridge. And then all the lights went out.

I think I was the first person to move. I took a long step forward, hooked my left arm round Tony Carreras' neck, rammed the Colt into the small of his back and said softly: "Don't even think of trying anything, Carreras."

AND then there was silence again. It seemed to go on and on and on, but it probably didn't last more than a few seconds altogether. A woman screamed, a brief, choking sound that died away into a moan, and then there was silence once more, a silence that ended abruptly with a violent crashing, splintering, and tinkling as heavy solid metallic objects, operating in almost perfect unison, smashed in the plate-glass windows that gave to the deck outside: at the same instant there came the sharp echoing crash of metal as the door was kicked wide open.

"Drop your guns, all of you," Miguel Carreras called in a high, clear voice, "Drop them—now! Unless you want a massacre."

The lights came on.

Vaguely outlined against the four smashed windows of the drawing-room I could see the blurs of four indistinct heads and shoulders and arms. The blurs I didn't care about, it was what they held in their

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arms that worried me—the wicked-looking snouts and cylindrical magazines of four sub-machine-guns. A fifth man, dressed in jungle green, stood in the doorway, a similar automatic carbine cradled in his hands.

I could see what Carreras meant about dropping our guns. I was already starting to loosen my grip on the gun when, incredulously, I saw Captain Bullen jerk up his Colt on the armed man in the doorway.

I tried to shout out a warning, but it was too late. I shoved Tony Carreras violently aside and tried to reach Bullen, to strike down his gun-hand, but I was still far too late, a lifetime too late. The heavy Colt was roaring and bucking in Bullen's hand, and the man in the doorway let the machine-gun slide slowly out of lifeless hands and toppled backwards out of sight.

The man outside the window nearest the door had his machine-gun lined up on the Captain. Bullen, in that second, was the biggest fool in the world, but even so I couldn't let him be gunned down where he stood. I don't know where my first bullet went, but the second must have struck the machine-gun.

I saw it jerk violently as if struck aside by a giant hand, and then came a continuous drumfire of deafening sound as a third man squeezed the trigger of his machine-gun and kept on squeezing it.

Something with the power and weight of a plunging pile-driver smashed into my left thigh, hurling me back against the bar. My head struck the heavy brass rail at the foot of the counter, and the sound of the drumfire died away.

Later I opened my eyes slowly, pushed myself shakily

up till I was sitting with my back more or less straight against the bar, and shook my head to try to clear it.

The first thing I was aware of was the passengers. They were all stretched out on the carpet, lying very still. Perhaps through wisdom but more probably through the reflex reaction of instinctive self-preservation they must have flung themselves to the deck the moment the machine-gun had opened up and were only now daring to lift their heads. I concluded that I couldn't have been unconscious for more than a few seconds.

I moved my eyes to the right. Carreras and son were standing just where they had been and Tony Carreras had my gun in his hand now. Beyond them, a huddled group lay sprawling or sitting about the floor: Cerdan, the "nurse" I'd shot, and three others.

Tommy Wilson, the laughing, lovable happy-go-lucky Tommy Wilson, was dead. He wouldn't have to worry about his mathematics any more.

Archie MacDonald was stretched out on his side, close to Wilson. He seemed to me to be very still, far, far too still. I couldn't see the front of his body, for he was turned away from me, for all I knew machine-gun slugs had torn the life out of him as they had out of Tommy Wilson.

Captain Bullen was the one who was sitting. He wasn't dead, anyway, but I wouldn't have bet a brass farthing on his chances of staying alive. He was fully conscious, his mouth warped and dragged into an unnatural smile, his face white and twisted with pain. From shoulder almost to

the waist of his right side was soaked in blood, so soaked that I couldn't see where the bullets had gone home: but I could see bright red bubbles flecking the twisted lips, which meant that he had been shot through the lung.

I wasn't feeling any pain at all but I remembered about the pile-driver that had hurled me back against the bar. I looked down at my left leg, and from mid-thigh to well below the knee the trousers were so saturated

● To do for the world more than the world does for you — that is success.

— Henry Ford

with blood that there was no trace of white left. I fingered the soggy material. Three distinct tears, which meant I had been shot three times. I supposed the pain would come later.

"Ladies and gentlemen." It was Carreras speaking, and although his hand must have been very painful there was no sign of it in his face. The fury, the malevolence I had so recently seen, was only a memory: he was back on balance again, urbane, commanding, in complete control of the situation.

"I regret all this, regret it extremely." He waved his left hand in the direction of Bullen and Wilson, MacDonald and myself. "All so unneces-

sary, brought upon Captain Bullen and his men by Captain Bullen's reckless folly. I regret, too, the distress you have been caused, and to you, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford, I tender my apologies for the ruin of your night's entertainment."

"Cut out the fancy speeches," I interrupted. "Get the doctor for Captain Bullen. He's been shot through the lung."

He looked at me speculatively, then at Bullen, then back at me.

"A certain indestructible quality about you, Mr. Carter," he said thoughtfully. He bent over and peered at my bloodstained leg. "Shot three times, your leg must be pretty badly smashed, yet you can observe so tiny a detail as a fleck of blood on Captain Bullen's mouth. You are incapacitated, and I am glad: had your captain, officers and crew been composed exclusively of men like yourself I would never have come within a thousand miles of the Campari. As for the doctor, he will be here soon. He is tending a man on the bridge."

"Jamieson? Our third officer?"

"Mr. Jamieson is beyond all help," he said curtly. "Like Captain Bullen, he fancied himself as a man cast in a heroic mould: like Captain Bullen he has paid the price for his stupidity. The man at the wheel was struck in the arm by a stray bullet." He turned to face the passengers.

"You need have no further worry about your personal safety. The Campari is now completely in my hands and will remain so: however, you form no part of my plans and

will be transferred in two or three days to another vessel. Meanwhile, you will all eat, live, and sleep in this room: I cannot spare individual guards for each stateroom. Mattresses and blankets will be brought to you. If you co-operate, you can exist in reasonable comfort: you certainly have no more to fear."

"What is the meaning of this damnable outrage, Carreras?" There was a shake in Beresford's voice. "Those desperadoes, those killers, What of them? Who are they? Where did they come from? What do you intend to do? You're mad, man, completely mad. Surely you know that you can't expect to get off with this?"

"You may use that thought for consolation. Ah, Doctor, there you are." He held out his right hand, swathed in its bloodstained handkerchief. "Have a look at this, will you?"

"Damn you and your hand," Dr. Marston said bitterly. "There are other more seriously injured men here. I must—"

"You may as well realise that I, and I alone, give the orders from now on," Carreras interrupted. "My hand. At once. Ah, Juan." This to a tall thin swarthy man who had just entered, a rolled-up chart under his arm.

"Give that to Mr. Carter here. That's him, yes. Mr. Carter, I have been aware of it for many hours—that we are heading for Nassau and are due there in less than four hours. Lay off a course to take use well clear of Nassau, to the east, then out midway between the Great Abaco and

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Big chief was a bad boy yesterday!



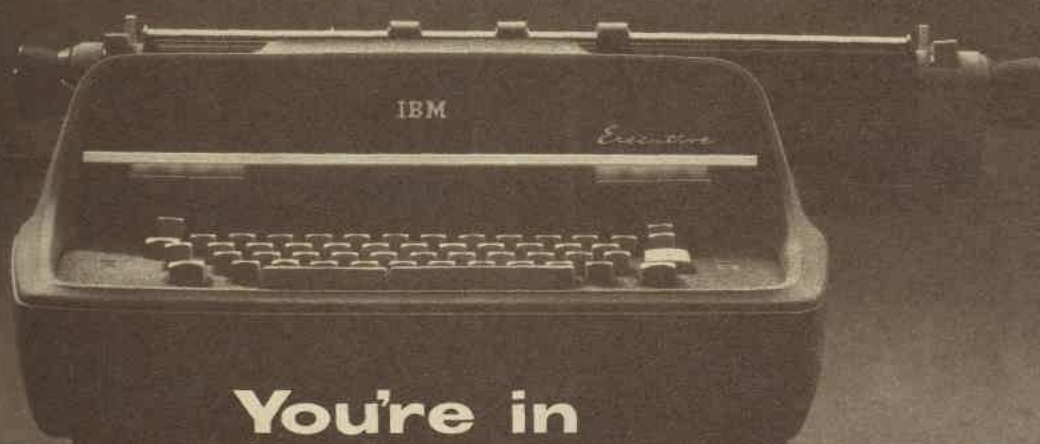
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Eleuthera Island and so approximately north-north-west into the North Atlantic. My own navigation has become rather rusty, I fear. Mark in the approximate times of course changes."

I took the chart, pencil, parallel rulers and dividers and laid the chart on my knee.

"It's a pleasure to deal with a man who sees and accepts the inevitable," Carreras smiled. "Later, Mr. Carter, when we have you fixed up you shall become a permanent installation on the bridge. It is unfortunate, but I suppose you realise that you are the only deck officer left to us?"

"You'll have to get some other installation on the bridge," I said bitterly. "My thigh-bone is smashed. I can feel it grating." I twisted my face up to let him see how I could

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feel it grating. "Dr. Marston will soon confirm it."

"We can arrive at some other arrangement," Carreras said equably. He winced as Dr. Marston probed at his hand. "The forefinger: it will have to come off?"

"I don't think so. A local anesthetic, a small operation, and I believe I can save it," Carreras didn't know the danger he was in, if he let old Marston get to work on him he'd probably end up by losing his whole arm. "But it shall have to be done in my surgery."

"It's probably time we all went to the surgery. Tony, check the engine-room, radar-room, all men off duty: see that they are all safely under guard. Then take that chart

to the bridge and see that the helmsman makes the proper course alterations at the proper time. See that the radar operator is kept under constant supervision and reports the slightest object on his screen: Mr. Carter here is quite capable of laying off a course which would take us smack into the middle of Eleuthera Island. Two men to take Mr. Cerdan to his cabin. Dr. Marston, is it possible to take those men down to your surgery without endangering their lives?"

"I don't know," Marston finished his temporary bandaging of Carreras' hand and crossed to Bullen. "How do you feel, Captain?"

Bullen looked at him with lack-lustre eyes. He tried to smile but it was no more than an agonised grimace. He tried to speak but no words came, just fresh bubbles of blood at his lips. Marston produced scissors, cut the captain's shirt open, examined him briefly and said: "We may as well risk it. Two of your men, Mr. Carreras, two strong men."

He left Bullen, bent over MacDonald and straightened almost immediately. "This man can be moved with safety. He's been hit on the head. Creased, probably concussion, perhaps even the skull fractured: but he'll survive. He seems to have been hit on the knee, too: nothing serious."

"And Mr. Carter?" Carreras queried.

"Don't touch my leg," I yelled. "Not until I get an anesthetic."

"He's probably right," Marston murmured. He peered closely. "No much blood now, you've been lucky, John: if the main artery had been severed — well, you'd have been gone." He looked at Carreras, his face doubtful. "He could be moved I think, but with a fractured thigh bone the pain will be excruciating."

"Mr. Carter is very tough," Carreras said unsympathetically. "It wasn't his thigh-bone. Mr. Carter will survive."

I survived all right but no credit for that was due to the handling I received on the way down to the sick-bay. The sick-bay was on the port side, two decks below the drawing-room: on the second companionway one of the men who were carrying me slipped and fell, and I was aware of nothing more until I woke up in bed.

Like every other compartment on the Campari, the sick-bay was fitted out regardless of cost. But the beds themselves, with the heads close up to the windows in the ship's side, struck a jarring note: they were just plain standard iron hospital beds, the only concession to taste being that they were painted in the same pastel tints as the bulkheads.

IN the far corner of the room was old Marston's consulting-desk, with a couple of chairs farther along the inner bulkhead nearer the door, was a flat-topped couch that could be raised for examinations or, if need be, the carrying out of minor operations. Between couch and desk, a door led on to two smaller compartments, a dispensary and a dentist's surgery.

The three beds were occupied. Captain Bullen was in the one nearest the door, the bosun next to him, and myself in the corner opposite Marston's desk. Marston was bent over the middle bed, examining the bosun's knee: beside him, holding a metal tray with bowls, sponges, instruments, and bottles containing some unidentifiable liquids, was Susan Beresford. She looked very pale. I wondered vaguely what she was doing here.

Seated on the couch was a young man, badly in need of a shave: he was wearing green trousers, a green shirt, and green beret. He had his eyes half closed against the smoke spiralling up from the cigarette stuck in the corner of his mouth, and carried an automatic carbine in his hand.

"What are you doing here, Miss Beresford?" I asked.

She looked up, startled, and the instruments rattled metallically on the tray in her hands.

"Oh, I am glad," she said. She sounded almost as if she meant it. "I thought, I — how do you feel?"

"The way I look. Why are you here?"

"Because I needed her. Dealing with wounds like these — well, I must have a helper. Nurses, John, are usually young and female, and there are only two on the Campari in that category. Miss Beresford and Miss Harcourt."

"I don't see any signs of Miss Harcourt."

"She was here," he said curtly. "She fainted."

"That helps. How's the bosun?"

"I must ask you not to talk, John," he said severely. "You've lost a great deal of blood and you're very weak."

"How's the bosun?" I repeated.

"He'll be all right. That is, he's in no danger. Abnormally thick skull, I should say: that saved him. Concussion, yes, but not fractured. I think. Hard to say without an X-ray. It's his leg I'm worried about."

"His leg?"

"Patella. Knee-cap to you. Completely shattered, beyond repair. Tendons sliced, tibia fractured. Leg sawn in half. Must have been several times. The damned murderers!"

"Amputation? You don't really think—"

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

"No amputation." He shook his head irritably. "I've removed all the broken pieces I can find. Bones will either have to be fused, so shortening the leg, or a metal plate. Too soon to say. But this I can say: he'll never bend that knee again."

"So he's finished with the sea?"

"I'm sorry," Marston repeated. Medical incompetence apart, he was really a pretty decent old duffer. "Your turn now, John."

"Yes," I wasn't looking forward to my turn. I looked at the guard. "Hey, you! Yes, you. Where's Carreras?"

"It is not my business to know where Senor Carreras is."

That settled that. He spoke English. I couldn't have cared less at that moment where Carreras was. Marston had his big scissors out, and was preparing to slit up my trouser leg.

"Captain Bullen?" I asked. "What chance?"

"I don't know. He's unconscious now." He hesitated. "He was wounded twice. One bullet passed clean through below the shoulder, tearing the pectoral muscle. The other entered the right chest a little lower, breaking a rib, then must have gone through the lung near the apex. The bullet is still lodged inside the body, almost certainly in the vicinity of the shoulder-blade. I may decide to operate later to remove it."

"Operate." The thought of old Marston hacking around inside an unconscious Bullen made me feel even paler than I looked.

"But you might have to penetrate the chest wall. A major operation, Dr. Marston. Without assistant surgeons, without skilled nurses, without a competent anaesthetist, no X-rays, and you might be removing a bullet that's plugging a vital gap in

the lung or pleura or whatever you call it. Besides, the bullet might have been deflected anywhere."

I took a deep breath. "Dr. Marston, I cannot say how much I respect and admire you for even thinking of operating in such impossible conditions. But you will not run the risk. Doctor, as long as the captain is incapacitated I am in command of the Campari — in nominal command, anyway," I added bitterly. "I absolutely forbid you to incur the very heavy responsibility of operating in such adverse conditions. Miss Beresford, you are a witness to that."

"Well, John, you may be right," old Marston said weightily. He was suddenly looking five years younger. "You may indeed be right. But my sense of duty—"

"It does you great credit, Doctor. But think of all those people who have been carrying a bullet about inside their chests since World War I and still going strong."

"There's that, of course, there's that." I had rarely seen a man looking so relieved. "We'll give nature a chance, hey?"

"Captain Bullen's as strong as a horse." The old man had at least a fighting chance now. I felt as if I'd just saved a life. I said weakly: "You were right, Doctor. I'm afraid I have been talking

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too much. Could I have some water, please?"

"Of course, my boy, of course." He brought some, watched me drink it and said: "That feel better?"

"Thank you." My voice was very faint. I moved my lips several times, as if speaking, but no words came. Marston, alarmed, put his ear close to my mouth to make out what I was trying to say, and I murmured, slowly and distinctly: "My thigh-bone is not broken; but pretend it is."

He started, eyes reflecting astonishment, opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again.

He wasn't all that slow, the old boy. He nodded slightly and said: "Ready for me to begin?"

HE began. Susan Beresford helped him. One bullet had passed directly through the leg, but the other two had just torn ragged superficial gashes on the inside, and it was from those that most of the blood had come. All the while he was working Dr. Marston kept up, for the sake of the guard, a running commentary on the extent and severity of my wounds, and if I hadn't known he was lying fluently he would have made me feel very ill indeed. He certainly must have convinced the guard.

When he'd cleaned and bound the wounds he fixed some splints to my leg and bound those on also. This done, he propped up my leg on a pile of pillows, went into the dispensary, and reappeared with a couple of screwed pulleys, a length of wire with a heavy weight attached to the end, and a leather strap. The strap he fitted to my left ankle.

His left eyelid dropped in a slow wink. "Traction, Mr.

Carter. You don't want your left leg to be permanently shortened for life."

Nothing would ever make me reconsider my opinion of him as a doctor, but he was shrewd enough in other things: the first thing a man like Carreras would have asked was why a man with a broken bone in his leg was not in traction. Marston screwed the two hooks into holes in the deskhead, passed the wire through, attached the weight to one end and the strap to the other. It didn't feel too uncomfortable.

He finished just in time. He and Susan Beresford were just clearing away when the door opened and Tony Carreras came in. He looked at Bullen, MacDonald, and myself, slowly, consideringly — he wasn't a man who would miss very much—then came to my bedside.

"Good evening, Carter," he said. "How are you feeling?"

"Where's that murderous parent of yours?" I asked.

"You do my father an injustice. Asleep, at the moment, as it happens: his hand was giving him great pain after Marston had finished with it—I wasn't surprised at that—so he was given a sleeping draught. The good ship Campari is all buttoned up for the night and Captain Tony Carreras is in charge. You may all sleep easy. You'll be interested to hear that we've just picked up Nassau on the radar-scope—port 40, or some such nautical term—so you weren't playing any funny tricks with that course, after all."

Carreras walked across to Marston. "How are they, Doctor?"

"How do you expect them to be after your thugs have riddled them with bullets?" Marston demanded bitterly. "Captain Bullen may live or die, I don't know. MacDonald, the bosun, will

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live, but he'll be a stiff-legged cripple for life. The chief officer has a compound fracture of the femur—the thigh-bone. If we don't get him to hospital in a couple of days he also will be crippled for life; as it is, he'll never be able to walk properly again."

"I am genuinely sorry," Tony Carreras said. "Killing and crippling good men is an unforgivable waste. Well, almost unforgivable. Some things justify it."

I nodded toward the sentry with the gun. "You permit your men to smoke on duty?"

"Jose is an inveterate chain-smoker. Take his cigarettes away and he'd probably go on strike. Why the sudden concern?"

"You heard what Dr. Marston said. Captain Bullen. He's in a critical condition with a hole through his lung."

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"Ah, I think I understand. You agree, Doctor?"

"For a man with a ruptured lung," he said gravely, "there can be nothing worse than a smoke-laden atmosphere."

"I see. Jose!" Carreras spoke rapidly in Spanish to the guard, who grinned amiably, got to his feet and made for the door, picking up a chair en route. The door swung to behind him.

"I see no harm in his keeping a watch outside, apart from jumping out through one of the windows into the sea below—not that you are in any condition to do that, anyway—I can't see what mischief you can get up to." He paused, looked at me considering. "You

are singularly incurious, Mr. Carter? Far from being in character. Makes one suspicious, you know."

"Curious about what?" I growled. "Nothing to be curious about. How many of those armed thugs do you have aboard?"

"Forty, not bad, eh? Well, thirty-eight effective. Captain Bullen killed one and you seriously damaged the hand of another. Where did you learn to shoot like that, Carter?"

"Luck. Cerdan recovered yet?"

"Yes," he said briefly.

"He killed Dexter?" I persisted.

"No. Werner, the nurse—the

one you killed tonight. A steward's uniform and a tray of food at face level. Your head steward—White—saw him twice and never suspected. And it was just Dexter's bad luck that he saw this steward unlocking the radio room."

"I suppose that same murderous devil got Brownell?"

"And Benson. Benson caught him coming out of the radio room after disposing of Brownell, and was shot. Werner was going to dump him straight over the side, but there were people—crew—directly beneath. He dragged him across to the port side. Again crew beneath. So he emptied a life-jacket locker and put Benson inside." Carreras grinned. "And just your

bad luck that you happened to be standing right beside the locker when we sent Werner to dispose of the body, just before midnight last night."

"Who dreamed up this scheme of having the fake Marconi-man in Kingston drill through from the wireless office to the cold-air trunking-in-Cerdan's room below and buttoning the earphones permanently into the wireless officer's receiving circuit? Cerdan, your old man, or you?"

"My father."

"And the Trojan horse idea. Your father also?"

"He is a brilliant man. Now I know why you were not curious. You knew."

"It wasn't hard to guess," I said wearily. "Not, that is, when it was too late. All our troubles really started in Carraccio. And we loaded those huge crates in Carraccio. Now I know why the stevedores were so terrified when one of the crates slipped from its slings. Now I know why your old man was so damned anxious to inspect the hold—not to pay his respects to the dead, but to see how his men were placed for smashing their way out of the crates. And then they broke out last night and forced the battens of the hatch. How many men were in a crate, Carreras?"

"Twenty. Rather uncomfortable jammed, poor fellows. I think they had a rough twenty-four hours."

FROM THE BIBLE

● "For with God nothing shall be impossible."

—Luke 1.37.

The angel, speaking to Mary about Elizabeth's son, assures her of the infinite power of God.

Twenty. Two crates. We loaded four of those. What's in the other crates?"

"Machinery, Mr. Carter, just machinery."

"What's behind all this murderous business? Kidnap? Ransom?"

"I am not at liberty to discuss those things with you." He grinned. "At least, not yet. You remain here, Miss Beresford, or do you wish me to—ah—escort you up to your parents in the drawing-room?"

"Please leave the young lady, Marston said. "I want her to help me keep a twenty-four hour watch on Captain Bullen."

"As you wish. Good night all. The door closed.

"You both see what this means, don't you?" I said to Susan and Dr. Marston. "It means that there's something very, very big behind it all," I said slowly. "All cargoes except those in free ports and under certain trans-shipment conditions which don't apply here, have to be inspected by Customs. Those crates passed the Carraccio Customs—which means that the Customs know what's inside. And who gave them the orders? Their government? Who gave the government the orders? Who but the generalissimo—after all, he is the government. The generalissimo." I went on thoughtfully, "is directly behind all this. And we all know he's desperate for money. I wonder, I wonder?"

"You wonder what?" Marston asked.

"I don't really know. Tell me, Doctor, have you the facilities for making tea or coffee here?"

"Never yet seen a dispensary there, hadn't, my boy."

"What an excellent idea!" Susan Beresford jumped to her feet.

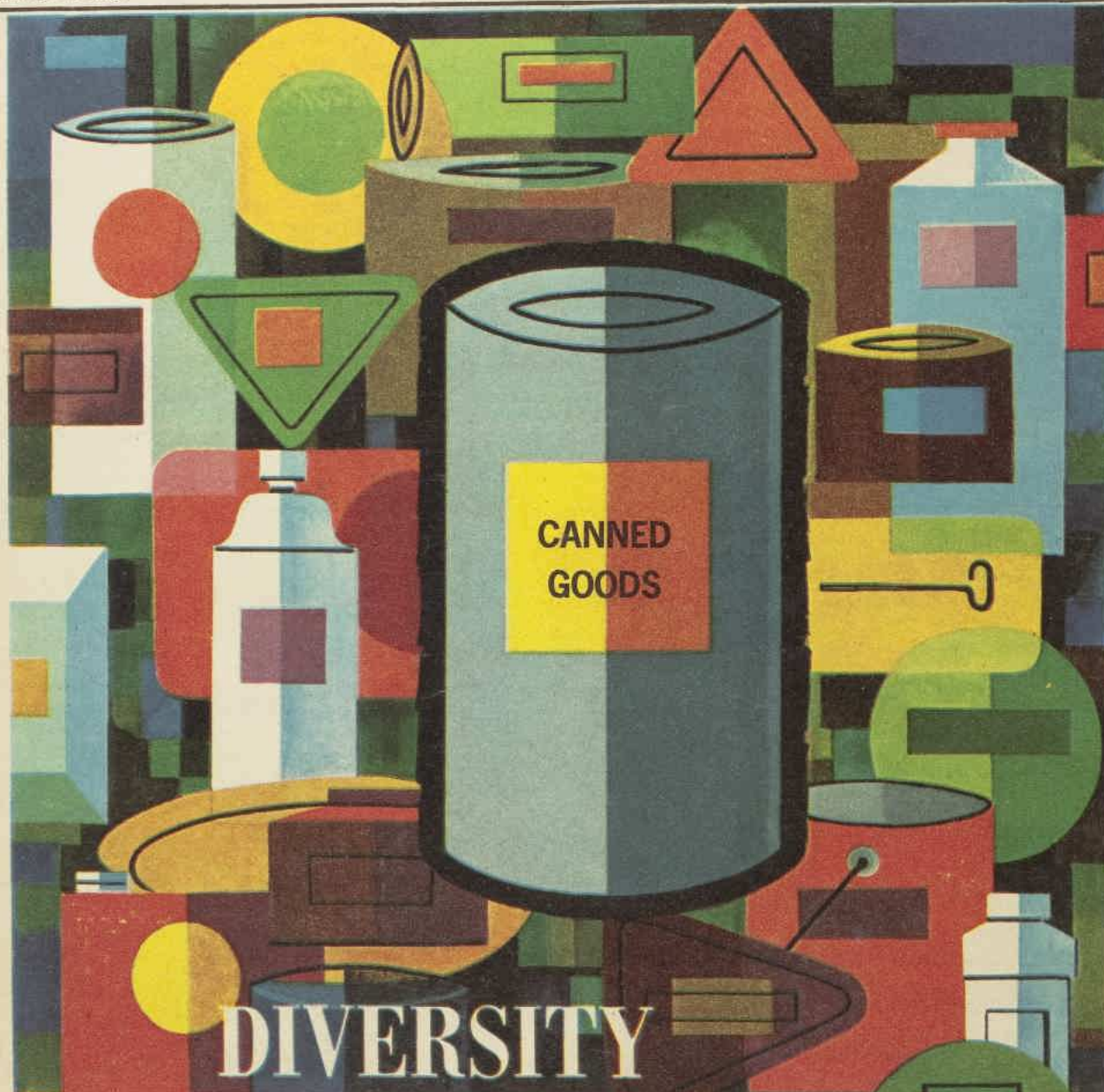
Five minutes passed, then she brought the coffee. I looked at the tray and said: "What? Only three cups? There should be four. One for our friend outside?"

"Our friend—you mean the guard?"

"Who else?"

She glared at me and said icily:

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"Have you gone mad? Why should I bring that thug coffee?"

"Our chief officer always has a reason for his actions," Marston said in sharp and surprising support. "Please do as he asks."

She poured a cup of coffee, took it through the outside door and was back in a few seconds.

"He took it?" I asked.

"Didn't he just. Seems he has had nothing except a little water to drink in the past day or so."

I took the cup of coffee she offered me, drained it, and set it down. It tasted just the way coffee ought to taste.

"How was it?" Susan asked.

"Perfect."

She and Marston looked at each other and then Marston said: "No more thinking or worrying to do tonight, John?"

"Nary a bit. All I want is a good night's sleep."

"That's why I put a pretty powerful sedative in your coffee. Coffee has a quality of disguising other flavors, hasn't it?"

I knew what he meant. And he knew I knew what he meant. I said: "Dr. Marston, I do believe I have been guilty of underestimating you very considerably."

I became drowsily aware that my left leg was hurting, not badly, but badly enough to wake me up. Some one was pulling it, giving it a strong steady tug every few seconds.

I opened my eyes. The first thing I saw was the clock on the opposite bulkhead. Ten o'clock. Ten o'clock in the morning, for broad daylight was coming in through uncurtained windows.

OLD Bullen was babbling away incoherently in a drugged and troubled sleep, but there was no one tugging at my leg. It was the traction weight suspended from the ceiling that was doing the tugging. The Campari, in spite of her stabilisers, was rolling through a ten-to-fifteen degree arc, which meant that there must be a pretty heavy and steep beam sea or swell running. Whenever the ship came to the end of a roll, the suspended pulley, reaching the limit of its pendulum swing, would give a pronounced jerk. Even if I had a genuinely fractured femur that sort of thing wouldn't be doing me any good at all. I looked around to see Dr. Marston and to ask him to remove it.

But the first person who caught my eye was not Dr. Marston but Miguel Carreras. He was newly shaven, looked fresh and rested, had his neatly bandaged right hand in a sling, and carried some charts under his arm.

"Good morning, Mr. Carter. How do you feel now?"

I ignored him. Susan Beresford was sitting at the doctor's desk. She looked pretty tired to me and there were dark smudges under the green eyes. I said: "Susan, where's Doc Marston? Tell him I want this damned weight off. It's tearing my leg in two."

She went into the dispensary and Carreras said: "Your attention, Mr. Carter, if you please."

"When I get the weight off," I said surlily. "Not before."

Dr. Marston appeared, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and started to remove the weight without a word.

"Captain Bullen and the bosun?" I asked. "How are they?"

"The captain's holding his own—just." The old boy looked tired and sounded tired. "The bosun's recovering fast. Both of them came to early this morning. I gave them sedatives. The longer they sleep the better."

I nodded, waited till he had lifted me to a sitting position and adjusted my leg, then said curtly. "What do you want, Carreras?"

He unrolled a chart and spread it over my knees. "A little navigational assistance—cross-checking, shall we call it? You will co-operate?"

"I'll co-operate."

"You have sailed the North Atlantic, Mr. Carter? Between Europe and America, I mean?"

"Many times."

"Good." He jabbed the chart. "A vessel leaving the Clyde and sailing for Norfolk, Virginia. I wish you to sketch the course it would take. Any reference books you wish I can have fetched."

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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"I don't require any." I took his pencil. "North about round Ireland, so, a slightly flattened great circle route along the west-bound summer lane, so, to this point well south-east of Newfoundland. The northward curve looks strange, but that's only because of the projection of the chart: it is the shortest route."

"I believe you. And then?"

"Shortly after that the course diverges from the main west-bound New York lane, approximately here, and comes into Norfolk more or less from the east-north-east." I twisted my head around to try to see out the surgery door. "What's all that racket? Sounds like riveting guns or pneumatic chisels to me."

"Later, later," he said irritably. He unrolled another chart and the irritation vanished from his face. "Splendid. Carter, splendid. Your track coincides almost exactly with the information I have here."

"Why the hell did you ask me?"

"I double-check everything, Mr. Carter. This vessel now is due to arrive at Norfolk at exactly ten o'clock, at night, on Saturday, in two days' time. If I wish to meet that vessel at dawn that day, where would the interception point be?"

"Dawn, in that latitude, at this time, is five o'clock. Give or take a

few minutes. What speed does this vessel do?"

"Of course. Foolish of me. Ten knots."

"Ten knots. Seventeen hours. One hundred and seventy nautical miles. The interception point would be here."

"Exactly." He'd consulted his own chart again. "Exactly. Most gratifying." He looked at a slip of paper in his hand. "Our present position is 26.52 north, 76.33 west, near enough, anyway. How long would it take us to get to this interception spot?"

"What is that hammering outside?" I demanded.

"Answer my question," he said sharply.

He held all the cards. I said:

"What's our speed now?"

"Fourteen knots."

"Forty-three hours," I said after a minute. "Just under."

"Forty-three hours," he said slowly. "It's now 10 a.m. Thursday and I have to rendezvous at 5 a.m. on Saturday. That is only forty-three hours." The first shadow of worry crossed his face. "What is the maximum speed of the Campari?"

"Eighteen knots."

"Ah! Eighteen?" His face cleared. "And at eighteen knots?"

"At eighteen knots you'll probably tear the stabilisers off and break up the Campari," I told him. He didn't like that. He said: "What do you mean?"

"I mean you've got trouble coming Carreras. Big trouble." I looked at the window. "I can't see

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

the sea, but I can feel it. An abnormally long deep swell. Ask any fisherman in the Bahamas what that means at this time of year and he'll tell you. It can mean only one thing, Carreras—tropical storm, pretty certainly a hurricane. The swell is coming from the east and that's where the heart of the storm lies. Maybe a couple of hundred miles away yet, but it's there."

"And the swell's getting worse, because the classic path of a hurricane in those parts is west-north-west at a speed of ten to fifteen miles an hour. And we're heading north by east. In other words, the hurricane and the Campari are on a collision course. Time you started listening to weather reports, Carreras."

"How long would it take at eighteen knots?"

"Thirty-three hours. About. In good weather."

"And the course?"

I laid it off and looked at him. "The same as you have on that chart, undoubtedly."

"It is." He moved across to Marston's phone, spoke to the bridge, gave instructions for maximum speed and for listening-in to weather reports. When he'd finished I said: "Eighteen knots? Well, I warned you."

"I must have as much time as possible in hand. It's all in a good cause."

"Yes," I said slowly. I knew now the source of the hammering on deck. "A good cause. For a patriot such as yourself, Carreras, what better cause could there be? The generalissimo's coffers are empty. Not a sou in sight—and his regime is tottering. Only one thing can save the sick man of the Caribbean—a transfusion. A transfusion of gold. This ship that we're going to intercept, Carreras—how many millions in gold bullion is she carrying?"

"You have access of sources of information of which I am completely unaware." His voice was hardly more than a

whisper. "What sources, Carter? Quickly?"

"Here," I tapped my head. "Only here. This source."

"You are even more astute than I thought, Mr. Carter," Carreras murmured.

"If I were astute I wouldn't be lying here now with a shattered leg." An occasional reminder of my helplessness

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city, Carreras, which argues Post Office connivance and, by inference, government knowledge.

"Secondly, there is a long waiting list in your country for berths on the Campari: you were near the bottom but

"Cannons?" Marston interrupted.

"The noise you can hear outside," Carreras said equably. "Mr. Carter will explain by and by. I wish," he went on almost with regret, "that we were on the same side of the fence. You would have made an incomparable lieutenant, Mr. Carter. You could have named your own price."

"That's just about what Mr. Beresford said to me yesterday," I agreed. "Everybody's offering me jobs these days."

"Do you mean to tell me," Susan said, "that Daddy offered—"

"Don't panic," I said. "He changed his mind. So, Carreras, there we have it. Government connivance on all sides. And what do the government want? Money. Completely desperate. Paid 350 million dollars to Iron Curtain countries in the past year or two for arms. Trouble was, the generalissimo never had 350 million dollars in the first place. Now nobody will buy his sugar, trade's practically non-existent, so how does an honest man raise money? Easy. He steals it."

"Insulting personal remarks we can dispense with."

"Suit yourself. Maybe armed robbery and piracy of the high seas sounds more moral than stealing. Anyway, he only wants something that can never be traced back to him—and the only stuff he can get in sufficient quantity is gold. Your leader, Mr. Carreras," I finished thoughtfully, "must have a very extensive spy network both in Britain and America."

"If one is prepared to lay out sufficient capital on an affair such as this," he said indifferently, "a large spy system is unnecessary. I even have the complete loading plans of the bullion vessel in my cabin. Most men have their price, Mr. Carter."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



TIM



would do no harm. "The generalissimo needing cash—I should have worked it out long ago."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Shall I tell you why Brownell, our radio officer, was killed?"

"I should be interested."

"Because you had intercepted a message from the Harrisons and Curtis', the two families recalled by cable from Kingston: this message said that the cables had been a hoax, and if we knew it had been a hoax we would have started looking very closely at Messrs. Carreras and Cerdan, the people who had taken their places. The point is that the cables they had received came through your capital

were mysteriously jumped to the top. I wonder why?"

"Thirdly, although there is a waiting list none of the people on it are your nationals, Carreras. They are not permitted to travel on foreign-going vessels—and, in addition, find themselves immediately in prison if caught in possession of foreign currency. But you were permitted to travel—and you paid in U.S. dollars. You're still with me?"

He nodded. "We had to take the chance of paying in dollars."

"Fourthly, the Customs closed their eyes to those crates with your men aboard—and those crates with the cannons."

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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"I wish someone would try me some day," I said. "Well, there you are. The American Government has made no secret recently of its great success in recovering a large proportion of its gold reserves which went to Europe in the past few years. That bullion has to be transported—and part of it, I'll bet my boots, is in this ship we're intercepting."

"The fact that it is not due to arrive in Norfolk until after dark is interesting enough in itself: what is even more interesting is that Norfolk, in this case, almost certainly means the Hampton Roads Naval Operating Base where the ship can be unloaded with maximum security. And Norfolk, I would say, is the point that offers the shortest overland route to Fort Knox, where the gold will eventually be stored. How much gold, Carreras?"

"One hundred and fifty million dollars," he said calmly. "You have missed very little. And nothing of importance."

"You cut things pretty fine, didn't you? If we had been a couple of days later in arriving in Carreras—"

"There has been a naval vessel, a frigate, standing by and ready to intercept you on a peaceful pretext ever since you left Savannah. I was aboard. But it wasn't necessary."

So that explained the vessel we had seen on our radar screens at night after leaving Savannah; not an American warship, as we had thought, but the generalissimo's. This way was much easier, much more satisfactory.

"And, of course," I said "you couldn't have used the frigate for this job, hasn't the cruising range. Hopeless in bad weather. No derricks for heavy trans-shipment lifts. And conspicuous, far too conspicuous. But the Campari. Who's going to miss the Campari if she's only a few days late in arriving at a destination. Only the head office and"

"The head office is being taken care of," Carreras said. "You don't think we overlooked the obvious, do you? Our own transmitter was brought aboard and is already in circuit. A stream of perfectly satisfactory messages is going out, I assure you."

"So you fixed that. And the Campari has the speed to overtake most argo ships, it's a good large seaboat or practically any weather, has first-class radar for picking up other vessels, and jumbo derricks for heavy lifts."

I paused and looked at him. "We've reinforced decks for gun-platforms both forward and on the poop. Most British vessels since the war have had those installed as a matter of course when building. But warn you that they have to be strengthened from below with angle-irons, a couple of days' job in itself. Without them, anything more than a three-inch will buckle and twist the plates beyond repair after even only a couple of shots."

"A couple of shots will be all that we require."

I thought about this last remark. A couple of shots. It didn't make any kind of sense at all. What was Carreras up to?

"What on earth are you both talking about?" Susan asked. "Reinforced steel decks, angle-irons—what is it all about?"

"Come with me, Miss Beresford, and I will take pleasure in showing you personally what I mean," Carreras smiled. "Besides, I'm sure your good parents are becoming anxious about you. I shall see you later, Mr. Carter. Come, Miss Beresford."

She looked at him in doubtful hesitation. I said: "You might as well go, Susan. You never know what luck you'll have. One good move when he's near the rail and off-balance. Just pick your time."

"Your sense of humor becomes rather wearisome," Carreras said. "One hopes that you will be able to preserve it intact in the days to come."

He left on this suitably sinister note, and Marston looked at me, speculation taking the place of

puzzlement in his eyes. "Did Carreras mean what I thought he meant?"

"He did. That's the hammering you've been hearing, the pneumatic drills. There are prepared bolt-holes in the reinforced sections on the poop and fore-deck to accept the base-plate of several different sizes of British guns. Carreras' guns probably come from the other side of the Iron Curtain and he has to drill new holes."

"He—he's actually going to fit naval guns?"

"He had them in a couple of those crates. Almost certainly strip-

ped down into sections, ready for quick assembly. Don't have to be anything very big—can't be; it's a dockyard job to fit anything of any size. But it will be big enough to stop this ship."

"But we've got to stop him, John. We can't let a man like that get away with heaven only knows how many million pounds—"

"You're right, of course, Doctor," I agreed. "I'm not at my best today." What I could have said was that if he had thought about it a bit more, he would become ten times as worried as he was, and not about the money. About half as worried as I was. And I was

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Terry towelling beach
jacket and trunks.
White, blue, lemon.
Jacket: 18-26, 19/11.
Trunks: 1, 3, 5, 7, 9/11.

Two-piece swim suit in
"Gro-Wear" stretch
terry. Pink, Blue, White,
Lemon. One size fits
6-18 months. 19/11.

Interlock matinee
jacket. Pink, white and
blue. To 12 mths. 12/11.

Training pants, flannel-
ette interlining. To 12
months. 9/11.

Checknit romper suit.
Pink, blue, lemon,
green. To 12 months,
to 18 months, to 2 yrs.
16/11.

"Gro-Wear" Romper
Suit—stretch terry—
white top with contrast-
ing Blue, Lemon and
Pink Pants—one size
fits 6 to 18 months.
29/11.

"Gro-Wear" Romper
Suit with gusset fast-
eners for changing.
Fancy or terry knit. To
20 lbs. 24/11.

worried to death and frightened, badly frightened. Carreras was clever, all right, but perhaps a shade less so than he imagined.

He made the mistake of letting himself get too involved in conversation. But why should he worry about whether he talked too much or not? He couldn't lose. Not now.

Breakfast came. I didn't feel much like eating, but I ate all the same. I had lost far too much blood and to recover I was going to need whatever little strength I could get that night. I felt even less like sleep, but for all that I asked Marston for a sedative and he gave it to me. I was going to need all the sleep I could get, too.

It was late afternoon when I awoke, around four o'clock: still a good four hours short of sunset, but already the surgery lights were on and the sky outside dark, almost, as night. Driving slanting rain was sheeting down torrentially

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from the black lowering clouds and even through closed doors and windows I could hear a gale-force wind howling through the struts and standing rigging.

The Campari was taking a hammering. She was corkscrewing viciously, a movement that applies the maximum possible strain to a ship's hull. With metronomic regularity the Campari was crashing, starboard bow first, into a rising sea, lifting bows and rolling over to port as she climbed up the wave, hesitating, then pitching violently forward and rolling over to starboard as she slid down the far shoulder of the vanishing wave to thud with violence into the shoulder of the next sea, a shaking, shuddering collision that made the Campari vibrate for seconds on end in every plate and rivet throughout her entire length.

No doubt but that the Clyde yard that had built her had built her well: but they wouldn't have constructed her on the assumption that she was going to fall into the hands of maniacs. Even steel can come apart.

"Dr. Marston," I said. "Try to get Carreras on that phone."

"Hallo, awake?" He shook his head. "I've been on to him myself, an hour ago. He's on the bridge and he says he's going to stay there all night if need be. And he won't reduce speed any further: he's taken her down to fifteen knots already, he says."

"The man's mad. Thank heaven for the stabilisers. If it weren't for them, we'd be turning somersaults."

"Can they stand up to this sort of thing indefinitely?"

"I should think it highly unlikely. The captain and bosun—how are they?"

"The captain's still asleep, still delirious, but breathing easier. Our friend Mr. MacDonald you can ask for yourself."

I twisted in my bed. The bosun was indeed awake, grinning at me. Marston said: "Seeing you're both awake, do you mind if I have a kip down in the dispensary for an hour? I could do with it."

He looked as if he could, too, pale and exhausted.

"We'll call you if anything goes wrong," I watched him go, then said to MacDonald:

"You like your sleep, don't you?"

"Just naturally idle, Mr. Carter." He smiled. "I was wanting to get up, but the doctor wasn't keen."

"Surprised? You know your knee-cap is smashed and it'll be weeks before you can walk properly again." He'd never walk properly again.

"Aye, it's inconvenient. Dr. Marston has been talking to me about this fellow Carreras and his plans. The man's daft."

I AGREED. "He's all that. But daft or not, what's to stop him?"

"The weather, perhaps. It's pretty nasty outside."

"The weather won't stop him. He's got one of those fanatic one-track minds. But I might have a small try at it myself."

"You! With a smashed thigh-bone. How in the—"

"It's not broken," I told him of the deception. "I think I can get around on it if I don't have too much climbing to do."

"I see. And the plan, sir?"

I told him. He thought me as daft as Carreras. He did his best to dissuade me, finally accepted the inevitable and had his own suggestions to make. We were still discussing it in low voices when

the sick-bay door opened and a guard showed Susan Beresford in, closed the door and left.

"Where have you been all day?" I said accusingly.

"I saw the guns." She was pale and tired and seemed not to notice my question. "He's got a big one mounted on the poop and a smaller one on the fo'c'sle. Covered with tarpaulins now. The rest of the day I spent with Mummy and Daddy and the others."

"And how are our passengers?" I inquired.

"Most of them are not caring one way or another," she said. "They're so sea-sick they couldn't care if they lived or died. I feel a bit the same way myself, I can tell you."

"You'll get used to it," I said callously. "You'll all get used to it. I want you to do something for me."

"Yes, John?" The datiful murmur in the voice which was really tiredness, the use of the first name had me glancing sharply across at the bosun, but he was busy examining a part of the deck-head that was completely devoid of anything to examine.

"Get permission to go to your cabin. Say you're going for blankets, that you felt too cold here last night. Your father's dinner suit—slip it between the blankets. Not the tropical one, the dark one. Have you any dark-colored dresses?"

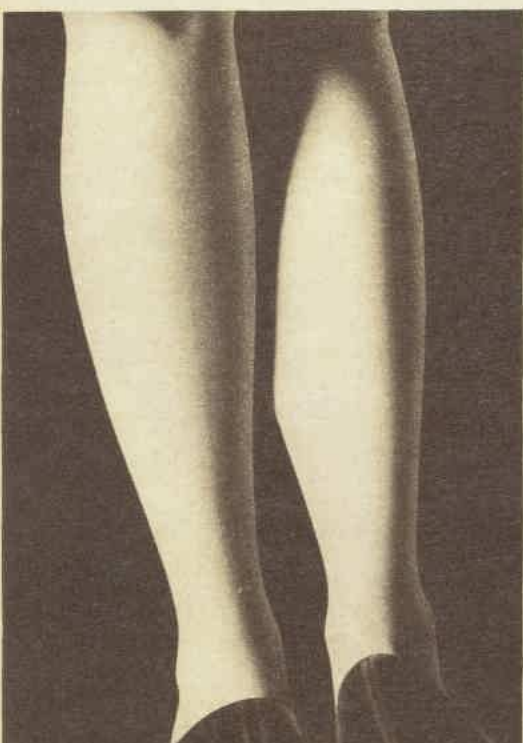
"Dark-colored dresses?" She frowned. "A black cocktail dress—"

"Bring it also."

She looked at me steadily. "Would you mind telling me—"

The door opened and Tony Carreras came in, balancing easily on the swaying, dipping deck. He carried a rain-spattered chart under his arm.

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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting October 10

- ARIES**
MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, pink, orange.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, red, pink.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, red, orange.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 23 - AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors, blk.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24 - NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 24 - DEC. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 24 - JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, pink.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



2
delicious ways
to dress a meal

A tasty taste for barbeques TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tbsp. Keen's Mustard • 1 cup salad oil • 2 tbsps. sugar • 1 tbsp. grated onion • 1 cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper (optional) • 1 can condensed Tomato Soup • 1 tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt.

Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until thick and blended. A mouth-watering addition to any meal—indoors or out.

A zesty lift for salads MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tbsp. Keen's Mustard • 1 1/2 cups milk • 3 tbsps. sugar • 1 cup Holbrook's vinegar • 4 tbsps. flour • 2 eggs • 1 tsp. salt • 2 tbsps. butter • few grains of cayenne.

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 17, 1960

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• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4669, C.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand. Readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7472. — Teenage frock with long sleeves and lace-trimmed bodice, sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 18yds. ¾in. lace edging. Price 4/6.



F7682. — "Suspender" shift for the beach or hot summer days, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 2½yds. each of two contrasting ribbons. Price 3/9.



F7452. — Bobble-trimmed frock or muu-muu for young girl, sizes 4, 6, 8, or 10 years. Requires 1-3rd yds. to 2½yds. 36in. material, 2½ to 2½yds. bobble braid. Price 3/.



F7594. — Figure-flattering summer frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F7452

F7540

F7540. — Smart two-piece in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.



F5313

F5313. — Four-piece layette in infants' size only. Requires — frock, 1½yds. 36in. material; slip, ¾yd. 36in. material; pilchers, ¾yd. 36in. material; nightgown, 1½yds. 36in. material; 10½yds. lace edging. Price 4/6.



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Cut out to sew in American printed cotton, making instructions included. Colors available are red/white/gold, grey/lemon/white, or blue/white/rose. Sizes 22 and 24in. bust £1/8/6. 36 and 38in. bust £1/10/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 714. — TABLECLOTH AND SERVIETTES
Matching set cut out and traced to embroider with flower and butterfly motifs on cream, white, or pink Irish linen. Cloth measures 36in. square, price 19/6, plus 2/3 postage. Serviettes measure 11in. square, price 1/11 each, plus 5d. postage. Set of cloth and four serviettes, £1/7/6, plus 2/5 postage.

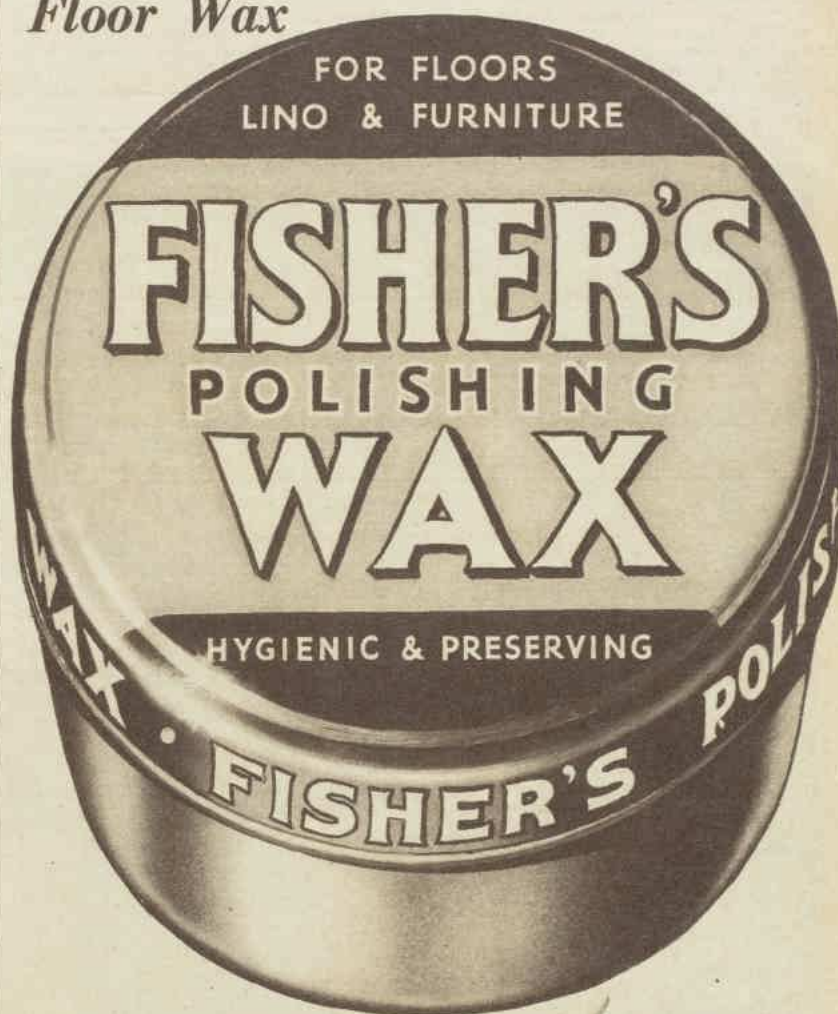
No. 715. — CHILD'S FROCK AND PANTS
Pretty frock and matching pants, cut out to sew in printed cotton. Colors are white/pink, white/blue, white/green, or white/aqua. Sizes 18 and 20in. lengths £1/5/6, 22 and 24in. lengths £1/7/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

714

715

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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"Evening, all." He spoke cheerfully enough, but for all that he looked rather pale. "Carter, a small job from my father. Course position of the Fort Ticonderoga at 8 a.m., noon, and 4 p.m. today. Plot them and see if the Ticonderoga is on its predicted course."

"The course positions of—how the devil do you know? Don't tell me the Ticonderoga is actually sending you her positions? Are the—are the radio operators on that ship—"

"My father thinks of everything," Tony Carreras said calmly. "The Ticonderoga's own radio officers had a slight accident before the ship left England and had to be replaced by—ah—more suitable men. One of the replacements is not only a radio man but an expert navigator. We saw no reason why we should not take advantage of this fact to keep

us informed as to the exact position of the Ticonderoga. Every hour on the hour."

"Your father leaves nothing to chance," I admitted. "Except that he seems to be depending on me as the expert navigator on this ship."

"He didn't know—we weren't to know—that all the other deck officers on the Campari were going to be—ah—so foolish. We—both my father and I—dislike killing of any kind. My father is also a competent navigator, but unfortunately he has his hands very full at the moment. He happens to be the only professional seaman we have."

"Your other men aren't?"

"Alas, no."

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 76

This was cheering news. If Carreras persisted in pushing the Campari through the storm at this rate, practically everyone who wasn't a professional seaman was going to be feeling very ill, indeed. That might help to ease my night's labors.

I said: "What's going to happen to us after you've hijacked this damned bullion?"

"Dump you all on the Ticonderoga," he said lazily. "What else?"

"Yes?" I sneered. "So that we can straightaway notify every ship that the Campari had—"

"Notify whoever you like," he said placidly. "Think we're crazy? We're abandoning the Campari the same morning: another vessel is already standing by. Miguel Carreras does think of everything."

I said nothing and turned my attention to the charts while Susan made her request to be allowed to bring blankets. He smilingly granted it. When she returned in five minutes' time I had entered in the course positions on the chart and found that the Fort Ticonderoga was really on course. I handed the chart to Carreras with the information; he thanked me and left.

Dinner came at eight o'clock. Susan ate nothing; I suspected she

had been sick more than once, but had made no mention of it; millionaire's daughter or not, she was no cry-baby and had no self-pity which was only what I would have expected from the daughter of the Beresfords.

I wasn't hungry myself, but again on the principle that I was going to need all the strength I could find I had a good meal. MacDonald ate as if he hadn't seen food for a week. Bullen still slept under sedation, restless against the securing straps that held him to his bed, breathing still distressedly, mumbling away continuously to himself.

At nine o'clock Marston said: "Time now for coffee, John?"

"Time for coffee," I agreed.

Susan brought in five cups of coffee, one at a time—the wild pitching of the Campari, the jarring jolting shocks as we crashed down into the troughs made the carrying of more than one at a time impossible. For the four of us, sugar for the sentry, a spoonful of white powder from Marston's dispensary. Susan took his cup outside.

"How's our friend?" I asked when she returned.

"Almost as green as I am."

"Where is he?"

"In the passage. Sitting on the floor, jammed in a corner, gasping across his knees."

"How long before the stuff act, Doctor?"

"If he drinks it all straightaway maybe twenty minutes. And don't ask me how long the effects will last. People vary so much that I've no idea. Maybe half an hour, maybe three hours."

"You've done all you can. Except the last thing. Take off those outside bandages and those damned splints, will you?"

MARSTON fetched a chair to give himself steadier support, sat down, eased the point of his scissors under the bandage holding the splints in place, and sliced through them with half a dozen swift clean cuts. The bandages fell away, the splints came loose, and then the door opened. Half a dozen long strides and Tony Carreras was by my bedside, staring down thoughtfully. He looked even paler than the last time I seen him.

"The good healer on the night shift, eh? Having a little patient trouble, Doctor?"

"Trouble?" I said hoarsely. My eyes screwed half shut, lips compressed, fists lying on the covers tightly clenched. Carter in agony. I hoped I wasn't overdoing it. "Your father mad, Carreras? Does he want to kill us all? Why heaven's name can't he slow down?"

"Mr. Carter is in very great pain," Dr. Marston said quietly. "Whatever his faults as a doctor he was fast at catching on."

"Agony would be a better word. He has, as you know, a compound fracture of the femur. Every time the ship moves violently, the broken ends of the bone grind together. I am trying to rearrange and tighten the splints so as to immobilise the leg completely. Difficult job for one man in these conditions. Can't you give me a hand?"

"Sorry. Can't wait. Captain Carreras making his rounds and at that. That's what Miss Beresford here for, anyway. Failing all else just shoot him full of morphine. Five seconds later he was gone."

Marston raised an eyebrow. "Let's affable than of yore, John, you would say."

"He's worried," I said. "He's also a little frightened and perhaps heaven be praised, even more than a little seaisick. But still very tough for all that. Susan, go collect the sentry's cup and see if friend Carreras has really gone."

She was back in fifteen seconds. "He's gone. The coast is clear."

To be continued

The novel "The Golden Rendezvous" was recently published by William Collins.



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A GIRL in a bathing suit comes to Mandrake's home and says her car, with her street-clothes, was stolen. Mandrake calls Narda. NOW READ ON . . .

IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU. I'M CERTAIN WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

HMM--GOODBYE.

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT. SHE MUST BE OUT OF HER MIND.

--AND THEN HIS GIRL FRIEND TOOK ME HOME! THE MAN IS STRICTLY ON THE LEVEL!

HE'S ON HIS WAY HERE NOW. WAIT A MOMENT.

YOU ASKED ME TO--WHY--THAT GIRL--?

--IS MISS RAMSPELL, SPECIAL AGENT. A FEW OTHER FRIENDS OF YOURS ARE HERE, TOO.

I'VE SEEN ALL OF THEM BEFORE! THOSE TWO ATTACKED ME WITH CARDBOARD CLUBS--

--AND THAT MAN--

"TRIED TO HOLD ME UP WITH A WATER PISTOL."

"AND THAT MAN GAVE ME A SUITCASE FULL OF MONEY."

KEEP THIS FOR ME!

ALL SPECIAL AGENTS, MANDRAKE. WE GAVE YOU A BAD TIME--BUT WE HAD TO TEST YOU THOROUGHLY.

WE NEED A SPECIAL MAN FOR A DIFFICULT MISSION, AND WE HAD TO BE SURE YOU'RE THE ONE. YOU ARE.

FOR WHAT?

CONTINUED--

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- These war instruments seem to be good for throwing out ardent admirer (5-8).
- Imbibe small quantities of Portuguese wine for help (7).
- Ancient Greek market place (5).
- Written decree in Turkey (5).
- A letter (7).
- One who wears no clothes (6).
- Anew a scrf turning inside (6).
- Everywhere, mainly for cricketers (7).
- Bodies of Kaffir warriors (5).
- Pledged and containing the duration of existence (5).
- Austere hind part of a ship (5).
- Nothing is sold under them (7, 6).

DOWN

- He does not sell modish dresses, he is just a fop (7-6).
- First letter of the Greek alphabet (5).
- Plants, the stems of which increase by layers growing on the outside (7).
- No friends make precious stones (5).
- Tending to excite agitation of mind (7).
- Audible asides (5, 8).
- A watch is keeping it (4).
- Sprinkles with flour, and inwardly is nothing but greed (7).
- Hairdresser to rise in fur (7).
- Central European mountain range (4).
- Small venomous snake (5).
- Carthaginian, starting with the playful use of a word (5).

Solution will be published next week.

ICEBREAKERS

G	A	R	K	N	O	S
O	B	L	I	E	T	T
N	I	D	E	L	O	A
N	O	N	C	E	R	A
O	E	M	I	D		
I	N	T	E	L	L	I
S	P	A	T	A		
U	P	I	G	I	T	A
L	E	A	D	E	N	S
R	E	A	D	E	N	S

Solution of last week's crossword.

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1 2 3

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